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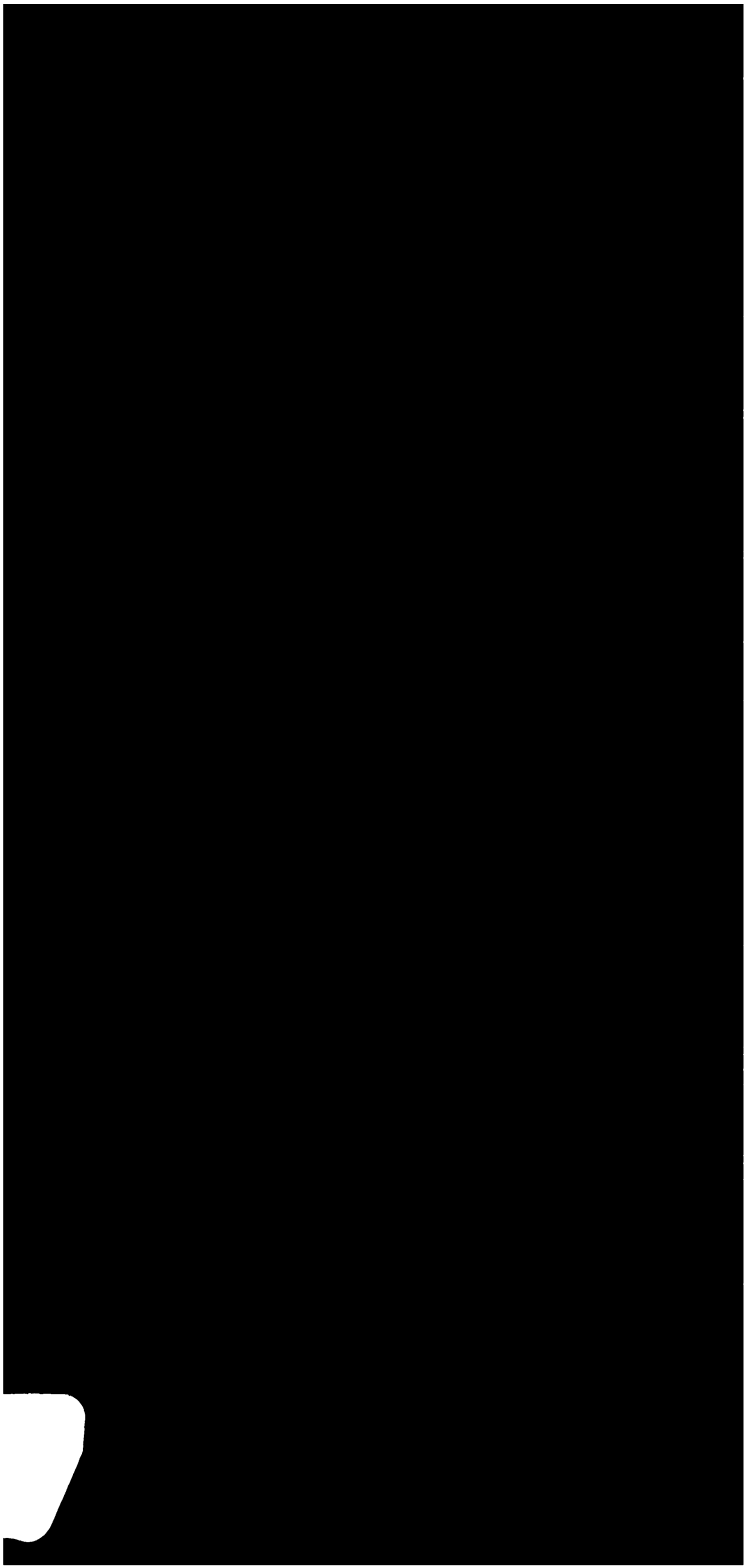

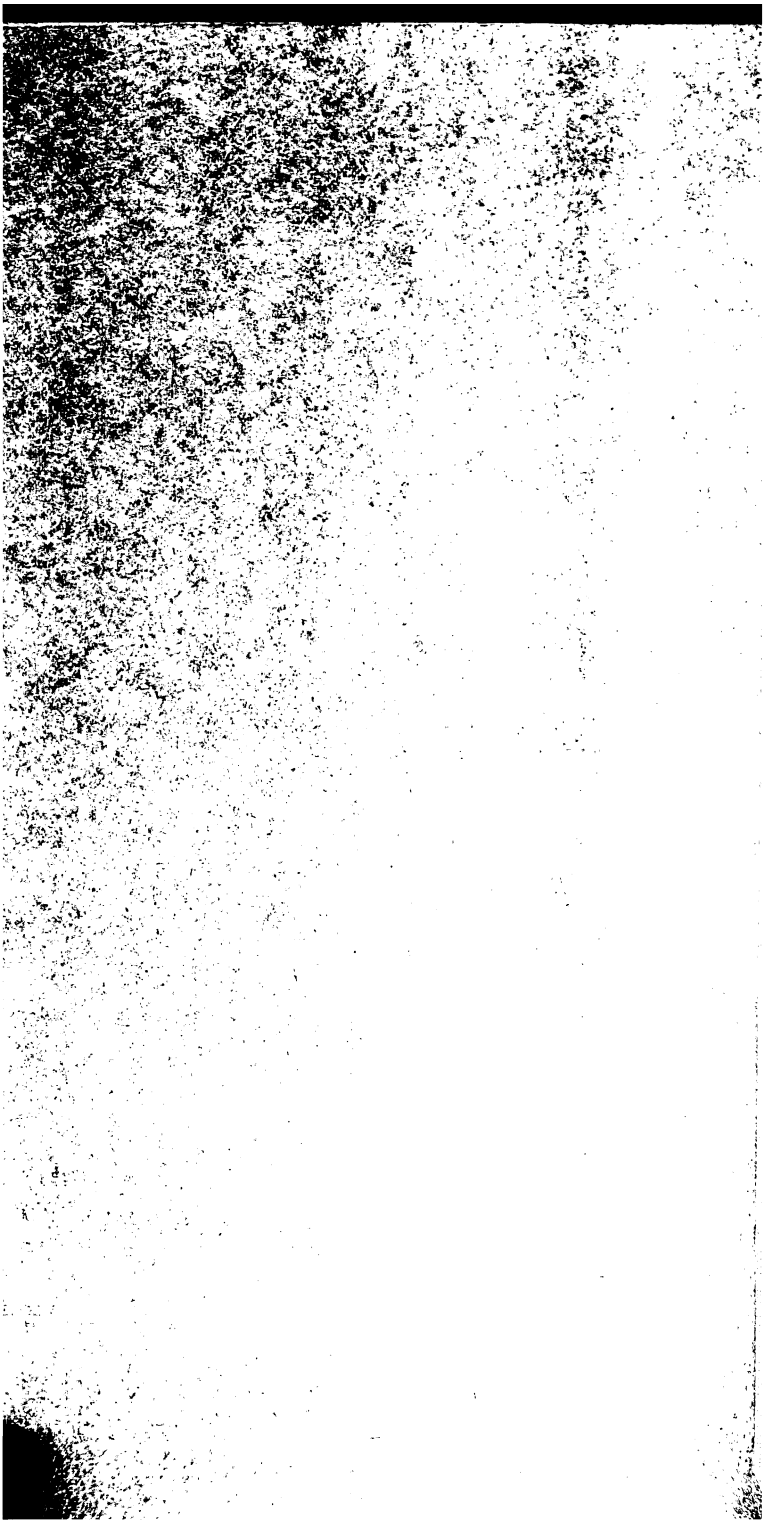

PEACE CAMPAIGNS

OF A

CORNET.

Now in these piping times of *peace*.

SHAKSPEARE.

Beamish, North Ludlow

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1829.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A FEW loose and ill-connected memoranda, found among the papers of a deceased and valued friend, furnished the incidents recorded in the following pages. By uniting the several events, and embodying the whole in a narrative form, the Author has endeavoured to present a continuous detail of the early life of him whose history forms the subject of the work. An intimate knowledge of the habits, manners, and feelings of the deceased, acquired during a long period of affectionate and confidential intercourse, enabled the author to fill up many of those blanks caused by the failure of sufficient documents, and communications from the surviving friends of the deceased have enabled him to complete the links in the chain.

A delicacy towards individuals has induced the Author to introduce the principal personages under assumed names, and sometimes to attribute to them acts and expressions which, although not authenticated by the memoranda in his possession, yet are founded on his own experience of their several characters; and where an absence of facts has given rise to an exercise of imagination, probability has always been kept in view.

The leading incidents may, however, be relied on as positive occurrences; and if the arrangement of

these, together with such additions as were considered necessary to produce a connected narrative, should be found of sufficient interest to amuse an idle hour, the Author's ambition will be fully gratified.

Regent's Pārk, April, 1829.

PEACE CAMPAIGNS

OF A

CORNET.

CHAPTER I.

PURCHASE.

Qui fit, Mœcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit illâ
Contentus vivat.

HORACE.

WHETHER it was the red coats of the Cork garrison, or the blue coats of the Ballincollig garrison, the feathers of the infantry, or the spurs of the cavalry, that first created in the mind of Pierce Butler, a disgust for invoices, and an attachment to soldiers, it would be difficult to determine; nor is it material to our history to ascertain the cause of that military fever with which so many are affected, at an age when the *idéal* of life presents nothing but attractions, when the perfection of enjoyment is identified with a scarlet coat, and to be a soldier is to be a hero.

For three long years was the fruit of our hero's writing and arithmetical education applied to copying letters, multiplying hundred weights, and embellishing bills of lading. The secret desire to escape from such

unheroic pursuits had, however, for some time existed in his mind; it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength—disturbed his nights, and clouded his days—until at length, having confirmed his disgust for trade, and its attendants, he retired from the detested counting-house, and became a cornet in the dragoon guards.

Let it not, however, be supposed that this transfer was a work of easy execution, or that the supreme will of Pierce was alone sufficient to enable him to exchange the pen for the sword;—no—old Butler, who had himself once carried the colours of a marching regiment, and learned the meaning of *bivouac* in the first American war, was too well convinced of the advantages of a merchant's life, to allow, without expostulation, that the eldest of the three only children which survived a family of thirteen, should thus sacrifice the prospect of future wealth, and the certainty of present comfort, to scenes which he well knew, from experience, fell far short of anticipation.

"Pierce," said he, one winter's evening, after the youth's wishes had been mentioned to him by Mrs. Butler—for our hero dreaded a direct communication with the governor on the subject,—"Pierce," said he, "when I carried the colours of the third Buffs, the army was quite another thing; at that time an ensign could live handsomely on his pay,—ay, not only live, but save money, Pierce; and more than one of our fellows has thus scraped together the price of his lieutenancy, and afterward of his company; while now your pay will hardly buy your blacking; and besides, young men, now-a-days, must have allowances. —Why, I remember that in the summer before the rebellion of 96, we messed for seven shillings a-week in the Royal Barracks, Dublin; and never was a better dinner put on the table. Then there's *new regulation* this, and *new regulation* that;—a man hardly gets comfortable in his coat, when he's ordered to buy

a jacket, scarce soils his lace when he's ordered to take it off; gray surtouts one year, blue another. Why I never had but two coats all the time I was in the army, and your mother has one of them yet, locked up in the brown press, in her store-room, which, even now, wouldn't be a bad coat for a march. Take my advice," continued old Butler, "stay where you are—stay where you have plenty to eat and drink, where you have a good fire to warm you, and a good bed to rest you, and don't be volunteering to carry colours through bogs, on an empty belly to a battle."

Now old Butler had a trick of seizing the poker, if at all within his reach, whenever he spoke of the third Buffs and the American war; and although he frequently repeated the above facts to his son, adding thereto many cogent arguments against his embracing the profession of arms, yet, to Pierce's mind, there was something so exciting in this uplifting of the poker, that it completely destroyed the force of the old gentleman's reasoning, and never failed to produce an effect directly contrary to that which was intended.

The heated imagination of Pierce transformed his father's homely garments into full military costume. The antique double-breasted brown coat, which old Butler, from early habit, always wore buttoned up to the chin, and upon which the blazing wood fire now shone with full force, appeared to the eyes of the embryo cornet, a brilliant scarlet colour; the large gold eye-glass, suspended by a short black ribbon, assumed the shape and dignity of the gorget; the long black gaiters required little aid of the imagination to render them perfectly *regulation;* and the still cherished cue, which turned up in so animated a curl above the collar of the old gentleman's coat, completed the impression upon Pierce's disordered fancy. When to this was added the seizure and brandishing of the brass-handled poker, and the often recurring sounds of the "third Buffs, and the American war," Pierce

no longer saw in his father the prudent advocate of mercantile pursuits, but the warm and inspiring champion

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!

Old Butler at length yielded to the solicitations of his kind-hearted helpmate and her favourite son. The application was made, the money lodged, and ere many months were over, the anxious expectant was greeted, in the *Cork Chronicle*, with the following most welcome lines:

"Dragoon Guards.—*Pierce Butler, gentleman, to be Cornet, by purchase,* vice *Houlakau, promoted.*"

Now was all bustle at Ballybutler; the grand event of Masther Pierce (as the servants called him) going to leave home for the first time; the making of shirts, the buying of bedding, looking out for horses, &c. formed the entire occupation of all those members of the family who were qualified for such important business, and constituted the sole subject of conversation at the dinner-table.

But the greatest excitement attendant upon the departure of Pierce Butler from the land of his forefathers, at least the most noisy, was produced in that apartment of great eating and loud talking—the servants' hall, a place where, particularly at dinner-time, Mrs. Bridget Rocky the cook, and Mister Patrick Haly the coachman, exceeded all their coadjutors in loquaciousness.

"Shure Masther Pierce is goin' for a sowger," ejaculated Pat, with an information-giving face, just as Mrs. Rocky was about to deposite her ample sides in the old arm-chair, which denoted the seat of the Lady President of this erudite assembly.

"Arrah, then, is it a sowger, entirely, Pat?" replied Mrs. Rocky, who was just about to exhibit her carving

skill upon a huge round of salt beef, well garnished with succulent cabbage. "Shure and sartin I was 'tis an officer he was goin' to be."

"Musha, success to you, a vourneen," said Pat, with a smile of good-humoured pity at Mrs. Bridget's ignorance; "sure, isn't an officer a sowger every day in the week?"

"More's the pity, Pat," replied Mrs. President, as she added a fork-full of well-gravied cabbage to Pat's *portion pour trois* of beef; "more's the pity; and 'tis myself that's sorry that the young masther is going to layve us for them blathering sowgers, that'll have no consideration or civilarity for the craytur. 'Tis he that has the kind word for every mother's sowl, letting alone sarvants, which he spakes to just as if they was quality."

"Thrue for you, Mrs. Rocky," simpered square-faced Katty, the kitchen-maid, from the opposite end of the table. "Masther Pierce bates all the genteels I ever laid my eyes on, for civilarity to high and low. God bless him; he never said 'How are you, Katty,' but he did it genteelly."

A loud laugh followed this burst of affection from Katty, whose tender tone seemed to create universal amusement, and many significant interchanges of look.

Mr. O'Leary, the butler, now called the laughing parties to order for making such a noise, and then told them, with much seriousness, that "their conduct was more like merry-making at a wake, than daycent conversation afore the young masther's going away, and he so sorrowful, as its comin' near the pint."

"Thrue for you, Dan," said Mrs. Rocky, who among all the domestics present, was the only one privileged to call Mr. O'Leary by his Christian name, "thrue for you, Dan; sorry enough they'll be themselves, come Christmas, and no tinpenny bits."

Mrs. Rocky's last observation appeared to have a much greater effect upon the company than Mr. O'Leary's rebuke, for the noise almost immediately

subsided; and many mutterings were heard of "Wisha, that's thrue;" "you may say that;" "divil a word a lie in that," &c.

Pat the coachman, who was violently inimical to half-uttered sentences, and to any appearance in society which bordered upon dulness, again renewed the subject of their lamentation, by addressing himself, in a most respectful tone, to the orderly Mr. O'Leary.

"Wisha then, Misther Dan (Mr. O'Leary,) myself is rejoiced that the young masther's agoin' into the *hoss*, for divil a wan in all the counthry round has a better warrant for riding or dthriving than Masther Pierce; there's them young coults of the masther's, shure didn't himself take the whip out of my hands, and they rareing, and hat the wickedest uv 'em over the pole of him, and lather'd th' uther across the nick, saying all the while, says he, 'Pat,' says he, 'yu're too tinder of 'em.' Och, I'll be bail there's ne'er a hoss or coult from this to Magherafelt that he'd be afeard on, and that's a big word."

"You may say that, Pat," said Connor the footman; "divil a won o' me but thinks wus of Masther Pierce than uv the ould masther himself, God bless him! 'tis he has the good word in his mouth for the likes uv us; many's the good piece of slim cake and bread and butther he found in my cubbard for his lunch; and glad enough I was to have it for him, success to him!"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Rocky, "success to him whereever he goes; there never was a good larder lost upon Masther Pierce. Oh! then how he used to punish the spiced round hutch, my missis, God bless her! would always have sarved up at Christmas time;—it did one's heart good to see him cuttin' the big spits out uv it."

"Small blame to him," said Pat Haly, taking advantage of Mrs. Rocky's oratory to fork out for himself an outside piece of the round, which had tumbled into the gravy.

"Arrah then, Pat, to be sure you have the divil's twist," said Mr. O'Leary, as he filled up the vacant

parts between the beef and cabbage on Pat's plate, "'tisn't you'd be the man to spake agin atin; by my sowl if I wur the masther I'd rather keep you a week than a fortnight. Faith you buries more praties behind that big mouth of yours at a male, than would support a daysent man and his family from wan Sunday to another."

"*Naubochlish* a vourneen," said Pat, his mouth stuffed like a trumpeter's; "the masther's not the man that'll begrudge me the little I ates, Mr. O'Leary; and sure 'twould be a sin not to pay attention to the fine vittals he provides for us, God bless him! Why, then, Mister Dan, although 'tis little you ates, I wouldn't be a tierce uv porther in your way, let alone a kag uv the cratur."

A loud laugh, from all but Mr. O'Leary, followed this home-thrust of the hungry coachman, who never failed to repay with interest any attack that was made on either him or his appetite; and as Mr. O'Leary the butler was as celebrated for his perpetual thirst as Pat Haly the coachman was for his perpetual appetite; having, moreover, caused a quart to be made for the accommodation of his own particular weakness, he was completely silenced by this last allusion to his ruling propensity. Mrs. Rocky, therefore, took temporary possession of the reins of government, and called them to order for their unseasonable mirth.

Her observations were, however, cut short by the ringing of the dining-room bell, to answer which the butler incontinently departed.

On his return to the hall, which was in the course of a few minutes, he entered with a countenance so expressive of unmixed delight and pleasurable excitement, that not a few of the party began to suspect that Mr. O'Leary was absolutely on his return from a visit to the potteen cask in the cellar; his small eyes were contracted into mere slits, his capacious mouth was drawn back into one of its most exquisite grins, and his carbuncled nose blossomed forth in all the fulness of unqualified joy.

"Yarrah, then, I thinks 'tis plazed ye are," said Mrs. Rocky, as she gazed on the delighted physiognomy of the butler, whose grin was now gradually relaxing into that more sedate expression of countenance which generally precedes an important communication.

"Faith that's tellin' no lie, Mrs. Rocky, and I thinks 'tis myself'll be afther plazing you all with the raal laughing by's I'm just after getting for ye's frum Masther Pierce, God bless him."

"Didn't I tell ye's so?" said Mrs. Rocky; "will I knew Dan O'Leary wouldn't show his teeth for nothing."

"Arrah, then, Misther Dan, sure 'tisn't something to dthrink for us you're after getting from the young masther," inquired Pat Haly, while all the party, who had now assembled round the fire, looked with anxiously inquiring countenances toward the now more than usually important Mr. O'Leary.

"Why then, Pat, 'tis a wander you didn't guess 'twas something to ait," replied O'Leary, smiling, with no little appearance of self-satisfaction at having made what he considered a *rap* at the ever hungry coachman, whose insinuation at a former part of the evening as to the butler's taste for liquids had left sufficient sting to make O'Leary too happy in finding an opportunity to give Pat ever so little a return of the compliment.

"Ait or dthrink, by my sowl I'll be too happy to accommodate the young masther," good humouredly replied Haly: "an' so, Misther Dan, if 'tisn't tazin' us ye are, arrah tell us all about it, and success ti ye."

"Why, then, stop till I tell ye," said O'Leary; "when I goes into the dinin' parlour, who should be there but Masther Pierce himself, all alone, sittin' forenent the fire, an' he lookin' into it as if he wur countin' the coals, and not heedin' me at all at all, when I opened the door, so busy was he with the fire, you see; an' so says I, 'Masther Pierce,' says I, 'did yourself ring the bell, Sir,' says I. With that he starts up,

and says he, 'Dan,' says he; 'I wish to lave ye all a rimimbrance,' says he, 'case why I'm goin' to-morrow mornin,' says he. 'A' then, is it goin' to-morrow from us entirely ye are Sir?' says I; 'sorrow's the wan 'll have a dthry eye in the house, Sir,' says I, 'lettin' alone myself, that knows you ever since before you wore rackets, Sir, says I: 'well, God prosper ye any way, Sir,' says I, 'and good look, and success attend ye, Sir,' says I."

"'Thank ye, Dan,' says the young masther, says he, sthretching out his hand with the five-pound note; 'take that, Dan,' says he, 'and give it in my name to the sarvants,' says he; 'but whatever ye do, Dan,' says he, 'don't be afther gettin' dthrunk with it,' says he."

"'A' then, long life to ye, Masther Pierce,' says I, 'and many thanks to your honour, in the name of all the sarvants, Sir,' says I, 'an' sure 'tisn't gettin' dthrunk we'd be, Sir,' says I, 'and yourself goin' away from us to-morrow, Sir,' says I."

"'Well, Dan,' says he, 'I depind upon you,' says he; with that he turns agin to look at the fire, an' so, seein' he wasn't much for convarsing, I thought it bitthir to wait no longer, but cum an' tell ye's all about it."

"Ah, then, 'tis kind father for him," said Mrs. Rocky: "and so you got five pound? Wisha then, success an' long life to him, an' that he may never want it! God bless him!"

"Amen!" said all present, in voices which resembled more the responses to the morning service of a parish church, than the welcome of reception for a five-pound note.

Mr. O'Leary now took upon himself the distribution of Pierce's liberal donation; and, notwithstanding the interdict against getting drunk, Katty was despatched to Leaky's shebeen, in the village, for two quarts of the best parliament to begin with, while Mrs. Rocky prepared the "materials."

CHAPTER II.

JOINING THE REGIMENT.

Look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it.

SHAKSPEARE.

Animus tibe pender.

TER.

To the pleasurable excitement which the gazette caused in the mind of Pierce, one qualification alone presented itself; it was a feeling which not unfrequently depressed his military zeal, and clouded his anticipations of future happiness—the cornet was a victim to the all-powerful god—

Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took,

which was unfortunately directed at the heart of poor Pierce, and now caused those occasional moments of abstraction which have been already hinted at by the servant's-hall orators, and were too visibly mingled with his general cheerfulness.

Susan Lovett was the destroyer of his peace; the gentle glances from her soft blue eyes first caused that perturbation, which ere now had disturbed his arithmetical calculations, and produced more than one erroneous *sum total* in his father's counting-house; true, this feeling, if even he had been allowed the fullest gratification of it, would never have induced him to sacrifice his prospects of eminence and distinction, or to abandon those designs which he so long

meditated making upon laurelled fame and bubbling reputation; still there was a *tristesse* attendant upon the thought of parting from those blue eyes, which beamed on him, at least he believed, in kindness—there was a reluctance to leave half-kindled the flame which, he sometimes solaced himself with the idea, had been created by his means, in the lovely Susan's heart; worst of all, there was a racking, torturing doubt, as to the nature of her feelings towards him—a teasing, irritating, unconfiding hope, in the softness of those placid looks, which—

> Showed the gentle spirit of a child,
> Nor yet by care or any craft defiled.

Susan was the youngest of the neighbouring rector's two blooming daughters, whose residence in the vicinity of Ballybutler naturally produced an intimacy between the two families of the Glebe house, and that of Mr. Butler; it is not, therefore, much to be wondered at, that Pierce should have been often seen in the evening crossing the stone stile, which led from the Ballybutler avenue into a field adjoining the lawn of the Glebe house, and this became of more frequent occurrence, when Mr. Butler's evident disinclination to make a soldier of his mercantile son, produced those evening lectures, which were generally concluded in a manner by no means accordant with the wishes of Pierce. Often, therefore, after a long and toilsome day of counting-house employ, did Pierce gladly join the tea-party at the Glebe, where the cheerful conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, a song from Susan, or an air on the harp from Eleanor, the elder sister, would dispel the gloom of his discontent, and lighten the load of his commercial cares. Both sisters regarded Pierce with quite a fraternal feeling; and when he was bewailing his unhappy lot to Eleanor, or grumbling over the inflexibility of his parent to Mr. Lovett, the former would express her sense of his

wrongs with animation and energy, while the gentle Susan simply exhibited her participation in his sufferings, by an unaffected look of sincere compassion. Pierce, who was daily becoming more a victim to that silent loveliness, would often endeavour to elicit whether aught else but mere compassion was contained in those expressions of countenance which he would gladly have interpreted in a manner favourable to his wishes; but still the same smooth current flowed in the manner and deportment of Susan; all was kindness, compassion—gentleness. The more ardent passion she had not yet experienced; a peaceful home, an affectionate father, an attached sister—the quiet Glebe, the babbling brook, the varied landscape, —these alone were joys to Susan Lovett. Her virgin heart was yet undisturbed in its pulsation—her tranquil mind aspired to no more exquisite delights than those which her home and friends afforded. A sort of pensive contentment appeared to enshrine her; and when, in the evening ramble, she gazed upon the peaceful scene around, and—

Looked from Nature up to Nature's God,

Susan Lovett was contented—she was happy.

It was just after his return from taking leave of his friends at the Glebe, that Pierce was seated, as described by O'Leary in the last chapter, in a state of total abstraction. A circumstance had that evening occurred, which tended not a little to increase his perplexity with regard to the nature of Susan's feelings towards him. He had overtaken the Lovetts, in the shrubbery going up to the Glebe, on their return from their usual evening walk, and although much pressed to go into the house, and occupy his customary seat at the tea-table, he excused himself on the plea of preparation for his departure, and took leave of them all, at the bottom of the steps going up to the Glebe

house. After shaking Susan by the hand, and bidding her farewell, in a manner which, he hoped, conveyed more meaning than his words, both parties were moving in opposite directions, when Pierce, feeling an indescribable impulse to catch one last glimpse of all he held so dear, turned his face towards the hall-door, and there saw, entering last, and in a corresponding position with himself, Susan Lovett. Their eyes met —hers were instantly averted, and poor Pierce was immediately left to waste his inquiring gaze upon the closed door.

We cannot, therefore, be surprised that when Mr. O'Leary, the butler, appeared to answer the summons of the bell in the dining-room, poor doubting, fearing, loving, Pierce was found—

Gazing
On the gay hearth blazing.

This was not, however, a situation worthy of a cornet of dragoon guards; and Pierce, as he watched the dying embers, inwardly resolved that the duties of his new profession should absorb all ideas of love and Susan, "who," said he, aloud, as he rose from his chair, "perhaps, after all, is indifferent to me."

This conclusion was in itself sufficient to turn the course of his thoughts, and immediately proceeded with his packing and arrangements for departing in the morning by the coach to Philipstown, where the regiment were then quartered. After a night of the most distracting dreams, wherein Susan Lovett, dragoon guards, invoices and military gazettes, were confusedly mingled, Pierce woke at five o'clock, to the well-known voice of Dan O'Leary, who, evidently under the influence of the five-pound note punch, came, "to remind his honour, that Pat Haly had the hoss ablow waiting for to take him to the coach."

Up he jumped; the toilet was soon made; his

trunks were despatched in a car to the public house in the village where the coach stopped, and not long after their arrival, Pierce was seated on the box with the coachman, and on his way to Philipstown.

"The world was all before him," the keen air of March soon cooled his heated temples, anticipation, in its brightest form, took possession of his mind, and when the coach stopped at Cork, for the passengers to breakfast, Pierce felt every disposition to do justice to the well-spread board. The heavy vehicle arrived at Tullamore about six o'clock the following morning, and at that place were the passengers, whose destination was more distant, awakened from their morning slumbers, for the purpose of being transferred to another coach, which went from thence to Dublin. Philipstown being the first stage on this road, Pierce found himself at the end of his journey about half past seven, and was glad to avail himself of the "*dry lodgin*," which Mr. Tim Quinlan's offered to travellers at his *hotel* of the Cat and Bagpipes; he, however, in vain courted sleep: the same distracting dreams which had disturbed his rest the night previous to his leaving Ballybutter, again visited him at the Cat and Bagpipes, and after rolling about in Mr. Quinlan's whited-brown sheets for about three hours, he rose with a conviction that he should experience no peace of mind until after he had made his *debut* at the barracks.

Having taken some time to consider what part of his wardrobe would be most appropriate for such an occasion, he decided on decorating his calfless legs with yellow leather pantaloons and Hessian boots, the latter being armed with an immense pair of brass spurs, which had been presented to him by his aunt Collins, soon after his appointment, the good old lady being totally ignorant that the colour and form of such appendages upon the regimental regulations, and consequently that as the ——— dragoon guards wore *silver* lace, her brilliant present was altogether useless to her

nephew, the cornet. Pierce now completed his figure with a new braided blue surtout, the handy work of the celebrated O'Sullivan, of Cork, which garment had been so altered and re-altered, taken in and let out, that the end of these efforts at perfection, was to render the surtout any thing but a *fit;* it was too loose in the waist, and too tight in the chest; the skirts and arms had been so frequently reduced in order to give them a dapper appearance, that the one scarcely exceeded the length of a highlander's petticoat, while the others were so short, as to expose a most extravagant portion of wristband. "However," said Pierce, as he contemplated this display of linen, "the shirts were made by my mother, and I have no reason to be ashamed of them."

Thus apparelled, and after drinking some bad *tay* out of a whiskey-smelling cup, our hero set off on foot for the barracks, under the guidance of a bare-legged gossoon, whom Mr. Quinlan had procured for his *conducteur.*

The barracks being at the other extremity of the long street which forms the town of Philipstown, Pierce had an opportunity of exhibiting his person to the wondering natives; and ready as they at all times were to seize on any object of observation which could relieve the prevailing dulness of the place, it may readily be imagined that the appearance of a fair haired, gentlemanly looking youth of nineteen, squeezed into a narrow-chested coat, and a pair of pantaloons, whose unyielding texture seemed almost to paralyze his limbs, and added to the difficulty which, independent of these impediments, he found in managing the long spurs, as they perpetually crossed and struck each other, did not fail to attract the attention of both the idle and industrious. Doors and windows were soon filled with spectators. "Musha, look at the object"—"By my sowl, if you down't get fast to the barracks, it isn't for want of rowelling"—"Och! look at the thighs of the

crature"—"Terrah, what is he at all?" &c. saluted the awkward cornet on all sides; and although he at first felt pleased that the situation of the barrack gave him an opportunity of walking through the town, he now at each succeeding step, anxiously looked for the welcome gate, and hurried to escape the observations of the unenlightened Philipstonians, as fast as his unmanageable spurs would allow him. Behold Pierce at length safely past the bridge which led over the canal, just opposite the barrack-gate;—here he dismissed his bare-legged guide, with a new *tenpenny*, and stopped for a moment to recruit his breath and courage for the approaching ordeal which awaited him in the barrack-yard.

Now it so happened that two new cornets were expected to join the regiment this day, it being the important *twenty-fourth*, and a more than ordinary number of officers were assembled in the yard for the purpose of witnessing the arrival of the *Johnny Raws*, one of whom, a young Englishman, was expected by the canal boat from Dublin, about the same time that it was known Pierce would arrive by the Tullamore coach: they were standing under an archway leading from the front yard to the stables, and directly in the way which it was necessary Pierce should take, in order to arrive at the colonel's quarters. To avoid this formidable group was impossible, without taking an immense circuit, and therefore Pierce thought it best to put on a bold face, and walk resolutely by them. From his experience of the long spurs, in the course of his walk through the town, he found that to manage them with due regard to his personal safety, required his undivided attention, and a constant observance of the movement of his feet; and as erectness of carriage is indispensable to dignity of deportment, he felt much puzzled how to preserve the latter without risking a fall from the contact of his spurs. His alarm was increased as he approached the archway, by per-

ceiving that the officers, eight in number, had formed themselves into a single line, and were thus prepared to witness his farther progress. Thinking this was, perhaps, a complimentary mode of receiving a new officer, the cornet felt he could not do no less than make the most suitable acknowledgement in his power for such unexpected attention. He accordingly left the spurs, for a moment, to their fate, and ventured to take off his hat in salutation to the formidable but flattering line.—Fatal moment!—Just as he had gravely elevated his hat, and when the officers were returning his acknowledgment with a general military salute, the long brass spurs crossed with an alarming clank; Pierce in making a rapid and vigorous effort to disentangle them, forced the heel of his right foot over the left spur, his hat flew out of his hand, and the ill-fated cornet fell head foremost in the gravelled yard.

The mock formality of the saluting line was now instantly dropped, and all flew to the assistance of the prostrate cornet.

"Really," said Pierce, "I am quite a-a," as Dick Woodville, a gay lieutenant, after extricating his spur, assisted Captain Flickerby to place him on his legs, "I'm quite a-a-ashamed-a."

"Oh! Sir, don't mention it," said Dick, with difficulty suppressing his laughter. "The Irish cornet, I perceive," (aside, and winking to the others.) "I hope you are not hurt, Mr. Butler."

"No, not the least, I am much obliged to you, but —"(looking most dolefully at the soiled knees of his pantaloons).

"Oh, never mind them," said Flickerby, who seemed at once to divine the cause of the cornet's unhappiness, "we'll soon put you in *marching order:* the leathers are not a bit the worse for the black eyes you have given them."—The remaining seven officers, who, until now, had succeeded in preserving their gravity, were all set going by this allusion of Flickerby's, to

the disfigured pantaloons, and burst into an unanimous fit of laughter. Pierce knew not which way to turn, or where to look for support, until at length Flickerby, in the best natured manner possible, took him under the arm, and walked him off to his own quarters.

"I'll soon put you to rights," said the good-hearted captain, as he fumbled in his pocket for the key of his room: "pray are you one of the Ormond family of Butlers?"

"No, Sir," said Pierce, "of Ballybutler, near Carigrohan, about six miles from Cork."

"Oh! then that's a country I know well, and have had many a good fox hunt, when we were quartered in Cork. Now, Mr. Butler, there are the drawers open for you, so please yourself. May I ask, how you came to get those gilt spurs?".

Pierce explained that they were a present from a relative.

"By Jove, then, you had better send them back," replied Flickerby, laughing, "for the colonel will be very apt to order them off."

This was the first intimation Pierce had that his spurs were not regulation, and he was now as anxious to get rid of these cumbrous appendages, as he formerly was to exhibit them on his boots: he accordingly applied for the assistance of Flickerby's servant, whose turn-screw soon relieved his heels from their unaccustomed burthen. A pair of regimental overalls were now selected from the captain's *kit;* and as he was, both in anterior and posterior dimensions, about three times the size of Pierce, it was suggested by him, that the overalls should be, as their title justified, drawn over the pantaloons, which was accordingly done, and having availed himself of the captain's soap and water, and borrowed a pair of immense white leather gauntlet gloves, *one* of which indeed would almost have sufficed, he proceeded to the colonel's quarters.

Colonel Snelnock was an old and distinguished officer; his gallant conduct under the Duke of York in Holland, where he held the rank of captain in the 8th, or royal Irish hussars, first brought his name into notice, and ultimately led to his being presented with the command of his present regiment: with them he had gone through the greater part of the Peninsular campaign, and was now enjoying the repose of country quarters, in the society of men, who regarded him more with the affection of children, than with the awe of inferiors in rank. To an enlightened mind he united a peculiar gentleness of manner, which never failed to produce a prepossessing effect upon strangers, and particularly upon young officers, when they first appeared before him to announce their arrival. Of this suavity, Pierce's visit was not a bad illustration. Waiting on a commanding officer is always, even under the most favourable circumstances, an awful proceeding for a young cornet; and when that cornet makes his appearance in a pair of overalls large enough for a full suit, it may naturally be supposed, that his embarrassment will not be diminished; Pierce therefore obeyed the dignified "come in" of Colonel Snelnock with fear and trembling, and was not a little agreeably surprised to find himself addressed, on his entrance into the room, by one of the most benevolent looking men he had ever beheld, who, offering him his hand with all the kindness of a friend, requested him to be seated.

"You must have had a cold drive, Mr. Butler; will you take a chair? Pray what distance is your father's residence from this place?"

Pierce, who already began to find that a colonel was not quite so formidable a personage as his fears led him to anticipate, took courage to state the distance of his journey, and also the manner in which it had been performed.

"Your account is not very creditable to our public

conveyances, Mr. Butler; I hope we shall be able here to move you a little faster. You are fond of riding, I hope?"

"Particularly so, Colonel; and have been often out with Hawkes's harriers, and once or twice with the Cork hunt."

A good beginning, Mr. Butler. I am always glad to hear that any of my officers are fond of fox-hunting, it ensures their keeping good horses: besides, I have ever considered the chase as the picture of war."

Pierce bowed assent.

"But of that, Mr. Butler, I trust you will be one day a better judge. Pray, are you provided with horses and appointments? uniform I perceive you have got," looking at Flickerby's overalls and gloves.

"No, Colonel," said Pierce, putting both gloves into one hand, and compressing them as much as possible; "I have been unfortunate in both respects: Sandy O'Driscol has been some time on the look-out for me, but could never meet with any thing fit for a charger; and Sullivan, the tailor, was not able to procure the proper lace, although my jackets have been cut out since the very day I was gazetted."

"Well, Mr. Butler, do not distress yourself on this account; you will find the regimental tailor a very respectable man; and I have no doubt your brother officers will give you every assistance in procuring horses. Suppose we go towards the mess-room; you are yet, I conclude, unacquainted with any of your brothers in arms?"

Pierce was unwilling to confess the salutation he had received in the barrack-yard, and merely replied, that "he had seen some of the officers in his way to the colonel's apartment."

"It shall be my care, Mr. Butler, to introduce you to them; and I will venture to say, that not a more

gentlemanlike, better educated, or more zealous corps of officers exist in the service."

The colonel then led the way to the mess-room, where Pierce was introduced in due form to all the officers who could then be found. The cornet was almost ashamed to acknowledge the smile of recognition from Dick Woodville and Flickerby; and was glad to avail himself of the quarter-master's offer to show him the rooms from which he might select his quarter. Accompanied by this important character, and the adjutant, who took care to provide him with a discharged servant *en passant*, he proceeded to make his election of a room, then despatched his new valet to the Cat and Bagpipes for his trunks, and only got out of the hands of the regimental tailor just in time to reorganize his dress for the mess dinner.

CHAPTER III.

THE MESS DINNER.

I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces.

SHAKSPEARE.

Nunc est bibendum.

HORACE.

"MR. PRESIDENT—Sir, allow me to give you a bumper toast," said Veterinary Surgeon Andrew Mervyn, better known by the name of Old Andy, to Colonel Snelnock, soon after the cloth was removed.

Permission being given, heel-taps disposed of, and glasses filled, Andy begged leave to propose the health

of "Cornet Butler, and his welcome to the —— dragoon guards." Pierce was now literally assailed with salutations; for although the number at the mess-table only amounted to ten, yet, on a wink from Flickerby, who sat on his right, the compliment was kept up, and Pierce had to return thanks to at least thirty addresses of "Mr. Butler, your good health." So distinguishing a mark of public attention rather disconcerted our hero; and when he rose to address the mess with some sentences of acknowledgment, which he had previously collected from the proceedings of a Catholic meeting, he completely forgot his part, and was obliged to content himself with drinking to the good health of all present. This failure did not, however, affect the reception of what he was able to utter, and Pierce resumed his seat amid the unbounded applause of his hearers.

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

"Well done, Cornet: why, you are a regular trump in oratory. By all that's varment, you will soon be able to talk our legs off."

OMNES.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

CAPTAIN BROIL.

"Will you allow me to ask, Mr. Butler, whether you were originally intended for the bar? you certainly have a great talent for speaking."

CORNET BUTLER.

"No, indeed, Sir, I was in my father's counting-house; I assure you this is the first speech I have ever made."

OMNES.

"Wonderful! Ha! ha! ha!"

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

"Have you brought any horses with you, Cornet?"

CORNET BUTLER.

"No, Sir; but I am in hopes of having the assistance of some of my brother officers to procure them here."

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT (*with evident satisfaction*).

"No horses! that's very lucky, for I have got a mare that's the very thing for you."

COLONEL SNELNOCK.

"Ha! ha! By Gad, Mr. Ravenscroft, your horses are the very thing for every body."

OMNES.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT (*laughing.*)

"You know, Colonel, that I never keep any *screws*."

CAPTAIN BROIL.

"No, you accommodate your friends with all the *screws*."

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

"Come, Tom, pass the wine, and don't be so witty: the Cornet will look at my mare to-morrow, I'm certain; wont you, Cornet?"

CORNET BUTLER.

"I shall be very happy, Sir; but really, I am no judge of a horse, myself."

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT.

"Oh! that don't matter, I'll show you all about it. after we have had a bit of a deal together."

CORNET BUTLER.

"Thank you, you are very kind."

OMNES.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Pierce did not at all relish these repeated chorusses of laughter, and looked round as if to ascertain the cause, when Dick Woodville asked, whether the cornet had got his uniform yet.

Pierce repeated what he had told the colonel, as to the cause of Sullivan's delay in making his regimentals, and added, that he had in fact brought nothing but a pair of dress boots, "which," said he rather confidently, "are, I conceive, sufficiently well made."

The young English Cornet, Thompson, who made his appearance at the barracks soon after Pierce, and who had hitherto maintained a stupid silence at the mess table, now introduced himself to notice, by inquiring from Pierce, with much gravity, who made his boots? to which our hero replied,

"Byrne, of George's-street: a first rate boot-maker I assure you; he keeps his hunter."

CORNET THOMPSON.

"George-street, George-street: I don't know of any boot-maker in that street. Do you mean George-street, Portman-square?"

CORNET BUTLER.

"Not at all; Portman-square, why you must know very little of Cork; there is no square near it, George-street runs into the parade."

"Oh, Cork!" said Cornet Thompson, with a look of most ineffable contempt, "you are speaking of Cork, are you? I had no idea that they made boots in Cork?"

"Ay, and much better than in London," replied Pierce, much excited by this reflection upon the Irish southern Athens, "and most elegant boots too. I will bet you what you please, that my dress boots are handsomer, and a better fit, than any you can produce."

"Oh, my good Sir," said Cornet Thompson, "mine are from Bann and Bond."

"I don't know who Bannun Bond is," said Pierce, "but I will back my boots against yours, for any sum you please."

"Gentlemen Cornets," interposed Colonel Snelnock, "I must inform you that all bets made in this room, are for the benefit of the mess, and to be disposed of in wine."

"So much the better, Sir," said Pierce, who showed much anxiety to close with the English cornet, "I will bet him a dozen of claret for the benefit of the mess, that my dress boots are better than his."

"Done!" said Cornet Thompson, "done for a dozen of claret; but who is to decide?"

CORNET BUTLER.

"Oh! the Colonel shall decide for me."

COLONEL SNELNOCK.

"Excuse me, my young friend, I'm really not a connoisseur in these matters."

After some discussion as to the umpires, it was at length agreed to, that Flickerby and Tom Broil should decide, the former on the part of the English, the latter on that of the Irish Cornet, and the bet was thus recorded in the bet book:

"Cornet Butler bets Cornet Thompson one dozen of claret, that he, Cornet Butler, will produce a handsomer pair of boots than Cornet Thompson can."

(*Signed*)

"PIERCE BUTLER, *Cornet.*
"AUGUSTUS THOMPSON, *Cornet.*
"JAMES SNELNOCK, *Lieut.-Col.* (*Pres.*)
"ANDREW MERVYN, *V. S.*, (*Vice Pres.*")

Andrew took advantage of the pen and ink being on the table, to make the new cornet sign the rules and regulations of the mess, which, however, he did not insist on their reading.

A knock at the door, and "Come in," from the president, preceded the entry of the regimental sergeant-major and four troop sergeants, who, carrying the order-books under their arms, marched up the room in single file, and forming in line, with their backs to the wall, saluted the company and opened their books.

Pierce stared with astonishment at this addition to the party; but judging from their long, narrow books, that they were some of the band, who had been ordered to sing glees for the amusement of the mess, merely inquired of Flickerby, in a whisper, "Why they did not take their helmets off before singing." His friend was going to tell him what sort of airs the books contained, when Sergeant Longman handed our hero one of the thin volumes for his inspection; here the cornet, instead of glee or melody, found the following unsophisticated prose:

"REGIMENTAL ORDERS, BY COL. SNELNOCK,-PHILIPSTOWN BARRACKS, *March*, — 181.—

"*The troops will parade in watering order to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and proceed to water, under the direction of the orderly officer.*

"*Cornet Butler is appointed to duty in Captain Broil's troop, until further orders.*"

Then followed the detail of duty for the following

day, which stated the number of men for guard, and the name of the sergeant, corporal, and orderly officer. the whole signed "JAMES MUZZY, *Lieutenant and Adjutant.*"

The cornet now felt it altogether unnecessary to make any inquiry about the singing; and having returned the book to the long-legged sergeant, the whole party again saluted the company, and marched out in similar order to that in which they entered.

Colonel Snelnock, who was a temperate man, and seldom exceeded the dragoon's allowance of a pint of wine, retired early; and this was the signal for a general closing round the fire, and, as Flickerby called it, "beginning the night."

On the occasion in question, the night was begun by an universal attack on the head and heart of poor Pierce, both of which suffered a severe trial in the repeated visits of the long-necked claret-bottle, and the ever-accompanying solicitation to fill his glass; his benevolence was, however, at last exhausted, and when Dick Woodville, with his usual attention to new-comers, was going to help him to about the fourteenth bumper, Pierce quietly but firmly declined.

This refusal was by no means well taken by Andrew Mervyn, who began more actively to officiate in his vice-regal duties, after the elevation of Flickerby to the colonel's seat. Andy had just drunk wine enough to cause his general good, easy cautiousness to be transformed into all the noisy jollity of a careless boy. In this state he invariably forgot the name of any stranger who might be present, and generally called him by some name as much as possible unlike the right one. As may be supposed, Pierce was not more favoured than others, and, by some extraordinary combination of ideas, Andy had contrived to metamorphose *Butler* into *Tomkins.*

"Come, Mr. Tomkins, Sir, drink your wine, my

man; that's a good boy," said Andrew, with all the jollity of manner with which claret never failed to inspire him. Pierce thought it was as well, at least, to affect compliance, and poured a few drops into his glass; but the veterinary was not to be thus deceived, and rather indignantly said, "Is that your Cork bumper, Mr. Tomkins? pfa! Fill it up, Sir; let me see the bayd, Sir, the bayd—the raal bayd of the liquor, Sir; never flinch from a glass of wine, Tomkins, my man; that's a good boy. Why, when I joined the —— dragoon guards, in the year 1795, Sir, a young cornet was made drunk every night for a month, to try his temper, Sir; ay, every night for a month, Sir; and if he turned sulky, and wouldn't fill his glass, he was fined in a tumbler of salt and water, Sir; ay, of salt and water, Sir—d'ye hear that, Tomkins, my man?—and told to go home to his mammy, Sir; to your mammy, Sir; to his mother's apron string, Sir. Go home, Sir; home, home, to your mammy—to your mammy!"

"My dear Mervyn," said Woodville, who saw that Andy's description of his boyish days was terminating in personal abuse, "you are too hard on the cornet. I am sure he is disposed to contribute his utmost to the conviviality of the mess-table. Mr. Butler is perhaps accustomed to a cup of tea or coffee at this hour, and———"

"Tay and coffee, Sir, tay and coffee, Sir;—to the devil I pitch your tay and coffee; we want no tay and coffee at the mess of the —— dragoon guards, Sir; we want none of your lancer fashions at the mess-table of the —— dragoon guards, Sir. Tay and coffee, tay and coffee, &c.," and the highly excited veterinary continued for some time to uphold the old established customs of the ——dragoon guards, and to vent his rage against the bare mention of such substitutes for wine as tea and coffee.

"I assure you, Mr. Mervyn," said Pierce, "that I have no wish whatever to interfere with the rules or customs of the regiment, nor have I at present the least inclination for either tea or coffee; but I am really tired after a long journey, and must confess myself rather inclined to retire to bed."

"That's a good boy, Tomkins; that's a good boy, my man," said Andy, his rage against tea and coffee having now a little subsided; "Mr. President, Sir, allow me to give you a bumper toast, Sir—Mr. Tomkins's father's health, Sir; a bumper toast, gentlemen. Mr. President, pass the bottle."

"Why, Andy," said the President, "the cornet's name is Butler, not Tomkins, and I presume the father and son have the same name."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Butler; come Tomkins, my man, fill your glass. Cornet Butler's father's health, gentlemen, three times three."

The cornet's father's health was accordingly drank with all the honours; and Pierce, whose drowsiness had been completely dispelled by the laughable developement of Andy's feelings, thought he could not do less than propose the health of Mr. Mervyn, whose most unexpected compliment to his father was, he said, in the highest degree flattering.

No more popular toast could be proposed than the health of Andrew Mervyn, "the father of the mess," as he was affectionately termed, and Flickerby gave the signal for unqualified applause, by mounting his chair to *give the time;* "hip, hip, hip, huzza!" had so contaminating an effect upon the subject of the toast, that he could not resist the impulse, and with a sort of view-hollow, joined in his own commendation.

This quite overpowered Pierce, and he sunk back in his chair, convulsed with laughter. The flow of soul had begun, and Andy's involuntary shout ended in a soft piano enunciation of

Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me.

More than one verse of his favourite song, however, he could not accomplish; and after repeating it in strong chorus, he next favoured the company with the following extempore chant, of most disjointed materials:—

Here's Mr. Butler, and Mr. Tomkins, and Mr. Tomkins's father, Sir, come all the way from Cork to Phi—lip's—town.
And Mr. Flickerby sitting in the president's chair of Burlington-town.
And there's Mr. Woodville, a very fine young ma—an,
And Mr. Ravenscroft, with his Shan—dry—da—an,
And there is Billy Breakpeace, Sir, the dev—l's———
And Mr. Shirker, Sir, who thinks himself so fine when he is mellow:
Now poor Andy Mervyn, Sir, is this and that, and every thing else, and doens't care one da—am. So
Begone dull care, &c. (Chorus.)

"There's Major Middleton, who walks about with all his knowledge,
And Mr. Thompson, Sir, come from the military college.
And there's Tom Broil, that's always an O. P.
And Mr. Tomkins, Sir, with his tea and coffee;
Now Mr. Butler, Sir, a very fine young man, is come here to-day, and we are all very glad with him to be jolly,
And old Andy Mervyn will join hands with all good 'ellows here this day without folly. So,
Begone dull care, &c. (Chorus.)

Andy appeared to grow young as the night grew old; indeed all parties were now arrivéd at a most vociferous state of blissfulness; toasts, songs, speeches, and arguments resounded at one and the same time through the whole apartment,

Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,

and the new cornet, perfectly stupified with wine and noise, was completely at the mercy of his elated companions. Pierce dropped like a senseless log under the table. Tom Broil, with a stentorian application to the president, requested that the cornet should be again decreed the honours of a bumper toast, and nine

times nine was bellowed from the tops of the chairs and tables. Breakpeace, determined that even the "chaste Diana" should be a witness to the extent of their compliment, introduced himself up the chimney, and made the soot dance again with reiterations of his scream, that would have done honour to an Indian. A consultation was now held on the most proper and becoming manner of disposing of the sleeping cornet; and after various suggestions and discussions, it was at length decided, that he should be laid out on the table, with as much of the insignia of funeral pomp as could be mustered. A table-cloth was accordingly procured from the mess-waiter, and thrown over the extended body of Pierce, which was illuminated by six tallow candles, arranged at regular intervals around the apparent corpse; his head was slightly elevated on an empty decanter; and a clean white plate containing a halfpenny and some pieces of broken biscuit placed on his breast, thus tacitly supplicating the means of burial. The cornet was allowed to pass the remainder of the night in quiet possession of the centre of the mess-table, from which all the glasses and evidences of locality were withdrawn; and the considerate undertakers, highly satisfied with their arrangements, and fearing that a longer continuance of their revels might awaken the body and destroy the best part of their frolic, at length retired.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT FROLIC.

The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.

SHAKSPEARE.

Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.

IBID.

IT was about four in the morning, when the last duties were thus systematically performed towards the insensible body of the poor cornet, and at seven o'clock the daylight added a most hideous colouring to the deathlike flames of the drooping candles; the many bumpers of claret had proved so complete an opiate to our hero's senses, that his prostrate position was undisturbed by any restlessness; and when the waiters and room-cleaners commenced their customary operations in the barracks, both plate and body still retained that position in which they had been so considerately placed.

Pat Carbine, the cornet's newly-appointed servant, saw, with much surprise, that the bed in which he expected to find his master, had not been occupied during the night; and thinking that, perhaps, the cornet had returned to the Cat and Bagpipes, hurried thither, to offer an early proof of his zeal and attention.

Jack Scrub, the deputy mess-waiter, was more fortunate; for while the active Carbine was striding his

best to the Cat and Bagpipes, in search of the cornet, Jack was gazing, with open mouth, at the very man himself, and calculating the extraordinary addition to his morning's work, which the sleeping gentleman would cause.

Now this Jack Scrub was a fellow of comical humour, and liked a good joke or a frolic, as well as his betters; he had, however, that peculiar temperament which delighteth more in the social than the solitary laugh; and although he fully divined and entered into the spirit of the trick which had been played upon Pierce, yet he did not half enjoy it alone, and accordingly called to the completion of his happiness the head-waiter, mess-man, cook, and kitchen-maid. This did not suffice: Jack thought truly, that such excitements to laughter did not often present themselves in the dull quarter of Philipstown, and felt that it would be but common kindness to make the occurrence of more general advantage; he therefore, having introduced the beforementioned company, and cautioned them not to wake the corpse, sought out, with all the expression of a bearer of pleasing intelligence, the stations of the several non-commissioned officers, and brought as many as he could excite the curiosity of, into the mess-room.

The trampling of these heavy-booted visiters now first operated on the stupified senses of Pierce, and he slowly admitted just light enough between his eyelids to be sensible of his position, and of the presence of several persons; but the plate and its contents altogether puzzled him, and when he closed his eyes again, to collect his scattered senses, Jack Scrub, avowedly to waken the cornet, but, more truly, to raise a laugh, added a piece of lighted brown paper to the other contributions. The smoke from this completely dispelled the illusion. Pierce started into a sitting position; down rolled the decanter, off went the plate, and all the ludicrous reality of his situation

became evident to him. Pat Carbine now came to the assistance of his bewildered master, and removing his premature shroud, conducted him to his apartment.

Pierce here endeavoured, both by external and internal application of cold water, to restore his parched mouth and inflamed eyes to a more reputable temperature; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, Ravenscroft declared, on Pierce's joining the breakfast party in the mess-room, "that the cornet looked a little *seedy*."

Pierce rallied, after getting down a bowl of tea, which his friend Andy, who just then appeared, quite rosy, at the window, strongly recommended as a specific for the heat of his mouth and head; and when a slice of broiled ham had been added to this prescription, he was lively enough to laugh at the many droll allusions to his *wake*, as they called it, and good humoured enough to thank his friends for their attention to his funeral arrangements.

A walk to the stable was now proposed and acceded to, and here the merits and demerits of the several horses were discussed at great length; their probable improvement, value, age, anatomy, country, breeding, genealogy, and education, were severally entered into with an extent and profoundness of which Pierce's limited knowledge of horseflesh did not permit him to imagine the possibility; the anatomical accuracy of Bill Ravenscroft more particularly astonished the cornet: this learned captain went into a most energetic and scientific detail of the *points* of a horse, and, much to the amusement of all present, brought out, as the result of his long investigation, that all the horses in the regiment were worth nothing, except his own, which were as near as possible perfect. This conclusion naturally led our hero to Ravenscroft's stable, where the captain concentrated his praises upon a long-legged, small-bodied, switched-tailed gray mare; this animal, Bill stated, "could do every thing but talk and clean

knives," which assertion his servant, Dick Screw, gravely corroborated. Pierce was offered any trial within the barrack-yard, and after repeated assurances of the gray being just the very horse to suit him, was at length tempted to mount. Bill declared that the gray never before looked so ill, nor Pierce so well; and after a few rounds of the yard, the cornet was induced, notwithstanding some very equivocal marks on the knees, to purchase Bill Ravenscroft's gray mare, whose price was reduced in pure consideration and friendship for the cornet, from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and twenty-five guineas.

Pierce, thus provided with a charger, was soon accommodated with every necessary article of equipment for his new purchase by Balance, the paymaster, who introduced him to a complete saddler's shop of horse-appointments, which had been left in his disposal by the two captains placed upon half-pay at the last reduction; hunting and regimental saddles, sabreacs, sheepskins, snaffles, bits and straps of various form and fashion, all hung round old Balance's office, arranged in the most attractive positions. Bill Ravenscroft, Tom Broil, and Breakpeace were requested to be valuators of such articles as the cornet might require, and every thing being unanimously declared to be "as good as new," little difficulty presented itself in fixing the prices.

Balance also accommodated our hero with helmet, sword, and belts: and on suggesting the means which a second-hand jacket and overalls would give the cornet of appearing that day in uniform at the mess, Pierce was induced to add also those articles to his stock of purchases.

Behold our hero then mounted, clothed, and accoutred; he was only anxious to have an opportunity of displaying his new acquisitions before those impudent urchins of Philipstown, who dared to laugh at his entrée on the preceding day.

The remainder of the time before dinner was spent by the cornet in the arrangement of his apartment, (B. 4) where, by the assistance of Pat Carbine and his active wife, the portable bedstead was established, the floor scrubbed, the grate black-leaded, and the barrack allowance of two chairs, a table, and a turf-box secured. Pierce busied himself in placing his small stock of books, consisting of White's Farriery, a Bible and Prayer-Book, and His Majesty's Regulations, in the most favourable position; and when Mrs. Carbine blew the red turf into a blaze, preparatory to heating the water for his evening toilet, Pierce paced the new-scrubbed boards of his apartment with all the independence of a sovereign.

In the order book of this day our hero read that "Cornet Butler was directed to attend the riding house at such hours as the riding-master may appoint," and he thanked the colonel for giving him this early opportunity of becoming acquainted with the duties of his profession.

At half-past seven the next morning, Pat Carbine came "to warn his master for riding at eight," and full ten minutes before the time appointed, Pierce was mounted, and waiting for the *ride* to be summoned. His expectations were not long delayed. Riding-master Smart, after complimenting his new purchase, at the same time stating that the gray still wanted "a deal of the school," poured forth upon our hero and his companions at drill such a torrent of didactic eloquence, that his utmost intellect was required to comprehend the riding-master's harangue, without at all attempting to obey the instructions. "Toes up, heels down, shoulders well back, chest well forward, body square, wrist rounded, thigh flat, seat well down, head well up," followed in such rapid antithesis, that the anxious cornet was quite bewildered; the similes and apostrophes of this man of many words, also added to his confusion, and sometimes quite electrified him. "A

light hand, men—your hand should be as light as a lady's silk gown; don't be sitting on your horses like sacks, but keep a lively feeling of both reins, and not holding yourselves on by the mouth like lumps of lead; feel 'em, and feel 'em again, and don't be darting in the spurs as if you were spearing salmon. Let me see you go *square round* those corners, and let your horses move without hands or legs; keep those elbows in, I say, O'Rourke, and don't be sticking 'em out like a spread aigle. Must I send for your night-cap, Courcy? No going to sleep here, Sir, if you plaise. Horses on hand, and away from the boards; what are those left legs doing? Off together, and no halting.—Nothing can be worse, nothing can be worse."

Pierce, who had ridden many a hard chase with Sandy O'Driscol's harriers and the Union hunt, and who, moreover, was considered both a good and bold horseman, was not a little astonished to find himself so thorough a novice at the description of equitation which he was now engaged in. The overpowering quantity of rules and precepts which were to be remembered; the intricacy and unnatural turnings of the horses' movements; the real fatigue and difficulty of riding, mounting and dismounting without the assistance of the stirrups, appeared to him a mass of most unnecessary labour on the part of both pupils and preceptor: and when the *ride* was dismissed, the anticipation of breakfast was much more pleasing to our hero's mind, than that of another visit to the riding-school.

The sergeant-major's drill our hero found much less complicated than the riding-master's, and after the delicate introduction of a new sovereign into the hands of old Broadman, the sword exercise lessons went on very smoothly. The adjutant's affability was not, however, to be thus purchased, and it was not till after poor Pierce had received many reproofs for his stupidity at *squadron drill*, that he discovered the true

road to the Lieutenant and Adjutant Murray's heart, which, as Andy Mervyn said, "was one well watered with whiskey punch." Pierce was not slow in taking advantage of this discovery, and on the morning of drill, invariably cautioned Carbine to provide punch materials, and a large tumbler for the adjutant, whom Pierce invited to an evening glass of grog, in a careless pick-tooth manner, as Murray and he rode together to the exercise ground.

The cornet, thus favourably circumstanced with regard to Murray and Broadman, made up his mind to submit philosophically to the bumping and lecturing of the riding-school, living in hopes that his assiduous attention to Smart's oratory, and his occasional approbation of the exquisiteness and originality of his similes, would one day produce a report to the colonel of his perfection in equitation. One proceeding luckily suggested itself to him, which had more effect upon his *military seat* than the most regular attendance at the school, or the most careful remembrance of the instruction there given. Pierce purchased the riding-master's chesnut filly, a four-year-old, requiring much breaking; and very soon after, the cornet was declared to have an excellent seat and hand, which qualifications increased in such rapid progression, that in a fortnight from the purchase of the chesnut filly, the cornet was reported finished, and was accordingly dismissed from further attendance at the riding-school.

Not by such means as those which have been just related, but from his general mild and unassuming manner, in which much intelligence and natural penetration were blended with a diffidence rarely to be met with in persons of his age, our hero became every day a greater favourite with the mess, and, contrasted with the sulky unintellectual appearance of the Yorkshire Johnny Raw, who joined about the same time, Pierce appeared to great advantage, and was univer-

sally allowed to be one of the best recruits that had ever joined the Dragoon Guards.

Philipstown was a dull quarter: except an occasional dinner party at one or other of the only two gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, or a more frequent still-hunting party at one of the adjacent bogs or mountains, little variation occurred in the dull routine of weekly parades, and daily mess dinners; the latter were, from default of occupation, often followed by long and excessive demands upon the well-stocked cellar, and the orthodox *dragoon* port, "black, strong, and intoxicating," circulated, as a pleasing but destructive substitute for more rational enjoyments.

Pierce, like other young cornets, before and since his time, followed the example of his seniors; and although his mind and body both revolted against such a prostitution of time and health, yet his naturally accommodating disposition, his fear of being thought deficient in good fellowship, the absence of the domestic circle to which he had been at that hour accustomed, and his extreme reluctance to face the loneliness of his apartment, united to fix the self-reproaching Pierce to the mess-room and the bottle.

Sometimes would the cornet, when, in his capacity of *orderly officer*, he paced the yard at evening stable hour, ruminate upon his dissipated course of life, and firmly resolve to fly from the seducing "black strap." Armed with this determination, he would proceed to make his report to the senior officer present in the mess-room, according to the standing orders of the regiment, and having stated that "all was right," would return to the door, with the laudable intention of retiring for the night; but Pierce was too necessary to the happiness of the convivial party to be thus suffered to depart: and between expostulation, entreaty, and Andy Mervyn's never-failing allusion to his "home and mother's apron-string," the unwilling cornet was generally brought back to his glass and his compa-

nions. At other times, he would turn a deaf ear to every kind of solicitation and rebuke, and with desperate effort rush precipitately to his barrack-room. There, reminded by its untenanted stillness, of the social scene which a few months back, at that hour, he was a happy participator in, the smiling Glebe, and its cheerful evening circle, would rise vividly in his imagination. The worthy rector—the sparkling hearth—the evening song—the lively converse, and Susan Lovett, in all her captivating gentleness, like the presiding angel of the scene, would pass in successive remembrance before his mind, until a recollection of each minute detail that served to complete the happiness of that cheerful hour, gave to the picture so fair a semblance of reality, that Pierce, as he lay extended before the blazing turf, upon his oaken chairs, would gaze with a pleasurable abstraction upon the imaginary scene, until the dying tones of Andy Mervyn's bacchanalian hollo, issuing from the mess-room, or the more audible responses of a "three times three," would wake him to a sense of his visionary enjoyment, and of the dreary vacuum of his solitary apartment.

Then would Pierce curse the evils of a military life, which left him no society but in dissipation; and after pacing his room with rapid strides, until body and mind were alike exhausted, he would throw himself upon the bed, and seek in sleep a relief from his wretchedness.

It was on one of these nights of returning sobriety, that Pierce became the victim to a frolic which had been organized by Breakpeace and Flickerby, for the purpose of checking this incipient tendency to reform which the young cornet now so often exhibited. Many attempts had been made to bring him back to the bottle, and more than once his door had been broken open, and the cornet pulled out of bed; but Pierce continued firm, and the repeated attacks on his sobriety seemed rather to affect his naturally good temper, and an occasional expression of irritation escaped him when

the subject was introduced. Breakpeace and Flickerby therefore devised the following expedient to diminish his attachment to his bed-room :—a large goat, of the male species, furnished with ample horns, was procured from the establishment of Sergeant-major Broadman, and fixed between the sheets of the cornet's bed, by being made fast to the bed posts ; the head of a horse, which had been that day shot for glanders, contributed by Andy, was placed upon his pillow, and a large basin of the blood of the same horse occupied the chair by his bedside ; these articles were introduced into the cornet's room during dinner, by means of the bribed Pat Carbine, and the adroit Dick Screw, who, under the direction of Breakpeace, at that time prevented by illness from dining at the mess, completed the arrangements for the cornet's reception. Pierce retired, as he lately had several times done, soon after nine o'clock—his fire had been purposely suffered to go out ; no spark was even left by which his candle might be lighted ; and the cornet, his temper already a little ruffled by some observations made by the hard goers upon his early hours, was preparing, in no very benevolent state of mind, to undress himself in the dark. Just as he had angrily torn open his jacket, and was about to throw it on the bed, a low moan from the goat, who had been for nearly two hours endeavouring to extricate his legs from their unnatural position, startled him to such a degree, that the jacket dropped from his hands, as he thought upon the chair, but in reality into the basin, from which splashed up to his face a liquid by no means agreeable.

Another and a louder moan now fixed his attention upon the bed, at once suspecting that it was some trick devised for the purpose of overturning his late resolution, and driving him back to the mess-room ; irritated also by the occurrences of the evening, he determined upon showing the parties who were concerned in this conspiracy against his repose, that he

was not to be bullied into an acquiescence with their demands. Pierce, therefore, with a degree of warmth, in him altogether unusual, seized a pistol which had been loaded with blank cartridge for riding-school practice, and declared loudly, "if whatever was in his bed did not immediately come forth, he would fire." Violent struggling in the bed, and another moan, were the only answers to this threat. Pierce fired, but the same responses again signified that the bed was still occupied by his struggling visiter. The cornet having thus failed in his efforts to elicit a reply by an appeal to the hearing of the intruder, now resolved to try what effect he could produce on the sense of feeling; and unsheathing his sword, which he with some difficulty contrived to grope out, commenced a smart attack on the bed clothes, with the back part of the blade, threatening to apply the more deadly edge if his visiter persisted in preserving an *incognito*; but the strokes of the sword were as unsuccessful as the report of the pistol; except a higher tone of moaning, and a more violent struggling, no change was produced by this variation of attack; and Pierce was still unable either to relieve himself from his unbidden guest, or to obtain any information as to his quality or business.

The cornet's patience was fast ebbing. Enraged at length, and nearly tired with his long castigation of the bed clothes, he exerted all his remaining strength to deal a decisive blow with the edge of the sword; and having, as he imagined, just discovered that one part of this invisible struggler protruded itself on the pillow, he directed his final blow towards that quarter, and, with well directed aim, smote so truly, that the passive object of his wrath, carrying with it the basin and its contents, fell headlong on the floor, and rolled with deadly inertness to the opposite corner of the room, where it seemed to stop, without motion or vitality. A horrid and sanguineous stench filled the apartment; the struggling ceased; the moan was no longer heard;

and Pierce, with blood-bespattered face and sword, rushed wildly into the passage, with all the real terrors of a conscious homicide.

The apartments on the other side of the passage, and immediately opposite to those of the cornet, were occupied by Major Costiff and his frugal wife—a prudent couple, well skilled in all the classical intricacies of domestic economy. Rich by inheritance and parsimony, healthy by regularity and temperance, they endeavoured to substitute for the denied gratifications of parents, the pleasures of accumulating wealth and corporeal vigour. The major had read all that had been written on dietetics, from the Life of Cornaro down to Dr. Johnson "on the morbid irritability of the stomach and bowels," and did not fail to follow in succession the precepts and prescriptions of the several writers. The good lady's zeal in the cause of the stomach even exceeded that of her spouse; each dyspeptic nostrum and infallible panacea were eagerly sought for, purchased, and, as the faculty say, *exhibited*, by Mrs. Costiff—pills, draughts, lozenges, mixtures, powders, electuaries, liquids, and solids—all, with indiscriminating affection, were greedily swallowed, and implicitly confided in, by this drug-loving dame. Her dressing-table was like an apothecary's counter on a market-day; her scrap-book was loaded with quack medicine puffs and advertisements; her work-bag swelled with the manuscript contributions of her bilious friends; and the very room in which she sat had become so much impregnated with medicated vapour, that Mrs. Costiff may be said to have lived in an atmosphere of tonics and aperients.

Notwithstanding these active impediments to the natural course of life, constitutional soundness and extreme regularity of living enabled the major and his lady to bear uninjured the almost daily attacks which they made upon their intestines in the shape of fluid or medicine; and although ever complaining, and

always anxious to enter into a detail of the various ailments with which they imagined themselves affected, yet on they went, always in apparent health, always looking the same; and old Andy had been heard to say that, since the time of his joining the regiment to the present day, he had perceived no change in either the faces or complainings of the major and his lady. The careful major, among other health-conferring precepts, had lately met with one which strongly advocated the importance of early hours: and, adopting as usual, with enthusiasm, whatever was last suggested, he had fixed on the night of poor Pierce's adventure, for the commencement of the new system. After much discussion with his loving wife as to the most fitting hour for their intended early repose, eight o'clock was determined on; and at a quarter before eight, Mrs. Costiff took her three antibilious-indigestive powders, being one more than ordinary, by way of experiment; and exactly at eight o'clock, the punctual major joined his lady in this new effort at health and longevity.

The major, who had that morning been exercising his body and mind at a field-day, had already fallen into a profound sleep, and his hypochondriac partner was ruminating upon the probable consequences of the increased dose of antibilious-indigestive, when the one was awoke, and the speculations of the other were disturbed, by a violent knocking at the door of their barrack-room, accompanied by most piteous and earnest requests for the major's presence. Costiff, imagining nothing less could have occurred to require his interposition at such an hour, than a mutiny in the regiment, or an invasion of the White-boys, sprang out of bed, with all the feelings of his responsibility; and, notwithstanding his dread of catarrh and rheumatism, hurried to the door without any other defence against the elements than a long calico night-shirt, and a small firilled night-cap of Mrs. C.'s, which latter he had lately adopted, as being both more becoming to his capacious

mouth and projecting high cheek-bones, and more easily retained in its position, than the cotton head coverings of more general use.

"Oh, Major! Major! pray get up, Sir, there is dreadful work here. For God's sake come out, Sir; for I don't know what to do—Major Costiff! Major! Oh!"

Such were the entreaties and exclamations which Pierce continued to repeat at Costiff's door, until the tall figure of the Major, armed with a plastering knife of the lady's, which, in his hurry, he had seized, appeared in the passage, prepared to learn the worst.

"Oh, Major! oh, Sir!"

"So, it is you, Mr. Cornet: what now, what's the matter?—Speak, Sir!"

"Oh, Major! oh dear?"

"What in the world is the meaning of all this? Some d—d humbug, I suppose. What the devil do you want here, Mr. Cornet?"

"Oh, Major! oh, Sir! oh, Sir! I, oh, Sir!"

"D'ye hear me, Mr. Cornet; if you keep me standing here in this cold passage, at the imminent peril of my life, with this easterly wind, just also when I had commenced Dr. Gallipot's new system of early hours —by Heaven, Mr. Cornet, Sir, I'll put you under arrest, Sir, and bring you to a court-martial, Sir."

"Oh, Major! I fear, Sir—I think, Sir—Oh, Sir —I fear—I have murdered a brother-officer."

"Oh, is that all, Mr. Cornet; and do you think yourself entitled to disturb my night's rest for such infernal humbug as this?"

A light, now brought by Mrs. Costiff, who had thrown a pair of the major's gray regimental overalls over her *chemise de nuit*, and hurried to the assistance of her lord, now displayed the unfortunate cornet, sword in hand, pale and trembling; the deadly whiteness of his face, here and there relieved by the few drops of blood which it had received in the upsetting

of the basin and the fall of his jacket, and the formidable instrument of his deed, which he could not look on without horror, embellished also with the same sanguinary stream.

Mrs. Costiff screamed, dropped the candle and overalls, and threw herself into the arms of the major. He, half-believing the reality of a tragedy which the cornet's appearance so fully corroborated, contented himself with hallooing most loudly for assistance, and the self-accusing Pierce added his almost exhausted voice to the general shout.

The mess-room soon sent forth its inhabitants, who had been anxiously awaiting the climax of their scheme; headed by Breakpeace and Flickerby, they crowded to the passage, followed by mess-waiters and lights. Mrs. Costiff fled from the threatened *exposé* of her *déshabille*, and took up a position behind the key-hole of her own door; the cornet, with agitated step, led the way to the expected scene of slaughter; Jack Scrub held aloft the silver branches; Costiff, keeping at a secure distance, protruded his long neck over the heads of the by-standers, and gave both eyes and ears to the *éclaircissement*.

Pierce proceeded to the bed, and there, to his utter astonishment, and no small relief, found Broadman's goat in the full enjoyment of a comfortable sleep between his sheets, which bore evident symptoms of not having been paid any particular respect to by their present occupier; the head of the glandered horse appeared in the corner to which it had rolled on Pierce dealing that final blow which had given him so much uneasiness; and the tragic embellishments to his face and sword were accounted for in the contents of the now broken basin, and the coagulated covering to his bed-room floor.

CHAPTER V.

THE STILL HUNT.

It came from a still,
Under the hill,
Where the eye of the gauger saw it not.
DR. MAGIN.

Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Henry IV. Part I.

AFTER the sergeant-major's goat had been liberated, and Mrs. Carbine had done her best to remove the unpleasant consequences of its presence, as well as those of the accompanying blood and head, Pierce ventured to commit himself to bed, and was suffered to remain, for the rest of the night, in undisturbed possession of his apartment. Old Costiff, with much grumbling at the unnecessary interruption to his regularity, which the cornet's visit had occasioned, also retired; and his prudent lady, judging that no better opportunity could have been afforded for proving the efficacy of a new "composing draught,' which had that day been made up for her, according to the recipe of her friend, Mrs. Blister, of Tullamore, emptied the newly-filled phial, with some degree of gratification at the recent event, and again sought repose in the arms of her lord.

The following morning brought with it a return of the cornet's natural good humour, and the success of the late frolic gave such entire satisfaction to the parties with whom it originated, that it was proposed by them, and unanimously agreed to by the mess, that

Pierce should be no longer urged to drink against his inclination, but should be allowed to retire from the table, without impediment or remark, at whatever time he felt so disposed.

The cornet advanced daily in the knowledge of his military duties, and Colonel Snelnock complimented him more than once upon his steadiness of conduct, and proficiency in his various exercises. Pierce read "Dundas," and though much puzzled at its contradictory precepts and obscure instruction, yet contrived soon to collect from the work a sufficient quantum of information, as to cross-question, with effect, both Muz and Broadman; indeed, the major himself was occasionally startled by a flash of the cornet's newly-acquired knowledge, and, to the utter destruction of his early hours, sat up for several nights so late as nine o'clock, for the purpose of endeavouring to understand "Dundas," by means of "Dalbiac's Catechism," and thus to equal the cornet in a knowledge of tactics.

The practical parts of the profession, however, soon came to replace the theory, in the occupation of the cornet. Pierce was pronounced by the major competent to take the command of a party, and was accordingly warned as being "next for duty." A gauger's summons soon called his services into action; and one evening about ten o'clock, just after Pierce had concluded a long letter to his mother, and was in the act of undressing for bed, with the comfortable sensation that he had no longer any nocturnal visiters to apprehend, Sergeant Longman knocked at the door, and handed him the "after orders," wherein he read, that "a subaltern-sergeant, corporal, and twenty men were to parade, mounted in riding-school order, at half-past twelve o'clock, for the purpose of aiding the civil power. Cornet Butler for the above duty."

Rather taken by surprise, but at the same time pleased at the opportunity which, as he thought, was

now afforded him of seeing the application of all the theory which he had so long studied, he called for Carbine with a stout voice, and proceeded to accoutre himself for the nocturnal expedition. Then, sending Pat to the stable, in order to prepare the gallant gray for her unexpected jaunt, he seated himself by the fire, and commenced most diligently to search for his Majesty's regulations, and all the military books he was master of, for instructions respecting that particular duty on which he was now ordered.

But vain were his laudable exertions to qualify himself for the responsible command of a still-hunting party. Sections, chapters, and plates, from the title-page *ad finem*, were carefully but fruitlessly examined; neither the diffuse "regulations," the more compendious "elucidation," or the elaborate "red book," could furnish the zealous cornet with the slightest information on the nature of the expedition in which he was about to be engaged; and Pierce heard, not without some little degree of nervousness, the tramp of the horses, and the clattering of the long steel scabbards, as the party were assembling to be inspected by the adjutant before their departure.

Muzzy had just squeezed a thought of lemon-juice into the thirteenth tumbler, which he had that evening been engaged in at old Cabbage's, the quarter-master's; and as he did so with a distinct understanding that it was to be the last, felt every disposition to enjoy his parting glass undisturbed. The notice that "the party were waiting for his inspection," came, therefore, rather unseasonably, and he had strong ideas of acting by the deputation of the sergeant-major, when Pierce, led by his anxiety to avail himself of Muzzy's knowledge and experience, tapped at the quarter-master's door, and requested to see the adjutant.

Cabbage, who was always hospitable to young cornets, begged him to walk in, and Pierce acquiescing,

entered a barrack-room, the ingenious arrangement of which he had never seen equalled.

The Cabbage family were nine in number, viz. the quarter-master and his wife, five grown-up daughters, and two stripling sons. They all lived together, inhabiting the same room for eating, recreation, and repose; of course they were healthy, happy, and cleanly, and in this their whole and sole apartment, not only contrived to organize and carry into effect the various operations of domestic economy without inconvenience, but, strange to say, were enabled, as in the present instance, to entertain their friends.

The ordinary size of the Philipstown barrack-rooms was eighteen feet by thirteen; this limited space included two closets, one of which was generally appropriated, by bachelor officers, to the reception of a portable bed, and the other to that of a large coal or turf-box; the latter also admitted of the operations of boot-cleaning, and accommodated whatever articles of breakfast or other crockery the tenant might be in possession of; extra articles, of various kinds, were also here appended; and, not unfrequently, kettles, saddles, fishing-rods, and sword-knots, were seen to grace the pegs, without any regard to order or classification.

In the case of a married man, however, the arrangement was different, as his additional establishment admitted no such extravagant appropriation of pegs and closets; and if the unfortunate Benedict happened to be blessed with a family, no small ingenuity was required in order to accommodate the several inhabitants. It was for this ingenuity that Mrs. Cabbage was so justly celebrated, and Pierce had now an opportunity of seeing an illustration of that skill of which he had so often heard mention.

The first article of furniture which attracted the cornet's attention, was a huge green cloth, which, hanging from the centre of the ceiling in all the flow

of dramatic laxity, appeared intended to form two grand divisions in the apartment. This cloth had formerly occupied the mess-room floor; and although a severe sufferer from fixed spurs and iron heels, the effects of which it exhibited in the form of sundry holes and rents, yet it was deemed, by the prudent Mrs. Cabbage, of sufficient utility to induce her to purchase, at a sale of cast mess-room furniture, from whence it was transferred, a self-evident bargain, to its present position. The principal apartment, thus divided, formed both dining-room and drawing-room, each having a closet opening into it; in the drawing-room closet, or that farthest from the entrance door, slept the quarter-master and Mrs. Cabbage, as well as two of the younger daughters; the dining-room closet was in sole possession of the two elder young ladies, and the dining-room itself, being provided with that most useful piece of furniture,—

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,

was destined to the double duty of a refectory for the family, and a sleeping-room for the sons; an additional mattress was also here accommodated, whenever the occasional visit of a relation or friend called forth the quarter-master's hospitality. In fact, this portion of the territory, although, for distinction's sake, called the dining-room, was yet as well entitled to that of store-room, or office; for here Cabbage kept his strong chests, filled with the various articles of regimental equipment, on one of which, after it had served his son's toilet, he was accustomed to measure out to the tailor the accurate allowances of cloth for coatees and jackets; on another, he regulated the books, and exerted his generosity in extending the *debit* side of the troop accounts; and often, when he contemplated the pile of *cast* helmets, swords, and saddles, which garnished the walls, would he thank his stars for the possession of a wife, whose unparalleled arrangements

enabled him to accommodate, in the small quarter which was allotted to him, so many means of improving his fortune and principles.

Into this dining-room, bed-room, and office—a veritable *tria junta in uno*—Pierce was introduced, and heartily welcomed. An invitation to "sit down for a moment," could not be resisted; and he the more readily acceded to the quarter-master's request, from a hope, that between Muzzy and his host he would be enabled to collect that information which all his military books were so lamentably deficient in. Pierce, therefore, doffing his forage-cap, took the proffered chair, and immediately Cabbage called to his third daughter, Katty, who acted as waiter to the family, to "bring a tumbler and spoon for Cornet Butler." Katty soon skipped from behind the curtain, bearing the required articles; and Pierce having deposited the foundation of sugar and spirit, this young Hebe, with all the expertness of previous practice, poured, unbidden, on the "matayrials" such a boiling portion of the iron kettle's contents, as her mother's early instruction had taught her was sufficient to dilute the force without destroying flavour of the *raal pottheen.*

"I am really quite distressed, Miss Cabbage," said Pierce, "at giving you all this trouble."

"Oh, don't spake of it, Sir," replied Katty, in a sweet soothing brogue; "I always makes for my mother, and sure 'twas herself learned me;" then vanishing behind the curtain, where the rest of the ladies were awaiting the presence of the punch-drinkers, Katty peered at the operations of the cornet through a convenient aperture, which just admitted the corner of her hazel eye.

"Oh, don't be at all distressed, Mr. Butler," said Cabbage; "girls should make themselves useful, and, thanks to their mother, mine have a good warrant for work; and although, may be, they are not over troubled with what you call *larning,* I being only a cor-

poral when I was married, and not able to afford much of my pay for schooling, yet I'll go bail they have that in 'em which will make 'em good wives, if they have the luck to get any one to ask 'em.

Katty pushed as much of her eye through the curtain as the small hole would admit of, when the word wife was uttered by her father, and directed its whole inquiry at Pierce.

The cornet's mind was, however, too much occupied with the subject of his present anxiety to be sensible of the *reconnoissance*, and finding that neither Muz nor the quarter-master were likely to volunteer him any information on a topic which, to the former, was, under his then occupation, highly unpalatable, he ventured, at once, to state his unsuccessful search throughout his entire stock of military instruction-books, and to request the adjutant would inform him, "what was the nature of the duty in which he was about to be engaged, and in what manner he should conduct himself."

"Faith, as to the nature of the duty," says Jem, "tis no duty at all, only taking a man out of his bed at night, and away from his glass of punch, to put money in the pockets of those d—d gaugers, who care not at what time they disturb one's nest, provided they can feather their own. Here have I been kept knocking about the barrack yard all this livelong day, after the colonel's orders, and now can't sit down to take a quiet glass of punch with Cabbage, but there comes a d—d still-hunting party to inspect."

"Then there is not much to be done," said Pierce, paying no attention to the complaining episode of the adjutant's reply.

"Done," said Muzzy, snappishly, "By G—d you have the best part of the joke, Cornet Butler, for you have nothing in the world to do but ride cheek by jowl with a gauger, until you come to the still, and then ride back again, and put half-a-guinea in your pocket."

"That's simple enough, certainly," said Pierce, whose imaginary idea of this nocturnal service had pictured to him a far more complicated proceeding—not, however, giving full credence to the adjutant's statement, which appeared to partake of rather a jealous feeling respecting the value given by the officer for the revenue fee; and wishing to be put in possession of more detail, he again attacked the adjutant with an inquiry of "How the troops were to be manœuvred?"

This question completely effected the restoration of Jem's good humour. A long and loud laugh from both Muzzy and Cabbage, which, to the cornet's mystification, was most enthusiastically responded to from behind the green curtain, was the only reply which Pierce could for some time obtain, to his simple, and, as he imagined, most rational question. At length the adjutant, subduing the convulsion of his delight, and reducing the unparalleled extension which his mouth always assumed on any demonstration of glee, relieved his anxiety by saying—

"Manœuvred—ha! ha! ha! By J—s, the best way for a still-hunting party to be manœuvred, is not to be manœuvred at all—ha! ha! ha! isn't it, Cabbage?—ha! ha! ha!"—and the adjutant's mouth again retreated to his ears, as he thus appealed to the quarter-master for a commendation of the *bon mot bull* which he had uttered.

"Jem is right enough," said Cabbage, addressing himself to the cornet, who vainly endeavoured to comprehend this paradox. "The only way is to keep the men together, Mr. Butler, and not let 'em be slipping off to get drunk, and knocked down by the Rockites, and those divils of whisky makers; and mind you don't go off the high road at all at all."

"Ay," says Muzzy, hiccupping, "don't be letting 'em dhrink whisky. Keep 'em from the dhrink, 'tis the ruination of a soldier; the best man in the world is fit for no sarvice if he takes to the dhrink—well the co-

lonel knew I, Muzzy, was a sober man when he first promoted me to be lance-corporal. 'Tis only by not dhrinking and *studdiness* that—"

The adjutant was going on to enlarge upon the advantages which sobriety gave to a soldier, a subject which he was always most eloquent on when his practice was at variance with his preaching, when his oration was interrupted by the knocking of Sergeant Toole, who came to say that "the party had been long ready, and that the gaugers were in the yard, very impatient, for it was already twenty minutes past the time."

"Bl—t their b—— y eyes," growled Muzzy, as he seized his cap, and left his half finished tumbler, to accompany Pierce to where the men and horses had been so long in shivering attendance. The gaugers were sulkily walking up and down, leading their half starved ponies, and endeavouring to keep off the cold of a sharp November sleet, which was then falling, by clapping their hands and swinging their arms, muttering at the same time a concerted grumble at the delay which they were experiencing.

The adjutant, whose powers of oratory had been considerably augmented by his progress in the contents of the thirteenth tumbler, took this occasion to address the men appointed to accompany Pierce, on the dangers of intemperance; he was, in fact, but concluding the harangue which Sergeant Toole had so abruptly interrupted, and notwithstanding the continued expressions of impatience which the gaugers now more openly exhibited, Muzzy persisted in his laudable effort to instil into the minds of the sergeant, corporal, rank and file, a suitable impression of the consequences to be apprehended from too frequent a use of whisky, whether plain or diluted; his discourse was pleasingly diversified with hiccups, and the action varied by occasional changes of position, which were absolutely necessary to the preservation of his equilibrium;

and, after several interruptions from Pierce and the impatient gaugers, he at length concluded by referring his auditors to his own person, as an illustration of that sobriety which he so much commended.

This appeal was too much for the gravity of the men who buzzed forth a half suppressed laugh at Muzzy's expense; and Pierce, fearing that the scene might become still more ridiculous, obeyed the repeated entreaties of the gaugers, and gave the word of command for marching.

About one o'clock, A. M., therefore, Sergeant Toole Corporal Fury, and twenty privates, with the cornet and two gaugers at their head, filed out of the barrack yard of Philipstown, and proceeded over the bridge, down the long and now deserted street, which did not afford even one solitary lamp to guide them through the ample store of mud and manure, which, like a primeval entrenchment, stood ranged, in varied form and distance, in front of the adjacent houses.

Before these doubtful barriers had been penetrated, the gauger, who rode on Pierce's right, and who appeared to assume the dictation of the arrangements, requested the cornet's permission for a little bare-legged urchin, at that moment springing from a huge heap of manure, with which he seemed to have been previously identified, to be accommodated with a seat behind one of the dragoons, adding, in a mysterious whisper, that the boy was well acquainted with the only road by which they could approach the still, and of which the gauger and his companion were both ignorant, and would act as a guide to the party.

Pierce being totally unprepared for this demand upon his authority, and having found no provision for such a request, in either his Majesty's regulations, or the more intelligible instructions of Muzzy and Cabbage, hesitated for some moments, and pulling up his horse to consider the question, called to his decision the aid of Sergeant Toole's experience—ordering the

party to go quietly on under the command of the corporal. Toole, on being applied to, confessed that he knew of no precedent for such a case; and so much did the responsibility of the cornet's command increase his doubts as to the propriety of acceding to the gauger's request, that he at one moment almost decided upon galloping back to the barracks, and satisfying his mind, by a direct communication with the major; but, recollecting his former adventure with the goat, and old Costiff's irritation at having his rest disturbed, even in a case of supposed murder, he dreaded the consequences of an application to him on the present question, and after several times deciding for and against the gauger's request, in both of which decisions the flexible opinion of Toole always coincided, it at length struck him, that as the guagers and his men were ignorant of the situation of the still, unless accompanied by the boy, the party would be unable to reach their place of destination; this conclusion at once fixed his determination, and galloping after the party, by whose side the boy was running, he signified his assent to the guager's wishes, at every risk of transgressing rules and regulations.

Sergeant Toole was, therefore, commissioned to place the urchin behind any of the men he thought proper; and as the officer was rather an unpopular one, none of the dragoons approving of this addition to their encumbrances, he readily availed himself of Pat Kilcock's offer to take the burthen upon himself and his mare. Up sprung the gossoon, assisted by the sergeant; but no sooner was he fairly seated on the croup of the mare, and his hands attached to the rider's pouch-belt, than the apparently quiet animal, springing out of the ranks, with a suddenness which no one could better account for than Pat himself, threw up her heels, and deposited her ignoble burthen in a neighbouring pool of bog-water.

Pat expressed his surprise at this extraordinary

conduct of his old mare—said "the boy must have tickled her, or something or other"—and congratulated him upon having suffered no farther inconvenience from the fall than a thorough wetting, asserted, that "if he sat quietly without holding on by the pouch-belt, the mare would go as quiet as a lamb."

The gossoon, thus encouraged, shook the wet out of his tattered garments, was a second time assisted by the sergeant, and, not without some little apprehension, was again perched behind the accommodating Pat. The mare, now profiting by her experience, and finding her additional burthen much less firmly seated than before, obeyed the well-known signal of her frolic-loving master, and, with a squeak which seemed to denote her own enjoyment of the joke, kicked the unfortunate gossoon to such a height in the air, that, had he not, by a singular interposition of Providence, landed on his feet in the middle of a half made ditch or bank of earth, the softness of which yielded to his fall, and diminished the shock, the cornet and the gaugers would have been more likely to return to their quarters with a corpse than a still.

"I'll be kilt, I'll be kilt," bellowed the urchin, when he was fairly established in the ditch, standing up to his middle in the new made clay.

"Noa, doant ye," said Giles Jolly, an English lance-corporal of the party, which halted by Pierce's orders to assist the sufferer, and set up a shout of laughter.

"Silence!" cried Sergeant Toole, who saw that the men were taking advantage of the young cornet's inexperience by playing tricks, and imposing upon his indulgence. "By the Holy, I'll report yees all for unstuddiness.

The cornet, who wanted no report for information of what was going on, gently reprimanded the men for making so unsoldier-like a noise; and riding up to

Kilcock, asked him the cause of the mare's extraordinary viciousness.

"Faith, nothing at all, Sir," said Pat, only the gossoon was unasy to her. I'll be bail if he sat decently upon her, she'd go quiet enough.

"I'll be kilt, I'll be kilt," continued to issue from the centre of the ditch, where the lower extremities of the urchin were still suffering all the miseries of inhumation.

"Get the boy out, for God's sake," said the senior gauger, "and don't keep us here all night with thricks of this fashion.

The sergeant and three of the men now dismounted by Pierce's orders, and proceeded to disengage the trembling urchin from his imbedded position, by removing the earth with their hands and sword scabbards: and Pat Kilcock was as active in alleviating, as he had been instrumental in causing, the sufferings of the unhappy wight; rapidly disposing of that part of the clay nearest the boy's back, he contrived to reach the end of a fragment of linen, which had long ceased to bear any just claim to its original denomination of shirt, and holding this tattered tail with one hand, while with the other he seized a *sougawn* (a plaited hayband), which held the undisputed sovereignty over the kneeless relics of a pair of corduroy breeches, Pat dragged forth the unfortunate guide, to the unavoidable loss of a considerable portion of his under garment, and totally demolishing his solitary suspender.

The sergeant having now intimated to Pierce that the apparent viciousness of Kilcock's mare was entirely caused by the design of the rider, Pat was threatened with a few extra nights in the guard-room, and the cornet was about to have the little guide replaced in his former position, when the boy protested most vociferously against this proceeding—swore "that they wanted to be the death of him," and declared

"he would rather walk from thence to Dublin by the longest road, than get up a-top of that wicked devil of a mare again."

Pierce therefore, to avoid delay, had the complainant transferred to the back of Giles Jolly's old black horse, whose well-known dulness was a sufficient security for the urchin's safety; and having been allowed time to knot together his broken suspender, the boy, determined that if he fell it should be in good company, clasped firmly both arms round Giles's capacious waist, and thus awaited the bumping of the trot which Pierce had now ordered to be commenced.

Much time had been lost by this ill-timed frolic: and although the party pushed on at a pace sufficient to cause an audible agitation of the stagnant boundaries of the road, which heaved under the heavy tramp of the horses as they trotted along, yet the night was far advanced when they left the flat country, and following the gauger's direction, struck up a rocky acclivity to the left, which indicated an approach to the mountain. The way here became rough and stony; and when the unavoidable diminution of pace permitted the cornet to consider the subject with more deliberation, he began to doubt how far he was justified in following the gauger up this rocky pass, 'which,' thought he, 'can certainly bear no claim to the title of a high road; and if, as the quarter-master said, I ought not to go off the high road, surely these gaugers are endeavouring to impose upon my ignorance.'

Such were the cornet's thoughts as he rode at the head of the party by the side of the junior gauger, whose coadjutor, acting as guide, preceded them a few yards. The road, though rough and precipitous, had yet hitherto been sufficiently wide to admit of two persons riding abreast: but, suddenly, its width was found diminished, and the whole party were obliged to form into single file, in order to be enabled to proceed. This circumstance confirmed the suspicions of

Pierce, who, now that a few stars were visible, evidently perceived that the gauger was drawing him into a mere mountain path, bounded with rude fences of furze and stones, a situation not only totally unfitted for, but highly dangerous to, the operations of cavalry, and as little like a high road as any mountain pass he had ever seen. Hesitating, therefore, no longer to express his disapprobation of the gauger's conduct, and irritated at the imposition which had been practised on him, he ordered the party to halt, and firmly declared he would proceed no farther on a road so full of risk to his men and horses, all of whom, he asserted, might be shot at from behind the furze and stones, without the power of resistance, and thus be destroyed in detail.

The gauger confidently assured him that no danger whatever was to be apprehended, or he would never have led him off the high road; and added, with all humility, that although it was, as he was aware, contrary to regulation to put the dragoons in a *boreen* like the present, yet he hoped, as they were now within a few yards of the still, that the captain would allow them to go on with the job, and finish it.

The title of captain was too powerful an application for the cornet's firmness to withstand, and, allowing his good nature to be again imposed upon, he ordered the party to proceed.

The gauger's yards were, however, Pierce thought, of most Patagonian dimensions, for they had already advanced full half a mile up an almost perpendicular path, without any indication from the guide of having arrived at the termination of their difficult journey, when, suddenly turning to the left, the track seemed to lose itself in a wide boggy waste, and the gauger appearing to have exhausted his geographical knowledge of their course, stated to Pierce, that "from this spot the gossoon had promised to guide them, as the way

was extremely intricate, and altogether unknown to him and his coadjutor."

Scarcely had the gauger given utterance to these words, when Giles Jolly's well-known voice was heard roaring from the rear of the line—"The bl-st-d brat has slipped off!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE STILL HUNT.

(continued.)

Away to the mountain,
To coverte and cave;
The foe's at the fountain.
And death's in the wave.

The Geraldine.

At the entrance of a boggy expanse, the limits of which were rendered invisible by the darkness of the night—without a guide—and exposed to a chilling sleet, which was ever and anon drifted into their faces by gusts of wind from the adjacent mountain—behold the gaugers, the cornet, and his men! In vain did Giles Jolly shout after the treacherous urchin, on whose faith the gauger depended, as he scrambled over the furze and stones, and splashing through the muddy pools, darted like lightning up the mountain side. In vain did the exasperated gauger reiterate vengeance against the "dirty blackguard" who had taken his half-crown, and thus rendered him the value. In vain did Pat Kilcock threaten that "if ever he catched the schaming gossoon, 'twas little help he'd give the dirty tail of him out of a ditch." The urchin

heeded not: on he went, over bog, and stones, and torrents, nor stopped until a faint light, glimmering from a distant recess of the mountain, informed the suspecting gauger that his too nimble guide had preceded him at the still.

The fact was, that the little rascal, being nephew to one of the men who was concerned in the illicit manufacture, had offered his services as guide to the gauger, for the express purpose of giving such information to the mountain distillers, as would enable them to be prepared for the reception of the gauger, whose visit to their recesses had been for some time expected, and the cunning urchin had just taken advantage of the dragoon's horse to convey him to that spot, where, by a short cut across the country, he could reach the still in less than ten minutes—thus leaving his employers at the very and only moment when his assistance was required, and giving the distillers sufficient notice to conceal their liquor, and dispose of their machinery.

His Majesty's civil servants were now sadly puzzled how to act; and Pierce, so far from exhibiting any disposition to assist their councils, increased the difficulty of the case by protesting, *in toto*, against their conduct.

"They had," he said, "brought him and the king's troops into a most exposed, dangerous, and responsible situation, without any means of accomplishing the avowed object for which military assistance had been demanded; that he had already far exceeded his duty in permitting the troops to leave the high road; and that, as it was evident that the gaugers were both ignorant of the position of the still, and the way to it, he should no longer hesitate to march back the men, and report the case to the commanding officer."

The gaugers were quite unprepared for this burst of angry eloquence from the cornet, who had hitherto borne the matter with apparent calmness; but the in-

dignation of Pierce had been gradually wound up in his difficult progress up the rocky road and narrow boreen; and now, that the escape of the boy had produced a *ne plus ultra* in their movements, he struggled no longer to conceal his wrath.

The senior gauger felt convinced that the distant light proceeded from the still, and said, that "if the cornet would only allow the party to dismount, and follow him in that direction, he was certain they would find the whole concern in full work, and make sure of a prize."

To this proposition Pierce would not listen, and again repeated his determination to countermarch the party, and report the gauger.

The revenue servant was, however, too zealous in his own cause and that of the government, thus quietly to abandon a capture which appeared almost within his grasp; and again addressing the cornet, begged that, since his last request could not be granted, he might be at least allowed the protection of three or four men, to accompany him to the spot, and ensure his safety.

To this proposition Pierce, remembering the admonition of Cabbage, was, at first, also averse; but his resentment against the gauger subsiding, and feeling a strong curiosity to witness the mysteries of potheen manufacture, he at length consented to let a corporal and four men dismount and accompany the gauger, with whom he also declared his intention of going, and ordered Sergeant Toole to remain with the rest of the party, and be ready to join him, in case of necessity.

The cornet and gauger, thus reconciled, proceeded across the boggy waste, over which the first gray of a misty morning was now breaking, followed by Fury and the four privates. The boundary of the expanse, which declined as they advanced, was much more distant than they calculated on; and it was not until after crossing sundry holes of doubtful depth, the con-

stant succession of which kept Pierce eternally springing from one foot to the other, that they arrived at the bottom of the slope, and, much to the surprise of all, discovered that a deep ravine intervened between them and that part of the mountain from which the light proceeded. This ravine was what Corporal Fury called "an ugly place," having at the bottom a black and rapid stream, and gravelly banks of very wavering firmness; it was not, however, of considerable width, and Pierce, as well as the long-legged corporal and his followers, felt confident of their ability to jump clear of all dangers.

Far different, however, were the feelings of the revenue servants, whose natural formation and deficiency in muscular action caused them to view this barrier to their advance with no very comfortable sensations. The senior gauger, a little man, was troubled with a rotundity in front, induced, it was said, by a too frequent use of the inspiring presents which his activity so often gained him from the mountain manufacturers, and which was sadly in the way of any such exertion of the body as the yawning ravine required. The other, a cadaverous-looking, middle-sized man, on whose body whisky appeared to have had quite a contrary effect from that which it produced on the fat sides of his brother gauger, seemed not to possess strength sufficient for any effort of saltation, and gazed with an equal degree of apprehension into the gravelly gulf. The ravine, however, must be passed, or no prize could be secured; and both heroes prepared to enter upon what they, from a consciousness of their physical deficiences, doubtless considered as nearly a "forlorn hope."

He of the bacchanalian formation, who was by far the most confident of the two, first essayed. Throwing to the other side of the ravine his double-caped great coat, and pulling up, with both hands, his unwieldy frontispiece, as if more equally to distribute its

incumbrances upon his person, he stepped back some paces, in order to give his jump the full advantage of velocity; then, rushing to the brink, he was about to concentrate all his efforts into a vigorous spring, when the treacherous bank receded from his weight, and gliding downwards with a gravelly roll, carried the superincumbent gauger, in easy motion, to the bottom. His brother in misfortune, who had shrewdly awaited the result of his senior's exertions, being thus warned against reposing too much confidence in the excavated bank, set his unbending muscles into motion, at a sufficient distance from the ravine, to ensure himself a sound starting place; this precaution, however, increased the demand upon his activity, as he had now nearly twice the width of the ravine to jump over; and although his yielding nerves were braced by a zealous application to a small phial, which he facetiously called his "pocket pistol," yet,

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,

the hapless candidate for gymnastic fame having a far greater space to accomplish than his unpractised powers were equal to, could alone reach with his chest the opposite bank, against which his meagre body so forcibly struck, that the reaction of its unfriendly edge drove him, with a backward somerset, into the ravine, and, as fate would have it, directly into the outstretched arms of his supplicating coadjutor, who, oppressed alike with his own and companion's sufferings, roared lustily for help and preservation from drowning and death.

It fortunately happened that the stream was but a few feet in depth, and the large quantity of gravel which accompanied the fat gauger in his descent, had so dammed up the water, that both sufferers were established in a comparatively dry position. However, an accumulation of the stream on one side of the gravelly

barrier was a natural consequence of this event; and both parties beheld, with no small consternation, the increasing rising of the stream, which threatened soon to present itself in the form of a diminutive waterfall, at the expense of the incubating gaugers.

Loudly, therefore, did both affrighted sufferers bellow for assistance, as they watched, with woful countenances, the increasing stream. Pierce and his men were so convulsed with laughter at the affectionate appearance which the gaugers presented, at the bottom of the ravine, that they were for some moments literally unable to afford them any aid, till at length Corporal Fury, with much ingenuity, placed his carbine across the chasm, and directed the uppermost gauger to grasp it firmly with his hands, and thus assisted himself up the bank. This, with some further aid from the men, was accomplished, and the more moveable sufferer was safely landed; his fat companion, however, was not found quite so manageable, for, being of a less height and further down in the ravine, he was altogether unable to reach the carbine. Fury was therefore obliged to resort to another method of extrication, by presenting him with the butt end of the carbine, and exerting his own strength at the muzzle, to pull the gauger up; but the corporal, although a Tipperary dragoon, did not possess sufficient physical ability to carry his design into execution individually; and it was not until Pierce and the four privates united their whole efforts at one extremity of the carbine, that the subtraction of the bulky gauger was accomplished.

The ill-fated jumpers having been thus extricated in safety, the party proceeded to wind in an oblique direction along the side of the mountain, following the direction of the light which the gradual increase of daylight rendered every moment less perceptible; at length the habitation from which it issued became visible through the mist, and Pierce soon discerned the gable end of a low mud-walled dwelling, which ap-

peared to be situated near the head of the stream whose windings they had crossed. On a nearer approach it was seen that the precipitous mountain formed the back wall of the hovel, and that the clear stream running in front of the entrance, watered a rocky slope which rose in a most fantastic form before the hut, and concealed the entrance from any but a near observer. The light was no longer visible, but thick clouds of smoke which issued from the open door, assured the gaugers that their expected visit was considered to have been abandoned, and that the inmates of the dwelling were in the full exercise of their illicit trade; they therefore cautioned Pierce and his men against making any noise that might awaken the suspicion of the distillers; and the senior gauger, directing his coadjutor, the corporal, and two of the dragoons, to guard well the entrance, and to be sure to seize any person that might attempt to escape that way, crept softly to the door, accompanied by Pierce and the rest of the party. There the cornet distinctly heard the laugh of the urchin guide, as he repeated the tale of his adventures of that evening, and Pierce would gladly have availed himself of his concealed position to become further acquainted with the operations carrying on in the interior of the dwelling; but his fat friend the guager, fearing that any delay at that spot would lead to a discovery of their intentions, hurried Pierce through the smoke into the hovel, where he was presented with such a scene as he had never before witnessed. To the left of the entrance, and at the extreme end of the hut, appeared the important pot, elevated on a roaring fire of turf, furze, and sticks; from the lid of the pot issued a tin tube, which, proceeding in varied angles through a large vessel of cold water, terminated at length over a dirty looking tub, which acted as the receiver to the extract. A loft, communicating with the lower room by a ladder, appeared to be employed as a store for corn; the portion of which, then in use,

was distributed throughout the working apartment, in vessels of various sizes, each containing the material in a different process of fermentation. The number and occupation of the different parties concerned in the manufacture, Pierce was deprived, by their sudden flight, from the gratification of witnessing, for no sooner was the well-known face of the fat gauger perceptible to the Argus eyes of a lankey-haired hag, who, with strange versatility of vision, kept watch both over the instillation of the forbidden liquid, and the entrance of the hut—than she screamed the terrifying notice of "mad dog," and up the ladder rushed the distillers, leaving the keen-eyed vigil alone responsible for the apparatus and produce.

The gauger, whose profits would be considerably augmented by the possession of a male prisoner, hurried with all the breathless expectation which his anxiety and obesity induced, to the foot of the ladder, and calling to the corporal to secure the old woman and her charge, ascended to the loft, followed by Pierce and his soldiers; but alas!—vain hopes; ineffectually did the persevering gauger search every corner of the store, and turn over, in angry inquiry, sheaf after sheaf of the disorganized mass of oats, barley, and rye. In vain did the dragoons, by his orders, thrust their bayonets into the heaps of straw: no dead or living biped was to be found; and the tired gauger was at length forced to conclude his prey must have evaded his grasp, by escaping through a square aperture in the gable end of the loft, which, in addition to the advantages of a window, in admitting air and light, gave also free ingress to the wind and rain, and was on the present occasion employed by the surprised distillers as an outlet, through which they effected their escape. The gauger, thus baffled in his efforts to secure a prisoner, descended to the lower room, followed by his assistants, and there vented his disappointment in repeated discharges of abusive oratory against his coadjutor, to

whose neglect, he said, the escape of the prisoners could be alone attributed.

A smart verbal rencontre now took place between the two gaugers, which was at length terminated by Pierce requesting to know "whether his services would be any longer required?" This application brought the combatants to their temper, and they unanimously set to work in destroying the component parts of the incipient *pottheen*, and possessing themselves of the pot and tube, or, as they more technically entitled these articles, the still and worm. Meantime, the old hag sat, sulkily, upon a low stool, before the receiving vat; her arms folded across her breast, her lank and matted locks, whose filthiness seemed never to have been deranged by any operation of cleansing, hanging wildly over her face and shoulders, and her whole attitude and countenance denoting inexorable hatred against the destroying visiters, whose continued dismemberment of those articles by means of which herself, children, and grandchildren derived subsistence, she for some time watched, with deep seated, but silent anger, until at length unable to bear the inward corroding of her suppressed feelings, she sent forth the current of her indignation, in the following torrent of frightful curses, and horrifying anathemas—

"May the curses of the widow and the fatherless, and the blazes of hell, and the torments of damnation, light upon your heretic souls, ye infernal robbers of the father's earnings, and the children's bread!—may your gains bring you bitterness, and your labour sorrow!—may the dark path of your morning walk be lighted with the streaming eyes of the orphan, and the pillow of your bed disquieted with the lengthened shriek of the widowed wife and the helpless mother! May your days be long in pain and suffering, and the weight of your body's torments on earth, be only exceeded by the eternal burnings of your souls in hell!"

Pierce shuddered with horror at this terrific denun-

ciation; and, perceiving that the gaugers had completed their work, hurried from the hut, and prepared to leave a place where his duty and his feelings came together in far too violent discord to allow of his being any longer gratified by a scene which called forth such a conflict.

Bearing the still and worm as trophies of their victory, the party proceeded to descend the mountain; and finding that a small wooden bridge led across the ravine, a short distance above the hut, they took that course in their return, and were thus enabled to obviate the necessity of any further gymnastic exertions on the part of the gaugers, whose activity would now have been still more impeded by the addition of their newly acquired prizes. Crossing the bridge, therefore, they continued along the bank of the ravine, and being no longer incommoded by darkness, were enabled to reach Sergeant Toole and the rest of the party without difficulty. Pierce now fully expected a finale to his expedition, and, with a cheerful anticipation of breakfast and the barracks, was congratulating the fat gauger on his successful capture, as they descended together the mountain boreen, and came again in sight of the high road; but to his extreme surprise, he was told by his companion, that "there was yet another information to be acted upon," which unwelcome intelligence, however, he qualified, by adding, "that it was all in their road home, and would not be attended with any difficulty.

Simple, however, as the case was stated to be, the cornet felt no sort of pleasure in the anticipation of this second demand upon his services, and was resolved to give no sort of latitude to the gauger in his application of the dragoons; our hero's stomach, also, protested strongly against the performance of any more work before breakfast, for although the gaugers had checked the morning cravings of hunger by warm drams of the new made "pottheen," a glass of which

they also gave to each of the soldiers, yet the temperate cornet was unable to reconcile his stomach to so early a stimulant, and could not be prevailed upon to follow the example of his companions. When, therefore, the gauger, pointing to an apparently untenanted bog, requested Pierce to "march the men only a few yards in that direction," it is not to be wondered at that the cornet should muster all his firmness, and, in very decided terms, declare "that he would not stir one inch off the high road."

The gauger saw evidently, from the cornet's manner, that his decision was not to be shaken, and, therefore, after conferring with his lean brother, proposed an expedient, by which his advance upon the bog would be protected, without violating the cornet's duty or his adhesion to the high road. The gauger proposed, that when he and his coadjutor should have arrived close by the bog, at the edge of which the still was situated, Pierce should support their further advance by a discharge of carbines; that, under the protection of the report from the fire-arms, they would enter the dwelling, which would no doubt be found evacuated by its inhabitants, from an apprehension that the dragoons were at their door; thus meeting with no opposition, they would secure the still, and rejoin the cornet on the high road.

This proposition more bewildered Pierce than the case of the urchin guide, and his doubts were equally unassisted by the experience and ability of Sergeant Toole and Corporal Fury; the former, a cautious soldier, said "he had never surely heard of firin' ball cattridge in the air that way at a still hunt; but sure the cornet was commanding officer, and might ordther the min to do as he liked, and he for his part knowed his duty well enough to obey the word of command." Fury, who was a shrewder and less cautious counsellor, said, "Sure, Sir, if the gauger ordthers you to fire, 'tis he's the 'sponsible man, and no blame to you, Sir,

at all at all, though it arn't reggilar; and if it's reggilar or no, divil a know I know, case why, we always took them stills and worms quite asy afore, just with doing nothing at all but shewin' ourselves."

Pierce immediately adopted Fury's idea of throwing the responsibility on the gauger; and riding up to him, stated, that if he, the gauger, ordered him to make the soldiers fire, he should certainly give the necessary directions to that effect; but that the impression upon his mind was, that such a proceeding was contrary to the red book, and not warranted by precedent.

The gauger, rather alarmed at the idea of being held accountable for a discharge of carbines, endeavoured to shift the onus upon Pierce, by saying, "that he was driven to make such a request, by the cornet's determined refusal to leave the high road; that without some exhibition of the military force, he would not consider himself safe in attempting the capture of the still; and, in short, if the cornet would not assist him in one way, he must apply for it in another," &c.

"Well, then, Sir," said Pierce, interrupting him, "you take the responsibility on yourself. Recollect, we are provided with ball-cartridge only."

"Oh, captain, as to responsibility, you know, why there's no responsibility at all in the matter," replied the gauger.

"Do you order me to fire, Sir?"

"Faith, captain, 'tisn't for me to give the order; you know the word of command best yourself."

"In short, Sir—do you mean to state officially to me that firing is necessary for your operations?"

"Indeed then, captain, 'tis necessary for many of my operations, and particularly that of boiling the pot for the potatoes, and hating the water for the punch."

"Come, Mr. Gauger, this is no joking matter; if you state to me that a discharge of fire-arms is abso-

lutely necessary for your preservation in the performance of your duty, I shall of course order the men to fire; but—"

"Thank you, captain, thank you," smartly answered the shrewd gauger, and not waiting to hear any qualification of the cornet's promise, hurried off to the bog with his lean assistant.

Pierce, thus baffled in his efforts to elicit a more formal application from the gauger, was for some time in doubt what course he should pursue; at length, fearing that possibly the officers of his Majesty's revenue might meet with some personal injury, he resolved upon assisting them with one volley, at all risks: and thinking that the fire would be more effective if the men dismounted, he formed up the party in line, on foot, on one side of the road, leaving the corporal and Pat Kilcock in charge of the horses; and having dressed the line accurately, he gave, with all due form, the following words of command:—

"Advance arms!—load!—handle cartridge!—prime!—draw ramrods!—ram down charge!—return ramrods!—advance arms!—ready!—present—fire!"

A distant scream was heard soon after the discharge which followed the last word of command, which Pierce thought must have proceeded from some of the frightened distillers, and he every moment expected the return of the gaugers with proofs of their success. A considerable time, however, elapsed, and no sign of either gauger or still appeared; at length, to his great surprise, he beheld coming down the bog road an apparently lifeless body, supported on the shoulders of a person who seemed to perform his task with much uneasiness. On a nearer approach of the parties, he clearly recognised the persons of his revenue friends, and heard the well-known voice of the fat gauger, issuing in angry and terrified complaints from the supported body—"Oh, I'm shot! I'm shot! those damned sodgers, they did it a-purpose. Oh, my head! and no seizure afther all. Oh! oh!"

"What's the matter, my friend?" said the cornet, as the lean Æneas deposited his corpulent load by the road side, "you seem to have met with an accident?"

"Matther, indeed!—accident! by my sowl, you seem to make a fine joke of it, Mr. Cornet," angrily replied the fat gauger; "why, the Duke of Wellington himself, nor Bony aither, was ever in greater fear for their life; accident, indeed—'twas all done a-purpose."

"What was done?" inquired the cornet.

"Done, Sir? why nothing less than that I had all the balls of your bl-st-d carbines whistling by my ears, to that rate, that if I hadn't crept alongside the ditch, and kept popping behind the furze bushes, I'd have but few words to give you now, and even with that I got a blow of a ball behind my head that I wont be the better of."

The fact was that the cornet had erred in his calculation of the time which the gaugers would require to go from the high road to the bog, and ordered the men to fire before his friends had made half their journey; the consequence was, that the unfortunate gaugers were overtaken by the fire from the carbines, which Pierce, to increase the effect, had ordered to be pointed towards the bog. The lean gauger was lucky enough to find a quarry at hand, in which he immediately secured himself; but the less active bacchanalian, who was considerably behind his companion, in vain endeavoured to reach the same spot; and after several hair-breadth escapes from the balls, the greater part of which he avoided by getting behind the ditches and furze bushes, he was at length laid low by a piece of clay, which, thrown up in the firing, saluted him behind the ear—and, more from the fright than the pain which it occasioned, brought him to the ground.

The gauger having been, with some difficulty, persuaded that his wound was not mortal, changed the subject of his complaints to the loss of the still; but the cornet was too hungry to afford him any consolation;

and saying, 'he concluded no further firing would be required from the dragoons," ordered the men to mount and proceed homewards.

But this operation was not so easily to be effected, for Pat Kilcock and the corporal, in their anxiety to hear the history of the wounded gauger, had left the horses to take care of themselves: and the consequence was, that when the cornet gave, with all precision, the words of command, "File to your horses! Prepare to mount!"—no horses were to be mounted. Fortunately for our hero's reputation, Sergeant Toole and the corporal had not quitted their saddles, and, with their assistance, he contrived to catch six out of the eighteen, which had run off on being deserted by Kilcock and the corporal. These, wisely taking the road to the barracks, galloped back, much to the cornet's annoyance, exactly in front of his reduced body, followed by their several masters, who, encumbered with their swords and carbines, in vain endeavoured to secure them. Pierce was in despair at this despose of tactics, and want of discipline; and the grumbling of his companion the gauger, who kept alternately bewailing the loss of the still, and complaning of the soldier's inhuman firing, added yet more to his annoyance. But the cornet's misery was complete, when, notwithstanding all his exertions, the detachment entered the barrack-yard in the same irregular order—horses without men, and men without horses—and, to crown all, Major Costiff was standing at his bedroom window, just preparing to take his morning draught of effervesent Cheltenham. when the still-hunting party arrived.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH.

My Lord, our army is dispersed already;
———— They take their courses
East, west, north, south.
————————————Go,
Gentlemen, every man unto his charge.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE dull and dreary winter months passed heavily by, and the little garrison of Philipstown, who had commenced speculating upon the next station of the regiment, soon after having been established in the present, now began to look more confidently to a change of scene. That there "must be a move soon," was a proposition often advanced at the mess, and as often unanimously assented to; but various were the conjectures as to the quarter where this move would ruminate in. The colonel said, "Dublin, certainly, if he had a promise from Sir Cocahoop." The major thought "the North, for the constitutions of the men required bracing after so long a residence in a damp and relaxing atmosphere;" Ravenscroft would take "three to two against Belturbet;" and Andy declared, "it was all the same to him where the regiment was quartered."

At length the long-expected officials from the quarter-master general's office arrived; and, contrary to all calculation, the head-quarters, with four troops, were ordered to Cahir, two squadrons to Limerick, and two separate routes were received for the remaining troops, ordering the march of one to Cork, and the other to Clogheen.

The barrack-walls re-echoed with the often-repeated intelligence of "The route is come." The colonel told it to the adjutant; the adjutant to the sergeant-major; the sergeant-major to Sergeant Longman; Sergeant Longman to his wife; Mrs. Longman to her daughter Biddy: and Miss Biddy told the news to the remaining men, women, and children in the barracks. In less than ten minutes after the arrival of the post, all was hurry, bustle, and confusion; Costiff was bellowing himself hoarse, from the orderly-room door to Adjutant Jem, who was posting across the yard in high misconception of an order which the major had just given. Ravenscroft was swearing at Dick Screw for cutting his horse's tail, when he ought to be preparing to *cut his stick*. Breakpeace was grinding his teeth in angry declamation against his sergeant-major for not at once abandoning his morning portion of fat bacon, and proceeding to pack up the horses' names; which, "you know, Sir," said the enraged captain, "I was at the trouble and expense of having painted on tin plates, for the very purpose of showing the superiority of the B. troop." Broil was calling for all his non-commissioned officers, and sending them to the devil in succession. Andy Mervyn was *blowing* at the farrier-major, with more vehemence than the forge-bellows. Captains, subalterns, and men, running, scolding, and blundering, threw the whole garrison into such a chaos of warlike preparation, that an unenlightened observer might well have imagined that the country had broken out into rebellion, or, at the very least, that the French had landed.

Pierce beheld and wondered at this strange commotion, the cause of which soon reached his ears; and thinking that it would not be creditable for him to exhibit inertness on an occasion which seemed to demand such universal exertion, he left his decapitated fresh egg, and home-made sausage, to their certain destruction by Pat Carbine, and hurried down to ob-

tain information, and offer assistance. Directing his course naturally to the quarters of the troop to which he was attached, and where Broil, his captain, was now fuming, he made straight for this point without looking right or left, when Andy Mervyn, who was equally bent upon crossing from the forge to the infirmary stables, came upon the cornet in flank, exactly at right angles. Pierce, whose intent observation of his own line of march, did not permit him to see that of Andy's, carried on his course, never heeding, at a rapid pace, until the besection of the lines brought him full-tilt against Andy's right and (*horresco referens!*) rheumatic shoulder; the veterinary's hand, stung with pain, was quickly dislodged from his pocket, and the stable key, which it had held, was thrown far into the yard. Poor Andy himself reeling backwards, with the force of the concussion, fell, finally, upon the ground, completely stunned, and silenced.

The cornet's momentum would have carried him clear over the prostrate veterinary, had not Andy's beaver, as ill-luck would have it, rolled exactly under Pierce's foot, as he sprung to evade the impediment. This head-covering was none of the strongest, and although warranted water-proof, was yet not proof against the pressure of the cornet's foot, which found easy access through the crown, and, thus caught, soon brought the cornet to the ground.

"A case of floor," said Ravenscroft, as he abruptly terminated his abuse of Dick Screw, and, laughing, advanced to the assistance of the sufferers; his humanity was first exhibited upon the body of Andy, who but ill repaid his exertions, for, imagining Ravenscroft to be the person whose heedless race had caused his downfall, Andy addressed his deliverer with a most ungrateful salutation of oaths, for his inconsiderate conduct.

"Phi! blow you, Sir! can't you walk straight across

the barrack-yard, without knocking people down. Phi! Andrew Mervyn is nothing at all, I suppose."

"Open your eyes, old boy," said Ravenscroft, "it was the cornet floored you, not I."

Pierce, who was not long in getting on his legs, came also to the assistance of the unfortunate Andy, whose anxiety was now transferred to the stable key, for which he in vain searched all his pockets.

"Phi! blow you, Sir, I have lost the key by your d—d nonsense, running with your head in the air like an astronomer. I don't know what you want in the yard at all, Mr. Butler, when people are minding their business. Blow you, Sir, Mr. Mervyn can't go to see the sick horses, without being kicked about the barrack-yard like a football. Phi!"

Pierce assured the indignant Andrew that it was quite unintentional, and offered his assistance in searching for the key, which, he added, could not be far off; which was the case, for, on looking round, they found it lodged in a neighbouring puddle, from which Andrew, not without many interjections, extracted his lost property.

The cornet had experienced quite enough of the effect of interfering in the preparations for a march, and was resolved to defer the further gratification of his curiosity until dinner time: then he learned that the squadron destined for Limerick was to march the following day, under the command of the second major, Clapperton; that Flickerby's troop was to be sent to Cork, and Broil's to Clogheen; and that he, the cornet, being a young officer, and, consequently, requiring drill and discipline, was to march with the head-quarters' division on that day week.

The following morning, therefore, Pierce was early up to witness the departure of the Limerick squadron, and saw, with much surprise, that although the baggage was ordered to march one hour before the troops, yet, what with loading and unloading, breaking

of cars, and badness of tackle, the cavalcade of chests, invalids, women and children, did not leave the barrack-yard until a few minutes before the squadron paraded.

The troops for Cork and Clogheen followed after three days; and Pierce employed the time which intervened between their departure and his own, in making such arrangements for the march as his own prudence or the wisdom of his friends suggested.

At length the eventful day arrived; the cornet's bed, books, tea equipage, &c. had all been packed up the preceding evening, and securely fastened upon a car, which, Pat Carbine assured his master, "had an ilegant hos' to it;" and the cornet, mounted and accoutred, paraded the yard, in anxious expectation of the hour of six, and the signal of the trumpet.

By these he was soon relieved; and falling in with Breakpiece's troop, to which he was now attached, he awaited the inspection of the major.

But an early march warred violently against Major Costiff's dietetic system, for one of the most important injunctions of its formula was, that no bodily or mental exercise should be entered upon before the gastric juice had been first excited by some solid aliment; "thereby," used the major to say, "the morning languidity of the mind is dispelled, the natural secretions are provoked, and the whole frame is invigorated." Unfortunately, however, for the major, his fair rib took quite an opposite view of the subject; she contended that a walk before breakfast was the road to longevity, and in descanting on the vivifying effects of

——— incense breathing morn,

never failed to add her extreme surprise at people "bolting down a quantity of cold meat and eggs just after they got out of bed." This bitter observation was always made in allusion to her hungry husband.

whose premature appetite set the house in motion at a much earlier hour in the morning than was at all agreeable to his lady; the consequence was an invariable delay in the production of hot water, toast, eggs, the key of the pantry, and such like accessories to a morning repast. More than once, indeed, the craving major, despairing of hot water, was necessitated to calm his mind and stomach with cold small beer and pigeon pie; or, in default of these substitutes, to attack the cheese and bread-basket. On an occasion like the present, therefore, when the major's presence on parade was required at six o'clock, and consequently his breakfast at five (for one hour between these operations he considered indispensable,) it is not to be wondered at that a considerable difficulty occurred in the completion of the breakfast table.

The fact was, that Mrs. Costiff, with laudable economy, and never dreaming that her husband would think of breakfasting at so early an hour as five o'clock, had packed up the remnants of their last dinner; and out of all the food which the cupboard and pantry contained, had only preserved some thin slices of bread and butter, the relics of last night's tea, in the mastication and digestion of which, it was her intention to beguile the way, as she followed in her carriage the march of the troops.

With a devastating hand, the enraged and ravenous major swept these slices from the top of his lady's travelling medicine chest, and cramming the whole into his capacious mouth, girded on his sword, and rushed to the parade.

The adjutant reported that "all were present," and begged to know whether it was the major's pleasure to inspect the troops. Costiff's mouth, however, was too full to admit of his reply; and shaking his head in token of dissent to the adjutant's question, he pointed to the gateway, and in illustration of his meaning, rode out of the barrack-yard. The troops followed, headed by

the band; and now burst forth a confusion of discords, such as the cornet had never yet heard. The bandmaster played "Patrick's Day in the Morning;" the bassoon played "Those Evening Bells;" the two first clarionets played the march of the regiment; the hibernicon growled some stray notes of the "Freyschutz;" the big drum gave the full accompaniment to the "Dead March in Saul;" and the other instruments, with equal independence, sent forth strains alike varying in melody and measure.

The major was so deeply engaged in swallowing his own griefs, and his wife's bread and butter, that he was for some time unable to express to the adjutant his wish that this "Dutch concert" should cease; at length, impatient at the slow action of his grinders, he sent the half-masticated nutriment to take chance for digestion, and clearing his throat of its fragments, bellowed out, "Halt!"

The troops halted; but the self-satisfied musicians, never supposing that any interdict to their operations was intended, continued to torture the sensitive ears of the major with their horrid sounds. An angry discharge was about to be levelled at Band-Master-Sergeant Blowin, when he luckily perceived the pantomimic signal of the adjutant, and taking the clarionet from his mouth, signified to his unharmonious assistants that their exertions were not further required at present.

The major, thus appeased, proceeded to inspect the band, and ascertain the cause of their discordant proceeding. He first examined the instruments—blew into some of the clarionets (for the major was himself a performer)—felt the inside of the bassoon and hibernicon through a white doe-skin glove—then directed his attention to the valises, some of which, he observed, "were strapped on crooked, and would no doubt interfere with tone and execution"—afterward examined the sabretashe slings, curbs, and spur-rowels—in fact, made considerable exertion to ascertain the truth, until

at length, having been totally unsuccessful, he was induced, in despair, to look in the faces of the delinquents, and for the first time discovered that Band-Master Sergeant Blowin and his several co-operators, were all, without exception, more or less under the influence of a certain artificial excitement, which the Major in his wisdom could not then take upon himself to determine to have been beer or whisky.

One of these two liquors, however, he insisted, they had been making a too free use of; and consequently the major called out the master of the band, and delivered to him, for the benefit of himself and fellows, his usual harangue on the subject of drunkenness. Blowin denied, with sundry hiccups, the alleged charge of intoxication, as regarded himself, adding, as a convincing reason, that "he had drank nothing but wine." "As to the band boys," said he, "I never interfere with their affairs; that's the trumpet-major's business; and indeed it was always the custom of the regiment for the band to be unfit for duty on leaving a quarter; for his part, he should never have thought of playing at all, were it not for the adjutant's order to do so."

Such impudence as this was only to be excused by drunkenness; and the major, rightly judging that it was useless endeavouring to impress upon Band-Master Sergeant Blowin the impropriety of his conduct, reserved his rage for a more favourable opportunity, and ordered the troops to continue their march.

The town of Naas was destined to end their first day's journey; and the cornet did not at all relish the length of the Irish miles when he passed the Newbridge barrack, and heard that yet five miles of ground were to be rode over; riding at a walk too, he did not understand; and although told by his captain that it was so prescribed, in order to prevent the horse from suffering from the enormous weight of the rider and his accoutrements, he yet was unable to comprehend how a pace which protracted the endurance of the animal

could alleviate its sufferings. Ravencroft's explanation, "that it was all gammon," appeared to our hero to accord much better with the fact; and as he varied his position on the saddle, and in vain endeavoured to present to its unfriendly surface some part not yet affected by heat and friction, he inwardly cursed the regulation which demanded such an unreasonable sacrifice of skin and comfort.

At Naas, however, they at length arrived; and no individual of the two squadrons beheld the standards lodged at the Two Shillelahs, and heard the order, "Prepare to dismount!" from the major commanding, than the tired and hungry cornet.

A substantial breakfast for the officers was soon paraded; and the temperate Pierce, who rarely exceeded a slender portion of tea and toast at his morning meal, was astonished at his own capabilities, as he destroyed in quick succession whole plates full of hung beef, buttered muffins, and pork sausages; indeed so interminable appeared our hero's appetite, that Major Costiff felt himself called upon, as the senior officer present, to express his apprehensions that the cornet's powers of digestion would not be found equal to the varied and immoderate labour which he had imposed on them. Pierce felt a sort of internal consciousness of his power, and carried on his attacks upon the eatables in despite of the major's ejaculations and warnings.

Breakfast having been disposed of, the cornet assisted his captain in the troop duties, attending the issue of forage, visiting the stables, &c. He, however, found that Breakpeace's attachment to, would not be increased by too great a display of knowledge to the internal economy of the troop; for the captain prided himself upon a more thorough acquaintance with his Majesty's regulations than any officer in the regiment, not excepting Costiff himself; and, in matters that regarded his own troop, considered himself a perfect conjuror. Pierce, therefore, suffered himself to be

considered ignorant on many points which were well known to him: admired the high order and discipline of the B. troop; and when Breakpeace directed his attention to the walking-canes which he had purchased for the men, and the painted labels for the horses, the cornet opened his eyes to their fullest extent, in token of admiration and astonishment. The horses having been cleaned and fed, the names accurately suspended over each horse, and the walking-canes unpacked for evening use, the captain and his cornet indulged in a promenade. The town, though of small pretensions, was yet so superior to the one which they had just quitted, that they made the comparison with decided advantage to Naas; and so attractive did the High Street appear, that the dinner trumpet sounded before the admiring pair had examined above three-fourths of the shop windows in it. The dinner trumpet, however, was not to be thus neglected, and they unhesitatingly sacrificed this mental enjoyment for one in which their bodily welfare was more concerned. The cornet endeavoured to render his performance at the evening meal as consistent as possible with that of the morning, and helped himself a second time to potatoes with so much confidence, that Major, Costiff thought it would be perfectly useless to interpose again his advice or authority—the Major therefore, contented himself with hurling Shakspeare at the incorrigible cornet; and, pronouncing with a majestic air;—

May good digestion wait on appetite,

he pocketed a few apples, and adjourned to his lady's chamber. There the major found his fair partner seeking relief from her fatigues in a large brown loaf and a bowl of tea, which mild and digestive nutriment she had substituted for more solid animal food, fearing that the latter would increase the fever incidental to travelling, and which had that day been considerably

augmented by the overbearing effrontery of a turnpike-keeper.

This guardian of the road, Mrs. Costiff informed her husband, had been impudent enough to demand, and insist upon being paid, toll for the carriage in which she rode, although said, carriage was following the march of the troops, and, evidently to all the world, was the property of an officer, as the major's own scarlet cloak lay on the driving seat.

The major's indignation rose progressively to rage as his lady recounted the particulars of this insult to the army, and unprincipled extortion of thirteen-pence halfpenny from their marching allowance; and as he angrily paced the room, he declared his decided intention of prosecuting the culprit.

This declaration gave rise to a discussion, and to a minute calculation of the probable effects and expenditure that might attend the gratification of the major's wrath; and it was at length agreed that a prosecution might entail a greater outlay of funds than had been already sacrificed. This conclusion, therefore, added to Mrs. Costiff's humanity for "the poor turnpike-man," induced the major to rescind his first decision, and he benevolently consented to let him off this time.

Meantime the cornet was assisting at the destruction of some real home-made port, in the dining-room, which, after the partition of eight bottles between six, was voted not drinkable, and the general voice being in favour of whiskey-punch, that beverage was substituted, and strong efforts made by Ravenscroft and Andy to counteract the injurious effects of the condemned port, by an ample portion of the purer liquor.

The cornet took the opportunity of Andy hallooing, and Ravenscroft snoring, to steal out of the room, and repair to bed, where he soon forgot his fatigues in a profound sleep.

The second day's march was to Ballitore, and the two squadrons left Naas at six o'clock in the morning, with every appearance of order and sobriety.

But the advanced stragglers were not in this desirable state of steadiness—as was first exemplified by the indiscipline of the colonel's cow, which, instead of continuing to precede the troops, according to the order communicated to the adjutant when the colonel went on leave of absence, was discovered, as the troops approached Old Leighlin, quietly breakfasting upon the green herbage by the side of a dry ditch, in which her guardian and driver, Private Foodle, lay, in outrageous contempt of all regulations, audibly snoring.

The major had been congratulating himself upon the orderly departure of the troops from Naas, and contemplating the prospect of a breakfast at Ballitore, undisturbed by irritation or indigestion, when this disgraceful scene presented itself; he would have apostrophised Foodle on his improper conduct, had not the culprit's insensibility told him that such a proceeding would prove a misapplication of eloquence—so, substituting actions for words, he caused the drunken cow-driver, in full regimentals as he was, to be fastened by baggage-straps to the animal for whose care he was accountable, and thus mounted, to be driven by the band, at the head of the regiment.

Thus were two sinning parties punished; and the major's good humour began to flow as he contemplated this felicitous expedient.

Headed, therefore, by Foodle and the cow, the troops entered the little town of Ballitore; and the inhabitants, who expected that this sample of an *avant-courier* would be followed by at least an exhibition of wild beasts, were not a little disappointed at finding only two squadrons of heavy dragoons. The day at Ballitore passed without any incident worth recording; but the following day, which brought the troops

to Carlow, brought them also, at least to the lovers of fun, considerable amusement.

Assistant-Surgeon Cuthbert, facetiously called by the officers A. S. S. Cuthbert, with whom we have not yet made our readers acquainted, was one of those tolerant, anti-pugnacious souls, whose forbearance is a target against which the younger part of a mess can, with impunity, direct their practical jokes, and employ the art of tormenting. Cuthbert was a constant victim to all imaginable tricks—his egg was sweetened, his tea was soured—and so frequently did the introduction of salt into his wineglass escape his observation, that he philosophically made up his mind to compromise the pleasures of the bottle, for the more rational enjoyments of a quiet life.

Notwithstanding his daily potation of salted port, poor Cuthbert was still a martyr to the *boys* of the regiment, and a *march* was always hailed by them as a period particularly favourable to the exercise of their ingenuity on the assistant-surgeon; on the present occasion, Carlow was selected as the scene of action, and poor Cuthbert entered that town, little suspecting the trials that were to await him.

The attack, headed by Johnny Rum, Ravenscroft's subaltern, was commenced at breakfast. Here the several contents of the cruet-stand were successively introduced into his tea, after each disappointment, the unfortunate A. S. S. replenished his cup, and confidently hoped for at least one mouthful of unseasoned liquid; pepper, vinegar, mustard, and anchovy, however, completely destroyed every flavour of the expected draught: and the despairing assistant, charged with a complete emetic, rushed from the breakfast table to allow of its operation. A truce was then granted him until dinner, and time afforded for his stomach to recover from its morning dose; but here again the boys renewed their mischief. Cuthbert's appetite was keen, from his long abstinence, and he

devoured a quantity of fat bacon and potatoes with all the frenzy of starvation; he succeeded also in getting down two full glasses of unsalted sherry, and became quite talkative from the excitement of this almost unprecedented indulgence; but, alas! poor Cuthbert's pleasures were of short duration, for Breakpeace had just established on the assistant's boots a small piece of lighted brown paper, by adding to which so great a flame was presently raised, that the unsuspecting doctor sprung from his chair with the pain caused by the burning leather; a resumption of his seat only caused a fresh attack upon the boots, and the ill-fated assistant was about to drown his sorrows in another full glass of sherry, when, on half accomplishing this object, he discovered that the wine had been strongly impregnated with snuff.

The doctor, declaring that "he would stand it no longer," immediately got on his legs and left the room; but Johnny had here provided for him a *French bed*, and the doctor having turned down his candle with the satisfactory sensation that now at least he would be relieved from further annoyance, found, to his bitter disappointment, that not only his portion of drink, but even that of sleep was to be reduced and disquieted. The doctor rang for the chambermaid, who quickly appeared; but this truly delicate female felt her dignity so much insulted by the doctor's *déshabille*, that she as quickly retreated, and uttering an ejaculation of astonishment at the barefaced immorality of the doctor's conduct, slapped the door after her with all the immaculate correctness of an Ephesian priestess. Poor Cuthbert groped his way again to the bell-handle, and again rang, but in vain—the nature of his licentious views had been established in the kitchen, and no female attendant of the "Bear and Bacchus," from the barmaid to the scullion, would have any thing to do with so profligate a lodger.

The Doctor in vain, therefore, pulled, and stamped,

and hallooed; not a soul would come near him; so, giving up all hope of assistance, he endeavoured to kick out a position for himself, and forcing down the sheets to the bottom of the bed, he at length established himself between the blankets.

"Now, at last," thought he, as he pulled the counterpane up to his chin, "I shall have some peace and quietness," and turning on his left side, began to snore away his griefs.

But when the Doctor thought the fun had ended, Johnny Rum and Breakpeace considered that it had not yet begun, for a nocturnal visit to the doctor had been long since projected, and this night was finally fixed on for carrying it into execution.

Previously animating themselves to mirthful deeds with a large portion of Carlow port, these two frolic-loving blades ascended to the doctor's bedroom, and tapped respectfully at the door. No answer was given; another and another knock quickly followed; but the doctor, although thoroughly awakened, would give no encouragement to visiters who came at such unseasonable hours; and even if his medical attendance was required after he had put on his nightcap, was invariably found deficient in the sense of hearing.

Breakpeace and Johnny were not, however, to be deceived by any such deafness as that now assumed by the silent doctor: and, resolved that he should both hear and feel, commenced kicking the door for the purpose of forcing an entrance. The doctor now opened his mouth, and begged that "for God's sake, they would let him have some rest;" but vain was his request. After a few more applications of hands and heels, the lock gave way, and poor Cuthbert beheld with terror the two merciless disturbers of his repose, standing, with greedy gaze, at the foot of his bed.

"See now! see now!" ejaculated the trembling doctor, as he seized the bedpost with one hand, and protected his face from the light with the other, "see

now!—see now! I'm in bed; for God's sake!—see now!—see now!"

"Hurrah! Doctor; I see you," said Breakpeace; "and you shall soon see yourself out of your nest. Now Johnny, have at the *medico submurias hydrargyri*—when taken to be well shaken, you know—*fiat lotium*. Hurrah, doctor!—*uncias duas*—come along, my boy."

Time was not given the doctor either to assent or dissent to this invitation—out of bed he went, *nolens volens*, Breakpeace at his head, and Johnny at his feet; thus supported, and without any covering in addition to his *chemise de nuit*, the unfortunate doctor was borne to the room in which the officers had dined, and where three or four of the most thirsty were yet seated. Cuthbert was then forced to sit down as president; the squadron standards were placed in each of his hands, and the contents of a tumbler containing unequal portions of whisky, sherry, and port, were poured down his throat. This dose was recommended by Breakpeace as a necessary antidote to the dangerous consequences which might result from so suddenly undergoing a violent change of temperature; and much trouble was taken both by the merry captain and his companions, to impress upon the shivering doctor, that both the last mixture, and all other mixtures, as well as the jaunt he had just experienced from his bed to the dining-room, would ultimately prove not only of the greatest service to his constitution, by rendering him capable of undergoing the most diversified treatment, but also would qualify him in the highest degree for professional preferment, by showing that his mental and bodily vigour were alike invincible.

Cuthbert would have given his most sanguine hopes of preferment, at this moment, for a quiet settlement between the sheets, or even between the blankets; but Breakpeace would not let him off until, on his knees, he thanked the gentlemen present, and more

particularly Captain Breakpeace and Lieutenant Rum, for their extreme attention to his education and comforts. This being complied with, the doctor was carried back to his room by the same kind friends, and safely deposited in his long-wished for position. Johnny, however, did not depart without relieving the doctor's swallow-tailed uniform of all the front buttons, which, having effected without detection, the friends in fun separated for the night, in anticipation of a droll spectacle at morning parade.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH.

(*Continued.*)

Norf. Arm! arm! my Lord ———
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse.

"SEE now! see now!" said old Cuthbert to his servant Scammy, as the trumpets sounded "turn out," and he in vain endeavoured to establish unity in the front part of his new swallow-tail; "see now! they have taken the buttons off my coatee, and I'll be too late for parade entirely."

Scammy suggested the expedient of transferring one or two of the lappel buttons to the front; but the sergeants were already calling the troop rolls, and "Here! here!" was re-echoed along the line. It was plain, therefore, that no time remained for the execution of Scammy's project: and the buttonless doctor, despairing of being able to conceal the date of his shirt's last visit to the wash-tub, hooked together his little black sword-belt, and sallied forth.

The black belt, which on this occasion had been shortened one hole, preserved, for a few moments, the doctor's garment in tolerable regularity; but in his efforts to reach the stirrup, and subsequent exertions to assume a true riding-school position, the fickle belt deserted its post, and gave unlimited latitude to the mutilated front.

This *exposé* of the doctor's linen took place exactly in front of one of the squadrons, which was in the act of *telling off*, and had so distracting an effect upon the responses of the men, as to bring down the animadversion of Major Costiff, who, on perceiving the cause of the irregularity, sharply desired the assistant-surgeon to "go back and dress himself, and not dare to appear upon parade in that discreditable manner."

Cuthbert was going to state the cause of his inability to present a more military front, when Breakpeace whispered to him the impropriety of making any reply to the commanding-officer on parade, and recommended him to retire from the major's wrath, and await the departure of the troops—which advice the doctor followed, as also that of supplying his deficiencies in buttons with two sircingles, which being tightly strapped, one under the shoulders, and the other immediately above the hips, served to preserve the union of the doctor's coat, though to the great inconvenience of his breathing.

Girthed in this manner, the doctor followed the march of the troops to Kilkenny. The venerable ruins of old Leighlin, the beautiful Barrow, and the picturesque road that winds along its banks, were all passed by the doctor with insensibility. His ride was not, however, without events, for instead of joining the breakfast party at Kilkenny, where they had all agreed to take their first repast, he shrewdly despatched a bowl of milk and a rasher of bacon at the "Royal Oak," *en passant*, and thus avoided the risk of sour tea or sweetened eggs.

The cornet, whose kind feelings would not permit him to enlist in any of the conspiracies which were formed against the doctor's peace, looked forward to more entertainment from the present day's march, than had hitherto been afforded him by the preceding.

The celebrated town of Kilkenny had been often alluded to by his father, in detailing the wonderful scenes of his early life, and the cornet felt no small anxiety to behold the

> Fire without smoke,
> Air without fog,
> Water without mud,
> Land without bog,
> And streets paved with marble.

Rather a startling contradiction of the first-mentioned phenomenon presented itself in the smoky appearance of the town, as the troops entered it; but the cornet reconciled this appearance to his mind, by assigning it to that unaccountable but prevalent insensibility to national advantages, which induces a higher estimation and undue preference of foreign productions; and he argued, that although Kilkenny was evidently a smoky town, yet the alleged cleanliness of the coal was not thereby disproved, for no doubt the stupid inhabitants were employing English coal, totally regardless of the value of their own. These reasonings were communicated to his brother cornet, Thompson, who conceitedly lisped out his idea that "the Irish probably did not feel very comfortable without a certain portion of smoke and dirt."

Pierce felt either too indignant at this reflection on his countrymen, or too sensible of its truth, to reply, and the two cornets entered Kilkenny without either hazarding another observation. Pierce, however, was determined to ascertain the facts respecting the

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Kilkenny atmosphere, and hurried his breakfast considerably on that account.

Unfortunately for the cornet's inquiries, the delivery of oats took place at nearly two miles from the Tontine Hotel, where the officers were quartered, and the cornet having to inspect that operation, was not able to commence his search after the phenomena and natural curiosities of Kilkenny until the evening, when his visits to the stables having been concluded, he resolved to devote an hour to the gratification of his wishes. Leaving the High-street, therefore, he directed his steps towards the castle, the most immediate object of attraction, which, also, he felt interested in, from its having been the ancient residence of that family from whom he derived his name and lineage.

The venerable residence of the noble Ormonds stands upon a precipice, overhanging a bend of the deep and rapid Nore, along whose banks two rows of lofty elms give shade and beauty to the public walk. Before the attainder of its last duke, the castle was a spacious square; but since his time it had been gradually falling into decay, and when our hero visited the spot, two sides only of the original building were in existence; but, illustrious even in its dilapidated condition, the antique pile, with its verdant lawn, and rich surrounding foliage, exhibited the legible traces of magnificence long gone by, and showed too truly that

> ——— Time, with his rude hand,
> Had written strange defeature in its face.

Pierce entered through a lofty archway of marble, constructed in all the richness of the Corinthian order, and meeting a veteran servant, who volunteered to be his guide, proceeded to the grand gallery. Here, in an apartment of one hundred and fifty-five feet in length, he was shown the whole succession of the Stuart race, that reigned in England from Charles I.

inclusive, together with William III., who, the guide informed him, dined here on the march to the siege of Limerick, soon after the battle of the Boyne. Next entering the presence chamber, he beheld, in all the gloss of newness, those finely executed tapestries, representing the Four Seasons, which have so justly excited such unqualified approbation; in another apartment, the hangings representing the story of Decius: and, what with the descriptions of the Stuarts, and the noble Roman, the cornet felt quite bewildered by the volubility of his guide.

"I'm tould our castle is for all the world like Windsor, captain," said the conductor, leading the cornet into the stable-yard; "and faith 'tis little house-room they'd have there, if that's thrue."

The cornet had never seen Windsor Castle, nor, if he had, would any similitude between the two places have suggested itself to him. Both have a tower, a castle, and a river, certainly; but although Windsor is surrounded with all the richness of cultivation, and the embellishment of country seats, and extensive foliage, yet Kilkenny is far more picturesque, and the site of its noble castle is at once bold and beautiful.

Windsor Castle, looked at, is august and venerable; but when you look from it, there is nothing to inspire those ideas. Not Eton's spires, nor Cooper's classic hill, can furnish such a rich variety to the painter, as the Hibernian scene. There, Nature has painted with her most correct pencil; here, she has decked with a more careless hand. This is the fanciful and fiery sketch of a great master; that the finished composition of a great artist. Without mountain or sea, no landscape can be perfect, for it is then deficient in the grandest attribute of sublimity.

Pierce left the castle in rather a melancholy mood, and insensibly turning into the street which led to the bridge, soon found himself at one end of the public walk. In a continued state of abstraction, he fol-

lowed its windings; nor did he stop to consider upon what errand he was thither bent, until the projecting step of a rough stone stile supplied the question.

In truth, the cornet's thoughts were far removed from the lonely river, along whose banks he had so intently wandered. Drill, still-hunting, marching, and other professional duties, had for some time so completely usurped his time and thoughts, that the inhabitants of the Glebe had been almost forgotten; but now, that the coincidence of the hour, the stream, the foliage, the absence of his mercurial companions, and the saddening impress of the neglected pile, had reduced the buoyancy of his youthful feeling, and drove him to himself—the early reminiscences of Susan Lovett stole imperceptibly upon his senses, until, undividedly occupying his mind, his every thought was centred in the object of his affection.

A long eighteen months had passed since the cornet bade adieu to Ballybutler, and not once during the whole of this period had he heard a syllable of Susan Lovett. His mother had occasionally mentioned in general terms that the family at the Glebe were all well; but there was not that particularization of individuals which the cornet would have liked. True, Mrs. Butler knew not that any one member of the Lovett family found greater favour in the eyes of her son than another, and if she had known it, would not probably have encouraged such a disposition; still the cornet thought that there was an unnecessary reserve exhibited in his letters from home, respecting his friends at the Glebe; and his anxiety for information redoubled as he canvassed the subject in his mind.

Pierce was the sole possessor of his own secret, the fair object of his passion not excepted—at least up to the moment of his last departure from the Glebe; on that night, however, he had, on shaking hands with Susan, presented her with a little ornament, which, though not absolutely equivalent to a declaration of

his sentiments, was yet, when united with other little incidents of look and manner, which ladies know so well how to estimate, sufficiently expressive, even to one more unsophisticated than the fair Susan, that the cornet's heart was not his own.

It should, however, in justice to the lady, be remembered, that Pierce stayed not to witness the effect produced by his parting present, but, hurrying from the Glebe, retired to speculate upon what, for his future peace of mind, he ought to have ascertained; and leaving Ballybutler the next morning, continued in that pleasing state of doubt, which prefers enjoying, by anticipation, the imaginary future, to risking the chance of disappointment by relieving uncertainty. The cornet, therefore, was in utter ignorance of the amusement afforded to the young ladies by his hieroglyphical ring, which, by the ingenious combination of the lapis lazuli, onyx, vermilion, and emerald, expressed, in sparkling silence, the magic monosyllable "LOVE."

Susan did not unfold the paper in which this delicate expression of the cornet's sentiments was contained, until she and Eleanor had retired to their apartment; then it was that she, for the first time, felt assured of a fact which her more penetrating sister had often before stated her conviction of.

Anxious, however, to argue herself into a belief that nothing serious was intended in a case where her own heart was so little interested, she accompanied the exposure of the ring with manifold expressions of doubt and astonishment. "How very strange is it, Eleanor," said she, "that Pierce Butler should have made *me* such a present; I wish he had given it to *you*. What can he mean by it? I'm sure he never showed any particular liking for me."

"Come, Susan," replied her sister, "you know that I long since told you who Pierce Butler came to see, when he walked up so often to the Glebe; and what he was thinking most about when I tried to keep up

any conversation with him. No later than last evening, when we were all together in the avenue, admiring that beautiful moon as it rose through the distant trees, I asked him some trifling question, and the absent creature answered me as if his mind had been under the influence of the planet we were looking at."

"Well, I declare, Eleanor, I never could have imagined such a thing; what could Pierce Butler see in me to—Well, I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement."

"Are you so sure of that, Susan? Take care. If I recollect right, you did not appear *very much displeased* with all the woodbine and wild roses which he gathered for you the other evening."

"Oh, Eleanor," said the conscious Susan, blushing deeply, "how can you bring up such trifles against me. That was all play. Pierce was just amusing himself by trying how much longer his flowers would bear shaking than mine."

"Very well, Susan, I see you won't be found guilty; but recollect, 'what is play to some, is death to others,' as the moral in our fable book used to teach us."

Thus was the poor cornet's long evident affection disclaimed by the object of it; and the two sisters talked themselves to sleep in mutual justification of their respective opinions.

With this little incident of the ring, and the subsequent closet converse of the young ladies, it was necessary to make the reader acquainted, in order that the chaos of the cornet's mind, whenever a pensive scene, or the absence of external excitement, led his thoughts towards absent friends, might be satisfactorily accounted for. "If Susan loves me," thought he, as he retraced his steps along the now dark walks, "'tis strange that no kind message, no inquiry, no acknowledgment, even for the ring, should ever have been made by her, and if she does not—"

A loud shouting, which seemed to proceed from the top of the rock on which the castle stood, now reached the cornet's ears, and put an end to his reverie; on a nearer approach he found it was intended for an expression of applause, addressed to some favoured singer, who, as well as he could judge from the distance, was entertaining a group of persons in front of the ruins; not a little curious to hear some part of the strain, which seemed to afford so much pleasure, he drew nearer to the base of the rock, and was gratified with the following sentimental effusion, roared out in a hoarse man's voice—

Oh, her eyes are as dark as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my heart have burned a big hole!
Her breast as its waters, as fair and as pure,
But her heart is as hard as its marble I'm sure.

"The very subjects about which I was so anxious to get information," said Pierce; "and perhaps this man may satisfy my inquiries;" so, without further consideration, he left the bank of the river, and quickly regaining the High-street, soon found himself again at the castle gate; just as he was passing under the massive archway, the same voice saluted his ear, with

Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

"Success, Larry!" and a loud shout of approbation followed this original simile. Pierce continued to advance until he came in sight of a motley group of men, women, and children, who reclining in various positions upon those parts of the ruins which commanded a view of the river and the college grounds, on the opposite bank, appeared to be enjoying the cool evening air, and the singer's melody. The cornet thought he could not better introduce himself to this mixed *soirée* than by adding his meed of applause to that of the

audience, and stepping up to the person whose self-satisfied air announced him to be the favoured "Larry," he complimented him with more politeness than sincerity, upon his vocal powers, and begged to know the name of the song whose words and melody had attracted his attention.

Larry was not disposed to quarrel with this additional homage paid to his performance, and in answer to the cornet's question, replied, with much quickness,

"Arrah! is it the name o' the song your honour manes? sure 'tis

The boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And they take great delight in courting young maids;
They kiss them, they coax them, they spend their money free;
Of all the towns in old Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

"Bravo, Larry!" said Pierce. "The Boys of Kilkenny is indeed an excellent song, and I must get the music of it for our band: but tell me, Larry, for you seem to have a good deal of local information, can you give me any account of this extraordinary coal, marble, and water, about which I have heard so much, and which one verse of your song alluded to?"

Larry replied.

Fire without smoke,
Air without fog,
Water with mud,
Land without bog,
And streets paved with marble.

"And that's all myself knows about it, your honour; but if I can't tell ye, may be there's one here that can;" and pointing to an old yellow-faced woman, who sat smoking a short pipe, almost hid in a dark corner of the ruins, "Biddy a yourneen," said he, "tell the officer how we come by the coal and marvil."

"What's that, Larry?" replied the person addressed, taking the "couden" from her mouth, and evincing no great power of hearing.

"Tell the officer some of the wonders," said the singer.

Larry motioned to the cornet to sit down by the deaf old dame, and Pierce, obeying the signal, expressed his anxiety to be enlightened by her information.

The old lady, who, in consequence of her defective organ, had completely mistaken Larry's request, and the service which was required of her, clearing the passage for a long story, and shaking the embers out of her pipe, against her thumb nail, addressed Pierce with all the confidence of a narrator who had been often called upon, and, without further preface, began.

"You must know then, my young masther, that she lived a long time in this very town, and by the same token, 'tis myself should have good larnin' of her, for many's the time, late and early, poor Judy, that the ould duke's fosther-sister what was, God rest her sowl! would come over to our cabin, afther clanin' up the plates and dishes afther the quality at the Castle, just for all the world such an evening as this, and makin' herself comfortable at our door, out of the smoke, you see, she'd stop *cosherin'* and collouging with me, may be till dark night. Och, 'twas then poor Biddy hadn't to be lookin' afther bit and sup, but lashins and lavins from the big missis at the Castle, and good words from her own self with it, God bless her!"

"Then you heard the account of all these wonders from Judy," said Pierce, who began to get rather impatient at the old lady's exordium.

"Troth, an' you may say that, masther," replied the dame, "an' who but Judy had a betther warrant? sure wasn't she herself the Lord's own fosther-sister; and no one in these parts ever comed near him in larnin' any how."

"But she told you?" again interrupted Pierce, rather fidgety.

"Ah, 'twas she that did, masther, every inch of her —but stop 'till I tell you, and, betuxt us, I'm noways forward with it in these times, for the omadhouns about

have no sinse to believe it, half of them—God forgive 'em. Well, as I was tellin on you, she lived up convenient to St. Francis's Abbey, that's now convarted, as they call it, into a barrack for horse sougers, God help 'em!—an' sure 'twas there that she, ould Alice Kittel herself, would be sweepin' up with her beesom from mornin' till night, right opposite the door of her own son, Bill Utlaw, and jaculatin, as all the world might hear,

Unto the door of William my son
Fly all the wealth of Kilkenny town,

and sure enough the money come: but sigus by she was brought up afore the Bishop of Ossory for this divilish way of scrapin' of it up; an' it was proved upon her, an' more too—for what should come out, but that the nasty unnatural baste took up with another divil like herself, only a he divil—Robert Artysson by name; and what should she do but make, as a body may say, devotion to this Robyn, at the cross on the road to Callan yonder; and what do you think she offered up to him, the low-minded prostitute, God forgive her?"

Pierce shook his head in token of inability to guess what might have been the offering of Dame Alice Kettyl, whose history, so interwoven with that of Kilkenny, he now perceived, to his utter disappointment, that the old lady was engaged in.

"Faith then you never would guess it," continued the narrator, "for what should it be but nine red cocks, as thrue as I sit here, and that at the stone bridge hard by the cross. Well, as I was sayin', the bishop had her up for this, and the likes of it; but that didn't stop her, for herself and one Parnill of Meath, and his daughter, Basilia, who were, as it might be, all of the same party, you see, were all soon after impached for sorcerie and witchcraft, as they called it, an' Parnill was burnt here, in this very town; an' what should come out from the cratur before she went, than that Bill Utlaw, that's him they sweeped, for wore on his

bare bodie, for a year an' a day, the livery of the divil himself, which no doubt was the rason of the luck he had with the scrapin.' But not the laste did Parnill's warning throuble the ould one, for she went on with her thricks as bad as ever, laughin' at 'em all as she rode through the air on her coulthree."

The cornet now felt himself sufficiently interested in the history of Dame Alice Kettyll, the particulars of which he had never before heard, to interrupt the old lady, by asking her the meaning of coulthree, to which she replied,

"Ah, then, is it the coulthree; sure 'twas grazin' that same that exposed her entirely, for when the minister of St. Patrick's made 'em search her house, what should they find but a big stick, as it might be for a sweepin' brish, an' close along side of it on the dresser, a small box, lookin' for all the world as if nothin' at all was in it; but when they cum to look, faith 'twas this was the grase box for her ridin' horse, and it seems that she grased the big stick with the inside of it every night for fear she'd fall off."

Pierce could scarcely suppress a laugh at this description of the witch's stud and appointments; but, wishing to hear the whole history, asked whether any other signs of Dame Alice's trade had been discovered.

"You may say that," continued the old lady; "the worst of all is to be tould yet: an' it frightens one almost to think of it at this hour of the night, let alone the tellin' of it. Och! sure they found in the dthrawer of the dthresser, a cake, for all the world like a holy wafer; but—oh! the heretic!—what name do you think was upon it? Och!"—and here the old lady appeared to be quite affected by the important nature of her approaching disclosure.

"What name?" anxiously inquired the cornet, stooping to catch more readily the expected communication.

"Och!—God forgive me!—the name of the ould boy himself, and that in big letters," replied the nar-

rator; and shaking with the apprehension which her own story had created in her mind, turned round, as if dreading that she might have encountered the possessor of the name which caused her such agitation.

The old lady had, however, no cause for alarm, and her nervousness was soon dispelled by the cornet's liberal donation in return for her long story; and having also given Larry "something to drink," he returned to the Tontine, still unenlightened concerning the smoke and marble.

CHAPTER IX.

BAGGAGE GUARD.

I'll not march through Coventry with 'em, that's flat.
SHAKSPEARE.

"ISN'T it a most extraordinary thing, Andy," said Pierce to the veterinary, as they met the next morning at Callen, where the troops halted, "that those stupid dolts at Kilkenny know nothing about their own town; not one of them could give me any explanation of that old distich, about marble and smoke, bog and fog; I suppose you remember the lines—

Fire without smoke—

The cornet was beginning to quote, when Andrew interrupted him with a "Phi! all humbug, my good Sir; don't believe a word of it; the Kilkenny coal is only fit for drying malt: great lumps of red-hot iron, Sir, just like the Scotch coal for all the world; there's no smoke to be sure, but nobody would think of using it unless they wanted to be stifled, Sir—to be stifled,

Sir. Give me the old Newcastle, and none of your b——d kiln-drying, Kilkenny stifling stuff; besides, it isn't Kilkenny coal after all, but Castle-comber coal—Lord Wandesford's estate, Sir, nine miles north of Kilkenny—'tis there are the mines, and a good ten thousand a-year he makes by them—ten thousand a-year, Sir, every penny of it."

"But the marble streets, Andy," said the cornet, "is that true?"

"D'ye hear him, Sir," cried Andy, referring himself to the rest of the officers, who were at the breakfast table, "asking me what he could see with his own eyes; has Andrew Mervyn nothing to do, Sir, but to be looking upon the ground for Mr. Butler, Sir? Andrew Mervyn must know every thing, and do every thing; it's Mr. Mervyn here, Mr. Mervyn there, and Mr. Mervyn everywhere."

Andrew was evidently not informed upon the subject of Pierce's inquiry, and parried to evade the question; the waiter, however, relieved our hero's mind, by stating that there were marble quarries near Kilkenny, and pointing to the black and white chimney piece of the room in which they were seated, said that was a fair specimen of the description. The waiter further stated, that he could not vouch for the absence of fog and mud; and as to bog, it always puzzled him, for although the ground was high and dry about Kilkenny, yet when he was a helper at the Tontine livery-stables, the horses came home from the hunt for all the world as if they had been up to their bellies in bog; "but," added he, by way of consolation to the cornet, "your honours will see bog enough before ye gets to Cahir."

Pierce found the little town of Callan to possess much interest, and wandered about among its dilapidated castles, in the full enjoyment of his romantic feelings. On such occasions, Pierce seldom sought for a companion; a consciousness that few, if any, of his brothers in arms, derived that pleasure from the con-

templation of picturesque scenery that he did, naturally prevented him from soliciting their company in his rambles: and even when, from a want of occupation, some idler, unasked, volunteered his society, the cornet generally found, in his companion, no real sensibility to the beauties of that nature for which a mechanical expression of admiration was uttered; and a walk, commencing with extravagant eulogies of the picturesque, commonly terminated in the substitution of horses and hounds, for the more refined subjects of the sublime and beautiful.

Hence was Pierce induced to steal from the "busy hum, which was generally heard about the inn door, when the duties of the day were over, and taking his sketch-book, would court the lonely beauties of the surrounding scene, and all the early associations with which, in his mind, a solitary ramble was ever attended.

Callan was a happy subject, both for the cornet's contemplation and pencil; beautifully enclosed between two branches of the King's river, which, dividing above the town, runs under two simple bridges, into reunion below it—adorned also with the interesting ruins of three castles, and an old Gothic church—it contains a degree of picturesque beauty that is, perhaps, rarely met with in so small a compass.

Pierce bent his steps in the direction of the river, and was not long in selecting the ruined castle, on the opposite bank, as an object for delineation.

He had just finished sketching all that the rapacious Cromwell had left of this once powerful fortress, when a gentlemanly-looking elderly person, in fishing costume, accosted him by remarking on the beauty of the scene which had engaged the cornet's pencil, and added, "that the river, on whose banks they stood, was well worthy of the royal name it bore."

Pierce assented to the observation, and suggested the probability of the name having been conferred by some one of the ancient monarchs of Ireland; "but,"

said he, addressing a look of inquiry to the stranger, "you, Sir, are, perhaps, better informed upon the subject."

"Why, Sir, I do happen to know the absolute origin of the title," replied the Piscator, "and there is a longer story attached to it, than you are probably aware of."

The cornet looked all attention, and the stranger, evidently anxious to display his local knowledge, went on without farther encouragement.

"You must know, Sir, that Niall, a king of the race of Heremon, came, in ancient times, with a great retinue of horse, to the borders of this river, in order to ford to the other side; the waters were rapid, in consequence of a flood, and the first man that rode in to try the passage, was hurried down the stream with such violence, that he was given over for lost, which the king seeing, ordered those of his attendants that were well mounted to plunge in and rescue him; but the cowardly fellows wanted spunk, and shuddering at the danger of the stream, were afraid to venture. Well, the good-natured king Niall observed this, and went himself to look out for some convenient place where he might ride across; and finding one, as he thought, fit for his purpose, was preparing to jump in, when all of a sudden the bank, which had been undermined by the violence of the torrent, broke down under his horse's feet, and the unfortunate king lost his life in his kind efforts to save one of his subjects. This fell out in about the year eight hundred and fifty-nine, and ever since the stream has gone by the name of the King's river."

Pierce thanked the stranger for this short account, which he said gave him a still greater interest in the surrounding scenery, and excited in his mind a curiosity to be further informed of those romantic details, which, he was sure, must be connected with so ancient a place.

"You are right, Sir," replied the stranger; "there is much to be told about Callan and its early inhabitants, and as you seem pleased with my prosing, I shall be most happy to give you all the information I possess on the subject; but suppose we walk towards Cromwell's battery, which, perhaps, you have not yet visited: it is in my way home, and by the way I will relate to you what, as a military man, you may take some interest in."

The cornet assented, and shutting his sketch-book, walked slowly by the stranger's side, who thus continued—

"In the year 1407, in the reign of Henry IV., there was a terrible battle fought in this place between the Irish rebels, as they called them, and the English; and, after a hard struggle for victory, the Irish were entirely defeated. Now, it is asserted by some of our historians (but I don't mean to say that I believe it), that this defeat was all owing to the sun having stood still while the English forces marched six miles, which miraculous circumstance one of our poets has thus celebrated—

> At Callan, 'tis said, the sun it stood still,
> To see the bold English the Irishmen kill;
> But when the rebellious were put to the route,
> He lash'd up his steeds, and whipp'd him about,
> Then gallop'd amain to regain the time lost,
> And came in the nick to his westerly post.

They had now arrived at the foot of a large mound or conical hill, which the stranger pointed out to Pierce as being the place where Cromwell is said to have planted his battery, and destroyed the town, "although, for my part," he added, "it appears to me very like a Danish intrenchment." Here his guide took leave, and the cornet proceeded to the summit of the mound by a precipitious path, but was fully compensated for

his labour by the beautiful and extensive view which its height and position afforded him.

Having feasted his sight for some time with this delightful scene of river, castles, and town, over which the mountain of Slive-ne-man presided, he descended; and it now being near six o'clock, sought, at an inn, a feast of a different description, consisting of boiled mutton, chickens, and bacon, to do justice to which the breeze on the top of the battery mound had well qualified him.

The next day's march was to be the last, and the cornet was destined for the command of the baggage guard, a situation, as he soon found, by no means a sinecure. In order to ensure regularity on entering their new quarters of Cahir, the major had ordered Cornet Butler and the baggage to start at four o'clock, a. m.; and Pierce was kept awake half the night from the anxiety of not being ready in time. After, however, hearing two and three strike, he rose at the next sound of the clock, and hastened to the market-place, from whence the baggage was to proceed; but no symptoms of movement were there, save what was evinced by one solitary sentry, who was keeping watch over the loaded cars and his sleeping comrades.

The cornet felt the dignity of his command dreadfully outraged by the inertness on the part of the drivers and baggage guard; and taking the sentry with him, he proceeded to seek the defaulters in their several quarters.

To find where these were situated was no easy matter; for the sentry being a bachelor, and consequently not having a wife to send off with the baggage, was not interested enough in the business to inform himself where the carmen slept, and the cornet was therefore obliged to traverse the town, and knock at all the doors on speculation of finding the right one. Having broken the morning slumbers of several of the worthy

inhabitants of Callan, both male and female, from both of whom they met with most ungracious receptions, the cornet and his assistant at length hit upon the hay-loft, in which the whole of the drivers lay huddled together: and having routed them out of their sociable positions, proceeded to collect the guard.

Whether the Callan whiskey was of more than ordinary strength, or that a larger portion than usual had been employed in drinking "good by" to the march which was just about to terminate, the cornet did not stop to ascertain; it was, however, evident to him, that from one or other of these causes, the trusty guardians of the baggage, as they stole out of their billets by ones and twos, were any thing but fit for duty. Pierce hesitated at first whether or not he would report their conduct, and apply for a "relief;" but his good nature prevailed over his sense of what was due to military discipline; and calculating that they would become sober *en route*, he hurried the preparations for departure, and succeeded in getting the cavalcade out of Callan before the confusion and delay could be observed by the major.

The direct road to Cahir, through Fethard, by which the troops were to march, was declared by the carmen to be "fit to kill their horses;" and the baggage was accordingly suffered to go round by Clonmel, which route was full five miles longer than that by Fethard.

A drizzling mist had been followed by a regular fall of rain, accompanied by a strong southwest wind, and Pat Carbine, as he tucked the cloak under his master's knees, observed, that "he thought it would be wet." Pierce felt that there was not much judgment risked in this conjecture, and not anticipating a very pleasurable ride, followed the slow progress of the cars out of the town.

The hurry and confusion attendant upon the departure of the baggage, prevented a due examination of the different loads, and the consequence was, that

many of the chests, crates, &c. were suffered to remain in the same unsteady positions in which the jolting of the previous day's march had placed them; among the articles most in jeopardy, was a hamper, containing the major's crockery, which although, for the most part, consisting of the unassuming and economical blue and white pattern, yet possessed among these three green and gold breakfast cups, saucers, and plates, which Mrs. Costiff set a high value on: indeed the major's affections were also much engaged in the same cause, for exclusive of the evident application of one of the cups to his morning coffee, another, and by far the largest, of the three, was destined to contain that tonic, laxative, or astringent, upon which his day's happiness not unfrequently depended; this favoured vessel always occupied a conspicuous place on the major's dressing-table, so that if a sudden emergency, in the case of the gentleman or lady, either by day or night, called for its uses, he could at once lay his hand upon the cup, and expedite the intended operations.

The green and gold cup, therefore, being objects of such interest both to the major and his lady, it is natural to suppose that much attention was paid to the packing of them in the hamper, and Mrs. Costiff rather prided herself upon the manner in which she had diversified their respective destinies, by mixing them at various distances among the blue and white, thus obviating, as she argued, the possibility of all alike suffering, "and if," said the affectionate lady to her loving husband, "your medicine cup, my dear, arrives safe, I'm sure I shall be quite reconciled to any accident that may befall the rest."

There was less disinterested feeling, however, in this speech, than may appear at first sight, for although Mrs. Costiff, to do her justice, generally supported her system by the more concentrated applications of pills and powders, yet dilutions and decoctions were also

had recourse to; and not unfrequently, when her lord's absence at a parade or field-day gave her undisputed possession of the quarters which they occupied, she would bolt the outer door, and indulge herself with a seidlitz.

When, therefore, Mrs. Costiff, as she presided over the packing of the hamper, previous to leaving Philipstown, expressed thus the interest which she felt in the preservation of the large green and gold cup, it is not to be supposed that the major's happiness was the sole object of her thoughts.

The stability of the baggage, as has been stated, was not ascertained on the morning of the cornet's command, out of Callan, or it would have been discovered, that the major's hamper, which, to avoid the charge for extra weight, was placed on the cornet's car, and surmounted his chests, was by no means well secured. Mrs. Carbine, also, who with much sagacity had found that the hamper afforded her a much softer seat than either of the cornet's chests, was, with her child, seated upon it, and thus was the already perilously situated crockery additionally endangered; the carmen, however, cried "never fear!" the staggering sentry who accompanied the car, said, "It would do well enough!" and poor Mrs. Carbine, contrary to the evidence of her own senses, was cheated into a belief that there was no danger.

But the result proved the contrary, for scarcely had the cavalcade arrived within sight of the Nine-mile house, and all were in full anticipation of the comfortable breakfast which they hoped it would afford them, when the wooden axle of the car on which the cornet's baggage was placed, broke suddenly; the wheel rolled into the ditch, the vehicle came on its side, the unsecured hamper slided from its elevated position, and falling on its side to the ground with a portentous crash, deposited on the ground, first Mrs. Carbine and her charge, and afterward its varied contents of ware.

and china. Plates, dishes, cups, butter-boats, followed the wheel and each other in quick succession, until the ditch, which happened to be a wet one, soon displayed a most animated mass of floating and fractured crockery. Here swam a decapitated dish cover—there a one-handled soup tureen—now, an ignoble white kitchen plate struck with merciless velocity against a cherished breakfast cup, which, seeking refuge along the margin of a fish strainer, was dashed to atoms against an inexorable washing basin; thus the delicate green and gold, vainly endeavouring to avoid destruction, were buffeted about among their more powerful companions in misfortune, and yielding to the superior firmness of the less costly material, covered the muddy element with their fragments. With the exception of two plates, the whole of this valued and valuable service was either totally destroyed or irremediably disfigured; among the latter, was the important medicine cup, which, we are grieved to say, received a triangular fracture in the side, and was entirely deprived of its handle.

"Och! blood an' ouns! the major's chaynee!" cried Pat Kilcock, who happened to be upon the baggage guard. "Bee J——s, the missis ill be bothered for her tay, now, entirely, let alone the docther's stuff, which, they say, she takes such a dale of. Whisht! by the powers if the goulden cups and saucers isn't broke to smithereens!" and Pat's energy appeared so to increase with the destruction of the china, that it was difficult to make out whether his expressions denoted joy or grief.

The cornet put an end to Pat's ejaculations, by ordering him to assist in collecting the floating fragments; and the rest of the guard being by this time somewhat sober, the hamper was soon repacked; but re-establishing the broken axle was no such simple manner, particularly as the nearest wheelwright lived more than a mile off; a general halt therefore, took place, and a

gossoon having been despatched for the artificer, the cornet rode on to the Nine-mile house, a solitary inn, situated about half a mile in advance, intending to solace himself with a comfortable breakfast, *en attendant* the restoration of the injured vehicle.

Before the establishment of coaches and caravans, the Nine-mile house was an inn of some celebrity; situated midway between Clonmel and Kilkenny, it was the customary station for changing horses between those towns, and became the natural resting-place for the traveller on horseback, or the more humble pedestrian, whose business or pleasure led him to journey in that direction.

Of late years, however, at least since the establishment of mail coaches by Mr. Anderson, this once-famed concern gradually lost its business, and consequently its celebrity; travellers, who formerly hired a coach and pair, and, previously making their wills, undertook the then serious ten days' journey from Cork to Dublin, and with due consideration for the landlord's interests, drank deep into the claret of their several hosts, now, seated in the mail, rolled smoothly over the same distance in four-and-twenty hours, to the utter destruction of innkeepers, turnpike-men, and waiters; horsemen, who rode into the stable-yards when the dusk of the evening brought their nursery-stories of mountains and robbers to their recollection, and brought to the joyful landlord the double advantages of "man and baste," now flew by one of six outsides; and if, while horses are changing, a glass of the *native*, or a pint of porter and a cracker were called for, it was as much as the innkeeper could expect. The pedestrian, too, whose wet shoes were welcomed in the kitchen, and who, throwing down his wallet, squeezed himself far under the ample chimney, and called for both "vitells and dthrink," now found that it cost him less in shoe leather, time, and travelling charges, to "get a lift on the caravan," and seldom gave "mine host" an opportunity of receiving payment for "dthry lodgin."

Thus were the travellers benefited, and the landlords injured, more especially those whose business depended upon the supplying of post horses; and among the many sufferers from the change of times, on the road from Cork to Dublin, the proprietor of the Nine-mile house had been conspicuous.

"*Non sum qualis eram*," he might well have adopted as a motto, for when the cornet rode up to the door, the appearances were most discouraging, and as little indicative of comfort as could be well imagined; indeed there was small sign of animation about the building. Although past nine o'clock, the door had not yet been opened, the shutters were closed, the dirt and wet straw of the preceding day covered the steps, and there was nothing whatever to indicate that the proprietor was dependent upon the public for his own support, and that of a large family. In fact, had not the inscription on a narrow ledge above the door-way, given the cornet to understand that, "Daniel O'Dwyer Purcel was licensed to sell porter with spirits," he would have altogether disbelieved the assurances which he had received, that the house at which he stopped was one of "entertainment."

The inscription, however, gave him hopes—and striking that part of the door which was once occupied by a knocker, with the end of his sword scabbard, he endeavoured to inform the inhabitants that a customer had arrived; but this was an event which occurred too rarely to be readily believed, and the cornet's sword was applied full six times, exclusive of sundry kicks and accompanying holloas, before a tattered mob cap, covering a dirty female head, protruded from a broken pane of glass in the second story, and the wearer not very good humouredly demanded, "what's vanting?"

Pierce expressed his anxiety to have breakfast, and dry his clothes, adding that "he should feel obliged by his wants being immediately attended to, as he was pressed for time."

"Never fear, you shall have it in a hurry, captain," replied the voice from the broken pane, and the cap vanishing from the window, Pierce soon heard the wished-for operations on the lock, preceded, however, by a call for "Mic," who presented himself, at the now opened door, in the person of a thin-legged, greasy-haired waiter.

"Your honour's welcome to the Nine-mile house, captain," said the overjoyed Mic, stretching out his arms, as if he would embrace both horse and horseman. "Sure if I thought it was a rap in airnest I'd have been down immediately."

This was an allusion to a trick which the neighbouring boys were in the habit of playing on the waiter, by knocking at the hall door and running away—thus disappointing Mic's hopes of custom and tenpennies. In this case, however, poor Mic was most agreeably surprised, and his joy was evinced in the most extravagant greeting of words and actions; but the cornet required some more solid reception, and eagerly asked about fire and breakfast, adding that he was both wet and hungry—therefore, said he, "Mic, my boy, show me into the kitchen, and let me have a good warm at the fire while you are getting breakfast." "Och! captain—the deuce a red cinder is in the big grate yet, and more's the shame for Judy. Judy—is it lighting the fire ye are at all?"—and Mic, in evident distress at his inability to meet the cornet's wishes, endeavoured to throw the onus of preparation upon his coadjutor.

"Och! don't bother us," cried the lady of the cap, as she blew a few red sticks into a blaze, "if you wasn't so handy wid the dhrink may be you'd be up airly yourself," and she continued to puff at the incipient fire.

Mic judged it prudent not to reply to this insinuation' and helping the cornet to get rid of his dripping cloak' proceeded to wash the relics of whisky punch out of a broken teacup, and lay a table cloth, which looked to Pierce as if it also had been used for more purposes

than one. However, this was no time to be impeded by trifles; and Judy's exertions having succeeded in making the water boil, Pierce at length saw some prospect of at least escaping starvation—for, uninviting as the tea and table cloth proved, a plentiful supply of fresh eggs, butter, cream, and hung beef, enabled him to make out a very tolerable breakfast; and, after cheering Mic and Judy with a donation they had long been unaccustomed to, he returned to inquire into the progress which had been made in the repairs of the broken axle.

Pierce found that the job was nearly completed, and soon after his appearance the cavalcade again moved on towards Clonmel. Mrs. Carbine had luckily escaped with only a slight scratch on her arm; but, profiting by dear-bought experience, she did not again seek repose on the major's hamper, but contented herself with the top of one of the cornet's chests.

So much delay had been occasioned by the mending of the car, that it was past four o'clock when they reached Clonmel, and here the carmen insisted upon resting themselves and horses. Pierce commanded, expostulated, swore, declared that they would be benighted; but all to no purpose. The drivers halted in the middle of the town, and burying their horses' noses in small bags of oats, with which they were provided, they unanimously absconded into the neighbouring public houses. The cornet had no help for it; so, putting up his horse at the "Great Globe," endeavoured to amuse himself with the knuckle end of a cold leg of mutton, which, after the waiter declaring he could have any thing he wished, was the only food that could be produced. The cornet then paced the four cross streets of the ancient town, and the carmen and horses, having by this time finished the limited provision which they allowed themselves and horses—men, women, and children, were again assembled—cords fastened, and belly bands tightened, and the baggage procceded on its way to Cahir.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAVELLER.

Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown.

SHERIDAN.

THE town of Cahir, (pronounced *Care*) is beautifully situated on the east bank of the river Suire, whose rapid waters, passing under a handsome stone bridge, which unites the main road from Dublin to Cork, as well as that from Waterford to Limerick, divides the picturesque demesne of the Earl of Glengall; and, after skirting many a hanging wood, valley green, princely seat, and venerable pile, unites with the unruffled Nore, and gentler Barrow, in forming the spacious bay and harbour of Waterford.

The faint image of a watery moon was reflected in the stream, as the tired and dejected cornet followed the creeping baggage carts across the bridge, insensible to any thing but fatigue. What though the old and ivy-covered castle, once the residence of that branch of the Butler family to whom the town of Cahir gave the title of baron, frowned in all the dignity of midnight shadow upon his left; what though the scattered ruins of Cahir Abbey gleamed in the misty moonlight upon the opposite bank, and the castellated Bridewell stood high in the distance, the exhausted cornet needed not their beauties. Castle, stream, and tower, were all alike to him uninteresting; and the first objects which produced a satisfactory exclamation from his lips were the high stone wall and accompanying gates, which denoted the entrance to the cavalry barrack.

A good night's rest, however, completely restored our hero to his usual cheerfulness; and after his barrack-room had been washed, his bed set up, and the mess established, he began to think that Cahir might prove a tolerable quarter.

The cornet's letters of introduction in the neighbourhood also served to confirm this opinion, as they began to take effect. The first symptom of this appeared in the shape of a large gilt-edged card from Mr. and Mrs. Macraith, of Galtee Lodge, who requested that the cornet would honour them with his company to dinner, at a small family party. With this invitation the cornet readily complied; and Breakpeace having been invited for the same day, Mr. Doulahan, of the head inn, was ordered to provide one of his best Travellers for the occasion. It should be premised, that the carriages called Travellers, then used by the Cahir gentry, were miniature coaches, on two wheels, drawn by one horse; the body of the Traveller was painted similarly to the larger conveyance, of which it was an humble imitation, and from having a mock door and real handle on each side, presented an appearance of the entrance being similarly situated to that of a coach; but this appearance was altogether deceptive, for the real entrance to the Traveller was from the back, and more than one stranger to its construction has narrowly escaped a somerset by the sudden opening of the door at a part against which he leaned, with unthinking confidence. Galtee Lodge being five Irish miles from Cahir, and the road none of the best, Mr. Doulahan was cautioned to have the Traveller at Breakpeace's quarters precisely at five o'clock, and soon after that hour the captain and cornet took their seats, and were driven out of the barrack yard at a pace which gave promise of a rapid journey; but scarcely had they gained the Clogheen road, and turning to the right, were proceeding along the wall of Kilcommon Park,

when their charioteer suddenly reduced the pace of his steed; and although the rising ground was scarcely perceptible, left the driving-seat, and commenced walking by the horse's side. Breakpeace did not at all understand this manœuvre, and putting his head out of the window, inquired of the driver with some warmth, "what he meant by leaving his box, and going at so slow a rate?"

"Why then," said Pat, with evident commiseration for the ignorance which prompted such an inquiry, "isn't it aisin' the baste up the hill I am, and keepin' the throt for the avenue?"

This twofold consideration, both for the feelings of the horse and his burthen, was too original not to excite the laughter of both passengers, and for some time Pat's walk was uninterrupted; but the little ascent having been surmounted, both captain and cornet agreed that the anticipation of a trot in the avenue, could not compensate for the snail's pace at which they were now going; and, hallooing to the driver, who, with the most perfect indifference to his charge, was seen leaning with both elbows on a low stone wall, fronting the cabin of a friend, who had just appeared to enjoy a passing gossip with Pat, they insisted upon his resuming his seat, and anticipating the avenue trot by at once commencing upon it.

"Ah! then, gintlemin," cried Pat, in a supplicating tone, "be said by me, an' don't yees press the baste now; an' let us go up to the house ilegant."

"Drive on, and be hanged to you!" said Breakpeace.

"What's that, captain?" replied Pat, who dropped the reins he had just resumed, and came to the window with an affectation of not having heard what was so loudly addressed to him.

"Get up, Sir, and drive on, or I shall take the reins myself."

"Oh, very well, captain, if you won't be said by

me:" and Pat finding his argument unavailing, at length mounted the driving-seat, and commenced operating upon the croup of Mr. Doulahan's thin-sided mare, with the but-end of a whip, which appeared to have formerly made part of a flail handle.

This operation was well known to the mare as indicative of Pat's wishes for the increase of her pace, and accordingly her stiffened joints were put into more active motion, which was now aided by a descent in the road, which, turning to the left, led towards the river.

Here new difficulties awaited the travellers, for of the three ways by which Galtee Lodge could be approached, namely, that by the bridge of Cahir, the ford immediately opposite the house, and that at the brink of which they had arrived, the latter was decidedly the worst; in fact, Kilcommon ford was scarcely ever attempted except by horsemen, and by them only in the dryest weather; for the depth of the Suire at this place, and a rocky and uneven bottom, added to the natural rapidity of the river, rendered the passage extremely dangerous; the approach from the barracks to the lodge, however, by this road, was shorter than by any of the others, and Pat had selected it in pure consideration for the old mare's interest, never calculating upon the flood in the river, and the probable consequence of the mare's being out of her depth in the middle of the stream.

The cornet eyed the muddy froth of the stream with no very pleasurable sensations, when Pat checking the old mare's attempt to get a mouthful of water, applied the flail handle between her eyes, and encouraged her to advance. Breakpeace also, who, though a determined *piscator*, and a fellow who would walk up to his waistcoat pockets in water to ensure the rise of a trout, felt no ambition to be carried down the Suire in a Cahir Traveller, and calling to Pat, asked with some anxiety, "whether he was sure that the river was fordable?"

"Och, never fear, captain, but I'll take yees as dry as a turf," was the confident reply of the driver.

"By G—d it must be a *wet* turf then," said Breakpeace, as the old mare stumbled among the rocks, and the crazy Traveller rolling to one side, splashed the water in at the open window.

"Another such a lurch," said Breakpeace, "and we shall have a regular shower bath of it," and pulling up the window, he began to rub the wet off his new aiguillette.

Not much time, however, was allowed the captain for burnishing his silver lace; for scarcely had he made one application of his silk handkerchief to the damaged ornament, when his operation was interrupted by the cornet's "holloa!" and the rapid entrance of water in the rear of the vehicle soon showed him the well-founded cause of his subaltern's ejaculation. Up went the fixed spurs and well-polished boots on the cushions, but not before the cornet, whose presence of mind was not equal to that of his captain, had suffered the lustre of his blacking to be considerably dimmed by the presence of the invading stream.

The machine was now literally afloat, and the old mare, alternately swimming and scrambling, made violent efforts to resist the wilfulness of the torrent, which seemed determined to carry in its course every thing that had temerity enough to resist its current; but notwithstanding the exertions of the mare, the loud encouragement of Pat, and his repeated application of the flail-handled whip, the stream was victorious, and the old mare was borne off her legs, and, together with her load, was hurried down the river at the rate of at least ten knots an hour. Luckily Pat mustered courage enough to keep his seat, and also the reins, which supporting the mare's head above the water, enabled her to swim with the current. The rectangular position which the inside passengers had assumed, preserved their finery from further wet; and although in

awful anticipation of a watery grave, they had yet suffered no personal injury; horse and traveller floated along "*tutus in undis.*" Pat, with all the dignity of the ocean god,

Prospiciens summâ placidum caput extulit undâ,

wanted but a trident to make him a perfect Neptune; the flail-handled whip, however, was more characteristic of his calling, and if laughter could have been justified on such an occasion, Pat's gravity, as over his right shoulder he held the now passive instrument of chastisement, while with the other he anxiously compressed the tightened reins, would certainly have called it forth.

The other ford, which has been before alluded to, as being situated immediately opposite to Galtee Lodge, was about one mile lower down the river; and towards this spot the floating party fast approached. Near the landing-place, on the Lodge side, Mr. Macraith had commenced building a stone wall, for the purpose of taking in a low piece of sandy ground, which was seldom visited by the river, except at high-water, and since the commencement of his work, had been preserved comparatively dry. Against this wall, the principle current of the river ran; and Pat, who was well aware of this circumstance, expected nothing less than that the old mare would meet her death at the wall, and leave him and his fare to struggle with the tide for their lives; he was, however, determined to use his best exertions to prevent this finale, and when arrived within a few feet of the dreaded spot, manœuvred to upset the Traveller side-ways against the wall; this was no easy matter, as any extraordinary feeling of the reins invariably caused the mare to drop her head, and impede her motion; however, by a gentle application of the left rein on one side of her head, and the flail handle on the other, Pat succeeded in get-

ting the Traveller perpendicular to the stream, which being accomplished, the current drove it full against the half-made stone wall, and sent the whole concern on the other side, upon *terra firma.*

The new-reclaimed ground which this wall enclosed was of very unequal quality, being variously interpersed with remembrances of its former occupier, in the shape of pools of water; into one of these the able charioteer was thrown headlong, and completely soused; into another, the cornet, having extricated himself with some difficulty from the small window of the Traveller, inadvertently jumped; luckily the pool was but ancle-deep; and Breakpeace, who received part of its contents in his left eye, was by far the greatest sufferer of the two; the captain's silk handkerchief, however, settled this matter; and both taking off their kid gloves, made show of assisting Pat, at least as far as that assistance was compatible with cleanliness, in righting the machine.

The Traveller, although severely shook in its timbers, and considerably soaked in the under part, yet had not sustained any material injury; and Pat, well pleased to have compromised death for a ducking, thanked God for all his mercies, and begged the "gintlemin to get in while he'd lade the mare through them pools, bother 'em!" Pat's wishes were complied with; and in a few minutes they were entering Mr. Macraith's gateway; but no "throt in the avenue," was here exhibited; and Pat, on being reminded of his promise, replied, with much sensibility, "Ah! thin, is it a throt ye'd have, captains; and the cratur just afther that big swim? sure 'tis much that the ould mare can crawl up the avinu' at all at all, let alone throt, kilt as she is, God bless her?"

The *throt* was not insisted on, and Pat continued to lead his suffering charge until he brought her to the hall-door. Here a servant had been stationed to look out for the officers, whose arrival the company had already

awaited full half an hour. This servant was, as he called himself, "a county Limerick boy;" he had but lately been enlisted in the service of Mr. Macraith, as deputy footman, and was altogether unenlightened as to the construction of the Cahir Travellers. The "Limerick boy," however, was a fellow of quick observation; and the moment that the vehicle drove up, he seized the handle of the false door with much eagerness, and began to pull most violently at the side of the carriage; meantime Breakpeace and the cornet issued from the regular entrance at the back, and quite electrified the "Limerick boy," who was still further confounded by Pat saluting him with a "Blood 'an owns, man, hasn't the Traveller been desthroyed enough without your pullin' the side out of it entirely? lave go and don't be makin' a Judy of yourself."

Pat did not wait for a voluntary compliance with his orders, but *shouldered* the "Limerick boy" out of contact with the vehicle; and leading it off to the stable, left the bewildered footman to follow the officers into the hall.

CHAPTER X.

GALTEE LODGE.

Well! we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate and we drank———

CROFTON CROKER—*apud Dan O'Rourke.*

THE party assembled at Galtee Lodge on this occasion, were Mr. and the two Miss Hibbits, of Golden House; Dick Dashditch, of Coverley; and Lieut. Peeler, of the Horse Police; these, together with Mr. and Mrs. Macraith, their six daughters, and as many

cousins, of equally divided sexes, made up the small family party to which Pierce and his captain had been invited.

Mr. Hibbit, like his youngest daughter, Sally, was tall, thin, near-sighted, and talkative; by the rigid economy of his late wife, and his own successful practice as an attorney, he had been enabled, at the age of fifty, to retire from business, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, which sum, it was generally understood, would be equally divided between the two young young ladies.

The elder Miss Hibbit, or Milly, as her father, in his moments of affection called her, was as conspicuously short as her younger sister was tall; she was also fat and sharp-sighted, and even in the attribute of loquacity, which in general the gentler sex are pretty equally gifted, Milly formed as strong a contrast to her Patagonian sister as could be well imagined. Sally was cold, malevolent, and repulsive; Milly was hot, good natured, and conciliating. Sally had brains enough to be satirical—Milly could not spare her small portion of intellect for any such superfluous purpose. Sally was a stoic philosopher—Milly knew not the meaning of the term. The discourse of the younger sister was conveyed in wire-drawn sentences, of most elaborate construction, keeping the auditor in breathless anxiety for the termination; whereas Milly looked half the meaning of what she intended to convey, and when looks failed, preferred even substituting action to the more verbose system of her younger sister.

But in the mere point of talking, old Hibbit by far exceeded the fair Sally; indeed, no Miss or Madam in the neighbourhood was at all a match for him. Law, physic, or divinity—politics, metaphysics, or phrenology, all were alike acceptable to his argumentative powers; and so objectionable to this orator was anything like a concord of opinion among the company, that he indifferently adopted either or both sides of the

question, in order to ensure himself the excitement of a discussion.

Minor topics also were as highly favoured by him as those of a more sublime or philosophical nature; with the soldier he discussed tactics; with the sailer, navigation; to the sportsman he laid down infallible rules for success; with the idler he argued the comparative merits of boarding-houses: even a pugilist, in describing the science of self-defence, would not have it all his own way, and, in default of more exalted subjects, Hibbit had no objection to uphold any one of the blacking inventors against the other. This was all carried on with an affectation of modesty, and an invariable profession of utter ignorance of the very subjects he so dogmatically argued. Dinner had been ordered immediately on the arrival of the officers; and Mrs. Macraith—a red-faced lady, and ci-devant house-keeper to her lord—now rang the bell, for the sixth time, to know why it was not brought up; instead, however, of putting the simple query, the answer to which had so often deceived her, she addressed the servant on his sixth appearance, with "hadn't you better bring tay?" an inquiry at once so severe and so facetious, that the cornet immediately conceived a high opinion of their hostess's ability. The welcome intelligence was at length announced, and the company proceeded to the dining room:—the lively Milly was consigned to the cornet's charge, and her more stately sister to that of Breakpeace.

At the head of the table, and upon rather an elevated seat, in order to give her full command over a huge tureen of oysters, Mrs. Macraith presided; at the other end, her former, but not present master, was nearly hid from her view by an enormous cod, garnished with smelts; a fine Cork ham, placed between Dick Dashditch and Miss Jane Macraith, occupied the centre, and it was made known to the company by the lady president, "that the turkey to which it belonged

was coming in exchange for soup, and that her husband's cod-fish was to be replaced by a rump of beef." It is unnecessary to specify the quantity and distribution of the potatoes and other vegetables, which were, as may be imagined, not out of proportion to the above eatables.

Old Hibbit, who led the lady of the house to the dining-room, occupied the post of honour on her right hand, the left being supported by the lieutenant of police, who, though of inferior rank to the dragoon captain, was thus complimented in consequence of a "hankering" which Mrs. Macraith said "she thought he had after her eldest daughter." This young lady, a brown little maiden, with sparkling black eyes, was seated next to the lieutenant, and on her left were the cornet and Milly; opposite to these, Breakpeace and the younger Miss Hibbit were stationed, and the lower part of the table was chequered with the remaining Miss Macraiths, and their cousins of various removes. Thus arranged, the scene of destruction and discourse began. The late aquatic excursion of Pierce and his captain, and their fortunate escape from a watery grave, naturally formed the principal topic of conversation; the cornet, in a modest tone, detailed the event to his neighbour Milly; the captain to Sally, but in a voice sufficiently audible to be heard by all the company, who vied with each other in inquiries and condolence.

"I don't pretend," said old Hibbit, addressing himself to Breakpeace, "to any knowledge of the velocity of rivers, Sir; but if your driver had avoided the principal current, by turning his horse towards the left bank, you would have arrived at the wall without much difficulty, or even reached the shore at some other more favourable landing-place. I do not mean, however—do you understand?—to insist upon the possibility of such a proceeding; it merely strikes me—do you see?—that it is evident the carriage could

have been easily landed in the way I mention—do you understand?"

Breakpeace did not at all understand the orator's theory, having just had so practical an illustration of its impossibility, and confessed his inability to comprehend how, in such a current, the plan proposed by Mr. Hibbit could be effected.

Hibbit replied by disclaiming any knowledge of the subject, at the same time adding, that the possibility of the thing being done in the way he mentioned was quite clear and self-evident; however, finding that Breakpeace was not to be convinced against the evidence of his senses, the orator turned to Mrs. Macraith, and proved the case to her entire satisfaction.

"I imagine," said Miss Sally Hibbit, drawing back her mouth into a most satirical smile, "my father purposes to demonstrate that your charioteer, Patrick, is not likely to—a—be convicted before a jury, constituted of—a—persons of competent proficiency in the science of hydraulics, of the crime of supererogation," and the smiling mouth of the speaker closed with the complacency of having uttered a well-constructed sentence.

"Do you mean the driver?" said Breakpeace, abruptly interrupting her.

"Precisely," replied the lady; "I perceive you—a—introduce yourself into the spirit of—a—my induction; the driver, Patrick, or Pat, as you denominate him, cannot, according to my conception of the description of your—a—I may almost cognominate—a—amphibiously jeopardous casualty, be charged with the imputation of—a—super-zealous attention to the important and—a—highly responsible obligations, which the acceptance of the office of—a—conductor to such—a—machine or vehicle as that in which you and Mr. Butler were confident enough to hazard your—a—vitality, necessarily involves."

"Surely Pat did his best," said Breakpeace, having

at length, discovered the bearing of Miss Sally's insinuation, "and nobody could do more."

"I deny your *major*, Captain Breakpeace," smartly replied the lady logician.

"My major!" echoed Breakpeace; "the woman's mad," thought he; and added, "do you mean Major Costiff, Miss Hibbit?"

Breakpeace laid down his knife and fork, stared at his neighbour in evident ignorance of her meaning, and returned to the attack upon some boiled beef, which he found much more easy of digestion than the lady's eloquence.

"I fear that I have not sufficiently rendered my sentiments comprehensible to you, Captain Breakpeace," said the fair orator, "but if you will exhibit the affability to—a—propel me the salt, I will endeavour to illuminate the observation which my father's hypothesis has—a—superinduced."

The captain complied with the lady's request, and, in awful expectation of the threatened "illumination," returned to the beef. Miss Sally having carefully sprinkled a measured portion of salt over her potatoes, to which Dick Dashditch had just added a most uncouth slice of ham, thus continued:—

"The—a—absolute substance of what I intended to imply, Captain Breakpeace, is simply that—a—the person to whose charge was committed the direction of the animal which conducted your machine—"

Captain Breakpeace smiled.

"Oh, you are pleased to be merry, Captain Breakpeace, and affect ignorance of logic; but I must still deny the first proposition of your syllogism."

Now Breakpeace knew just as much about logic as he did of the longitude, and was altogether unable to attach any other than a *military* meaning to the word *major*. Finding, however, that the fair lady's denial neither alluded to Major Costiff, nor to any other major that he was acquainted with, he felt more con-

firmed in his former opinion of Miss Sally's mental misfortune; and fearing that any further verbal excitement from him might lead to some unpleasant exposure of her aberration of mind, he declined replying to the last observation, and again took refuge in the beef.

Miss Sally being for her part much gratified at the opportunity which an uninterrupting auditor had afforded her, of duly maturing the construction of her sentences, felt satisfied with the confounding effects of her elaborate phraseology, and masticated her ham with all the self-complacency of an acknowledged conqueror, and in pure consideration for the limited endowments of the dragoon captain, confined her future addresses to him to simple applications for a "modicum of mustard," "an indefinitely small portion of the vegetable" (meaning potatoes), a request "that the captain would endeavour to prevail upon his coadjutor (the cornet) to accommodate her with some *dog in a blanket*," and such like evidences of verbiage and appetite.

Meantime the lively Milly was probing deep into the heart of Pierce, as much from the simple curiosity of wishing to ascertain whether or not it was untenanted, as from an incipient desire to become the occupier, which the cornet's interesting appearance, and still more interesting escape, had created in the mind of this susceptible damsel. Over and over again was the cornet obliged to detail the several circumstances connected with his late excursion on the Suire, and at no recital did his sensitive auditor fail to pity, ejaculate, and sigh; the conclusion of the story, in particular, had for her feelings a peculiar sympathy; for whenever the cornet arrived at "the pool of water, and the splash into Breakpeace's eye," Milly turned up the whites of her hazel orbits, and looking full in the face of the narrator, shot forth a mingled expression of internal feeling, which seemed to say, "I am sure

I could love you if you would give me any encouragement."

Pierce was so taken up with his subject that he did not for some time perceive to what extent it had interested his fair neighbour, nor indeed would he allow himself to believe that any thing more than a natural commiseration for his sufferings was intended to be conveyed, until, on the ladies' rising to withdraw, a part of Milly's flounce got some how or other entangled in the cornet's sabretache. It then for the first time struck him that something more than the accidental connexion of the straps and muslin delayed the departure of his friend; and when at length, the flounce being extricated, Milly designedly drew it along the palm of the cornet's hand, he involuntarily receded, with a consciousness that he was bound to show her he had no heart to offer.

The ladies having retired, their healths were drank, and Dick Dashditch proposed to the host to "square round the fire," which paradox, according to Dick's conception of mathematics, was effected. Old Hibbit and Lieutenant Peeler now continued an argument on the constabulary force of Ireland, which had been kept up by Hibbit, much to the lieutenant's annoyance, ever since the first course had been removed, and had now arrived at that *ne plus ultra* in the long orator's system of debating, which consisted of his disclaiming all knowledge of the subject, asserting, that "he never argued, but merely stated facts," and concluding with an expression of his usual modest confidence in the infallibility of his own judgment.

"The fact of the matter is this, Mr. Peeler, to tell you the truth—for I don't pretend to argue upon a subject on which you must be much better informed than I can possibly be, but merely state facts—the fact of the matter is—and you will find what I say to be correct, at least that's my idea—that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where the interposition of the civil

power has been required, you will find that the horse police have been totally unavailing; and, in my opinion, the establishment is a decided imposition upon the country."

"Why, docthor," said the lieutenant—for, some how or other, the *ci-devant* attorney had got the nick-name of 'doctor' in the neighbourhood—you don't mane to say, docthor, as we could keep the county of Tip'rary quiet widout the poliss?"

"My good Sir—do you understand?—I don't profess to enter into the merits of your particular profession, which, for all I know to the contrary, may be composed of very worthy men—do you see?—but the fact of the matter is this, for the case does not admit of argument (indeed I should be very unequal to the discussion if it did); but as I merely confine myself to facts, and endeavour to make use of the little intellect which has been given me, why then the question resolves itself into a matter of common experience; to be convinced of which one has only to make use of their eyes and ears; and, according to my estimate of the abstract evidence of a man's own senses, the thing is as clear as that two and two make four. Do you understand?"

The lieutenant saw that it was in vain any longer to uphold the unequal contest; and, turning to Dick Dashditch, inquired after his last day's sport, and made "the Doctor" a present of the argument. Dick detailed the particulars of the elegant run they had with "the grove hounds" the preceding Tuesday; and how he and Tom Flyn rode at the tail of the hounds every foot of the way; and after killing the fox for the second time, ended with—

"But they may talk of huntin' in Tip'rary, and that; but 'tis just nothing at all to the huntin' in the county Galway. 'Tis there ye'd see the five-feet walls and six-feet walls, coped and dashed, besides dthrains your two eyes couldn't see over."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed old Macraith, "Dick, you are a gallows bird; come, help yourself to another glass of claret; the bottle stands with you."

Dick declined, and expressed his preference for "the sperits and the matarials," which were accordingly handed him, and done ample justice to. Breakpeace laughed, leaped walls, ditches, and drains, with Dick, drank his wine, and enjoyed himself amazingly; the cornet sipped his claret at the corner of the table, near the fire, and, though a more tranquil observer, derived considerable amusement from the scene. At length, thinking of the Suire and the Traveller, and perceiving that his captain was becoming rather elevated by his imaginary hunting and real drinking, he set the example of retreat, and adjourned to the drawing-room.

There the fair Milly had been long anxiously expecting his arrival, and calculating upon the cornet's reserve, had taken possession of a seat so near the door that, even if he had mustered courage enough to advance towards the centre of the room, she had ensured herself a passing notice by interrupting his line of communication. Pierce, however, had not yet forgot the flounce hint in the dining room, and the wine having no doubt increased his confidence, he, to the destruction of all Milly's calculations, marched boldly forward to where Miss Jane Macraith was presiding at the tea-table. Milly's design, however, was not to be thus parried, for, drawing the piano stool after her, with an effort that ought to have excited the gallantry of a ploughman, she took up a position in a recess of the window, and sighing deeply, requested Miss Jane to send her some tea. Who but the cornet could be the bearer of this consolation? Pierce instinctively offered his services, and presented the cup to the fair Milly, with every appearance of being gratified with his office; but it was not so much tea that the lady wanted—not so much the mere vegetable excitement

of that invigorating plant. Pierce's presence was the desideratum; but, notwithstanding the most unequivocal expression of hazel eyes—in spite of the most judiciously displayed shoulders, of unrivalled whiteness —notwithstanding the parenthetical exhibition of a sweet little foot, which was occasionally protruded to relieve the cornet's eyes from the monotony of the carpet, and the most encouraging promise of corresponding symmetry above the ancle, the cornet's heart remained unmoved—

Steel clad against her whole artillery,

for Susan Lovett reigned there predominant.

The cornet, however, took the tea to Milly, and in due time was requested to place the empty cup on the table. Unintentionally on the part of the cornet, and apparently arising from a suddenly assumed position of the restless Milly, a concussion of elbows took place at the moment when Pierce held out his hand to receive the cup. Milly drew back, and looking up at the cornet with the most amplified expression of benevolence, in which rebuke was most angelically mingled with affection, archly whispered, "Oh, Mr. Butler, what a flirt you are!" Poor Pierce, unconscious of any cause that he had given for such an accusation, blushed indignantly at the mere implication of an act with which he was at no time chargeable, and begged ten thousand pardons for any apparent rudeness, which he declared was unintentional; then again offering to convey the cup, opened his hand to receive it. Milly seized the proffered palm, and after significantly compressing it in her own, declared Mr. Butler "was very serious," and at length suffered the cornet to depart with his charge.

The rest of the gentlemen now entered, and disposed themselves in various parts of the room. Breakpeace steered as wide of the logical Sally as the small room

would admit; Lieutenant Peeler devoted himself to Miss Jane; Old Hibbit struck up an argument with Mrs. Macraith upon the best mode of making raspberry jam; the master of the house went to sleep in the corner; and Dick Dashditch, describing a zig-zag course from the door to the tea table, abruptly observed, "Miss, that's a fine tay-pot."

"You may say that, Mr. Dick," said Mrs. Macraith, who had a quick ear for any compliments that were paid to her table appointments, and now left the doctor to make his own case of the raspberry jam; "that's a son and heir, as they call it, as has been in the family these thousands of years."

"An heir-loom, I presume, Mrs. Macraith purposes to notify," drawled Miss Sally.

"Oh! that's not what I mane at all, Ma'am," said Dick, "it's what I was going to say, that this tay-pot is nothing at all to my mother's tay-pot."

"Why, what sort is that, Mr. Dick?" replied the lady, not a little disappointed at an insulting comparison, instead of an exclusive compliment.

"Lord bless you, Ma'am, ours is a golden tay-pot."

"A golden tea-pot?" exclaimed half a dozen of the young ladies.

"Oh, do tell us what it is like," said Miss Jane.

"Why, then I'll tell you," answered Dick, "The goulden tay-pot, that stands at home in the butler's pantry, d'ye see—a waikly woman would'nt lift the spoon that's belonging to it."

"Oh, my gracious!" unanimously exclaimed the young ladies.

"Ha, ha, Dick, you're a gallows bird!" said old Macraith, as he was awoke by the young ladies' noise.

Some coffee-cups having been ordered in for those gentlemen who last arrived from the dining-room, the "Limerick boy" entered with a salver, bearing six china cups of a handsome and valuable pattern. The deputy-footman having only that day entered upon

office, and having moreover "wetted his commission" rather too freely, a certain degree of nervousness was created in his person, which caused the downfall of the tray and entire fracture of all the cups, immediately after his kicking the door to. Mrs. Macraith, determined to show her good breeding, made no observation on the accident, and suffered the servant to collect the fragments, and return with another set. Almost exactly in the same manner, these cups, which were still more valuable, also met an untimely fate, and, with one or two exceptions, were entirely destroyed. The hostess, no longer able to bridle her rage, now seized the deputy-footman by the skirt of his coat, as he was rapidly retreating with the mutilated china; and raising the coat sufficiently high to allow full space for her intended reproof, she applied the *argumentum à posteriori* with the full force of her broad muscular hand, accompanying the action with the concentrated expression of, "Take that!"—thus giving vent to her stifled feelings in both words and action.

Pat obediently received his mistress's donation, and not being ambitious to excite any further practical exhibition of her kindness, was soon out of sight: nor did he venture again that evening to show even the skirt of his coat inside the room.

The cornet now thought that affairs were becoming rather too domestic to justify the presence of visiters, and gave Breakpeace a hint to that effect, who, glad to have an excuse for escaping from a long argument upon "flatulent colic," in which Hibbit had entangled him, rang the bell, and ordered the Traveller. Pat soon appeared at the hall-door, and apparently not depressed in spirits by dinner and punch, which was always liberally provided for the "quality's servants," by the shrewd hostess, she herself having experienced the popularity-creating effect of good feeding.

Hibbit, being deserted in his "statement of facts," also prepared to depart; and Milly was not slow in

requesting the cornet's assistance in finding her clogs and mantle: while these were being arranged, she took occasion of hinting to the cornet the delights of "moonlight walks with one that one likes"—at the same time endeavouring to convey to the cornet her idea of who that favoured *one* was; but Pierce was indissolubly cold: and after having seen her trot after the long strides of Miss Sally and "the Doctor," followed Breakpeace into the Traveller.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ASSIZES.

The business to the laws alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By the labour of their consciences.

HUDIBRAS.

ONE fine morning, when neither the duties of the riding-school nor barrack-yard interfered, our cornet rode into the town of Clonmel, which he found in an unusual state of bustle—pigs, cows, horses, men, women, and children, tow wigs and great coats, presented one compact mass in the principal street. It was in vain that our hero, with an air of authority which at other times would, perhaps, have proved irresistible, ordered the rude rabble to make way before him. "Och wisha, and do you want to ride over us?"—"What a jontleman you are!"—"Where the divil are you going with your hoss?"—saluted him from all sides, and he did not advance one inch. As Pierce was debating with himself what all this could mean, he

saw a carriage, drawn by four Rozinantes, moving slowly on through the crowd. Before the carriage, marched, with all the pomp of war, two men in livery, carrying white wands, with a fifer belonging to one of the regiments in garrison, who, as he went, ever and anon—

> Blew a blast so loud and shrill,
> Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;

at least, so thought many of the by-standers, who had been long taught to associate with such wood notes wild, the loss of those who were nearest and dearest to them. Upon Pierce, however, who had no such associations, this "Tip'rarian" pageantry produced a very different effect; and when the well-known air of "Moll in the Wad" (which the artless musician had oddly enough selected for this occasion) came on his ear, he laughed so loud and long, as to arrest the attention of the crowd around him, who, concluding naturally enough that he was amusing himself with their feelings, shook their shilelahs, and seemed to threaten a general attack upon our hero. He thought it more prudent, therefore, for the present, to restrain his mirth, though he did not understand exactly how it was he had provoked the anger of the Tip'rary boys. At length the carriage already mentioned, approached the place where the cornet was, and he saw within it, bolt upright, in pride of state, an individual, whose richly powdered wig and flowing robes proclaimed a dread minister of the law, and explained at once to Pierce the cause of this unusual assemblage of persons, and of the hostile feelings which he had so unaccountably excited. In fact, the assizes had already commenced, the judge was then on his way to the court-house, with the intention of entering upon a very long criminal calendar, even for the county of Tipperary: and the cornet was in the midst of the numerous friends of the

prisoners, in whose fate they naturally felt an intense interest. Pierce, who was fond of discussing legal questions ('twas no wonder, for he had already sat upon no less than three courts-martial, with much credit to himself,) thought that this was an opportunity, not to be lost, of extending his knowledge of the laws of his country. Besides, he was still smarting under a defeat, which he had suffered the day before, in an argument with the major, who was considered in the regiment an accomplished lawyer. "I shall floor them all (thought he,) at the mess, when next a point of evidence arises for discussion, and the major shall acknowledge me to be the better man." Accordingly he followed the judge's carriage, which soon brought him to the door of the court-house; and giving his horse to one of his troop, who was there in attendance, he entered with the crowd the body of the building. It was not without great difficulty that Pierce made his way; indeed his red coat did him no service. As the country was in a state of insurrection, and the military had been often called out to assist the civil power, they were no favourites with the lower orders. Perhaps, if our cornet had been a little less imperious, with a little less of the professed dragoon in his manner, he might have done better. But no doubt he thought that an officer bearing his Majesty's commission, should assert himself—at least, should not be trampled upon by a greasy Irish mob. The time, however, was inauspicious; his orders and efforts were alike unavailing, and attempting to force a passage by applying one of his spurs to the bare leg of a Tip'rary boy, near him, who bellowed out, "mill' a murdra!" he was on the point of being rudely handled by the crowd, when a country gentleman with whom he was acquainted, came to his assistance, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in procuring our cornet a place in the grand jury gallery. When Pierce got in, he found the clerk of the crown calling on the prisoners.

Clerk. "Patrick Gilloughly, are you ready for your trial?"

Prisoner. "Na, my lord."

Clerk. "Well, you must be ready to-morrow. Timothy Spillaan, are you ready for your trial?"

Pris. "My lard, my wutnesses arn't come yit; they'll be here a Monday."

Clerk. "The court can wait no longer, you promised to be ready yesterday. Gentlemen of the jury, you are to understand, that in No. 201, Timothy Spillaan stands indicted, for that he, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil—"

Pris. "Och, my lard, my lard, I'm as innocent as the shyld unborn."

Clerk. "Hold your tongue, Sir; his lordship will hear you by and by.—On the third May, &c. &c. with a certain oak stick, value sixpence."

Pris. "Och, my lard, my lard, I didn't do it."

Clerk. "Silence, Sir.—Which he, the said Timothy Spillaan, then and there held, did assault one Patrick Hurlihy; and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, &c. &c.

After the clerk of the crown had read the indictment, in which he was interrupted from time to time (as already mentioned) by the prisoner, a smart, attenuated, little, bald-headed old gentleman, with small, sharp-cut features, whose superabundant vivacity and restless demeanour had already caught Pierce's attention, rose to address the jury, beginning *sotto voce*—

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty, my painful duty, to lay before you the particulars of this case, which I shall do as briefly as possible; and, if I am rightly instructed, it is the most frightful, the most atrocious case that was ever submitted to the consideration of a jury of this county, or any jury—or any jury—(here the learned counsel raised his voice rapidly

to a *fortissimo*, and suited the action to the word by striking one hand violently against the palm of the other). I am not ignorant, gentlemen of the jury, of the history of this county for many years back (indeed I ought to know it, for I have myself, I may say, been engaged professionally in the greater part of the business which has come before the juries of Tipperary for the last thirty years)—I am not ignorant, I repeat, that this county has been but too fruitful in crime—that it holds a fearful pre-eminence in guilt over the other counties in Ireland.

> Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia campos,
> Jusque datum sceleri;

and therefore I speak advisedly when I use such strong language. Gentlemen of the jury, the deceased Patrick Hurlihy went, at the time laid in the indictment, which you have heard, to the fair of Thurles, in this county, with a view (as I am instructed) of making some purchases there. The fair was, as usual, very much crowded, and several tents were erected on the ground for the accommodation of the visiters. It appears that the deceased was sitting in one of these tents with some of his friends, quietly enjoying the classical recreations of the place. Now, gentlemen of the jury, the deceased wore a wig—a tow-wig; the weather was hot, and he did what I think you will all of you consider very natural for any man to do under such circumstances; he took off his wig, and placed it on a peg in the tent—on a peg in the tent." (Here the learned counsel looked through a small eye-glass, which was suspended by a black ribbon from his neck, inquiringly, first at the judge and then at the jury.) "Having done this, gentlemen of the jury, which any of you might have done under the same circumstances, the deceased put his head out of the tent, to see what was passing in the fair. His head,"—(here the crown

solicitor suggested the word bald)—"didn't I say so, Sir? His bald head was thus exposed for about a minute."—(Here the solicitor whispered 'two minutes.')—"No matter, Sir; I beg I may not be interrupted. When a tremendous blow, which, I am instructed, was given by the prisoner at the bar, felled him, the deceased Patrick Hurlihy, to the earth.

Sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.

(Here Pierce cried out, "Bravo, bravo!" upon which the judge called to the sheriff, "Mr. Sheriff, take that man into custody." The sheriff, however, could not, or did not care to discover the person who disturbed the court, and the learned counsel proceeded.)

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the blow was given with such professional dexterity, that the unfortunate man never spoke after. I know not what defence will be offered for the prisoner at the bar. It will scarcely be said that the temptation was irresistible; that an Irishman, a Tipperary man, at a fair, emerging, perhaps, from the intoxicating atmosphere of a whisky shop, with a shilelah in his hand, could not be expected, in the superabundance of his strength and spirits, to pass by unnoticed so provoking an object as a bald head thrust out of a tent. But, gentlemen of the jury, his lordship will tell you that drunkenness, so far from being a justification, or even a palliation, is an aggravation of the offence. Will it be alleged that the blow was intended for somebody else, and that the deceased was killed undesignedly? If that line of defence be adopted by the counsel for the prisoner, I have to tell you, gentlemen of the jury, (and the court will correct me if I am wrong,) that if the act intended or attempted were a felony, the killing is murder. Your lordship knows" (said the learned counsel, putting his glass to his eye, and addressing the judge *sotto voce*) "your lordship knows that it is laid down in Forster, page 261,

and in 1st Hale, page 441, 'That if a man deliberately shoot at A., and miss him, but kill B., this is murder.' I trust, however, gentlemen of the jury, that nothing which I have said may prejudice your minds against the prisoner at the bar. God forbid that it should! God forbid that any observation which I have made should induce you to forget that ancient and wholesome maxim of our law, that every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. At the same time, I have no hesitation in repeating that if my statement is borne out by the evidence, the case now submitted for your consideration (I insist upon it) is the most frightful, the most atrocious case, that ever disgraced the criminal calendar of this county—or any county—or any county."

The learned gentlemen here concluded his statement, *fortissimo*, striking, with his brief, in the recklessness of his action, the well-powdered head of an old sentimental solicitor, who sat near him, and then sat down, *non sine pulvere*.

Pierce thought this was the very finest speech he had ever heard; several times during the progress of it he was on the point of applauding the speaker: indeed, once, as we have already mentioned, he actually gave utterance to his feelings, and was very near being committed to the custody of the sheriff for his pains. The clerk of the crown now called the first witness, Dennis Fogarty—

> The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
> 'Dinnis Fogarty!' they shout around,
> 'Dinnis Fogarty!' the vaulted roofs rebound;

but no Dinnis Fogarty came, and after waiting a considerable time, the judge was desiring the counsel for the crown to call their next witness, when a head which "tower'd above his sex," was seen advancing through the crowd, and presently the aforesaid Dinnis, with difficulty emerging from the dense mass of per-

sons who surrounded the table, stood confessed before the court and the jury. Schiller has said of Posa,

> Das jahrhundert,
> Ist seinem ideal nicht reif—Er lebt,
> Ein bürger derer, welche kommen werden.
> *Don Carlos, Scene* 10, *Act III.*

Now, though we will not venture to predicate quite so much of our friend Dinnis, yet certainly it would not have been easy to find his equal among the boys of Tipperary. He was near seven feet in height, of astounding proportions, and a long loose frieze coat, with ample cape and sleeves (which, made more for ornament than use, hung tenantless at his sides,) set off his figure to the best advantage. His nether garment was of antique sheep skin, "rich with the spoils of time," and open at the knees; while round his brawny calves hung, in picturesque festoons, the sad remains of a pair of Connemarra stockings. The expression of his countenance was various and contradictory; one set of his features seemed to be at war with the other; his heavy brow and restless eye "portended treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" but then a paradise of fun and good humour was opened in the lower region of his face. In short, he was evidently (as the saying is) up to any thing, and the general *bizarrerie* of his appearance was not a little aggravated by his having taken a glass too much that morning. After Dinnis was sworn (and this was no easy matter, for he was twice detected in kissing his thumb instead of the book,) he took his seat, looking knowingly at the gentleman of the bar who was going to examine him, as much as to say, "by my shoul, Mr. Counsellor, but you shan't be after coming over me with your blarney any way." The examination then proceeded.

Counsel. "Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?"

Witness. (pretending not to hear, and inclining his body towards the counsel) "What's that, Sir?"

Counsel. "Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?"

Witness. "Did I know him?"

Counsel. "Yes, Sir;—did you know him?"

Witness. "Did I know him?"

Judge. "Why don't you answer the question, witness? Did you know him?"

Witness. (with much impatience, as if he thought that the counsel knew this as well as himself, but was affecting ignorance for some sinister purpose) "Why to be sure I did."

Counsel. "Is he living or dead?"

Witness. "Living or dead?"

Judge. "Why don't you answer the question, witness? I shall put you into the dock if you don't. Come, Sir, is he living or dead?—answer that gentleman."

Witness. (advancing close up to the counsel and looking him in the face, as much as to say, "I now see clearly you are trying to humbug me, but I'll show you that I'm not such a spalpeen as you take me for") "Damned well, you know he's dead."

Dinnis was now called to order by the court, and threatened with being sent to jail if he did not conduct himself with more decorum. The examination then continued a good deal in the same strain (Dinnis, notwithstanding the warning given to him, re-echoing almost every question before he answered it,) until he was called upon to identify the prisoner at the bar. Dinnis then rose, and looked round the court in every direction but the right one, standing for a considerable time, as if in great perplexity, and without saying a word. A wand was now put into his hand, and the judge desired him to place it on the head of the man who had struck the deceased Hurlihy. Upon this Dinnis commenced a most scrutinizing search, thrusting the wand in every direction through the crowd, as if to poke out the villain should he endeavour to conceal himself, and standing on his toes lest any one

should escape him. At length, (as if he had suddenly and unexpectedly made the long wished-for discovery) he placed the wand on the head of a young gentleman of the bar, who had just entered the court. Roars of laughter followed this palpable hit of Dinnis, in which he himself joined most heartily, and the counsel for the crown, after threatening him, to no purpose, with an indictment for perjury, in order to induce him to identify the prisoner, ordered him at length off the table. Though the crown was so far unsuccessful, the second witness fully identified the prisoner at the bar, and the case for the prosecution was then closed. At this moment, there was a general cry of "make way for counsel!" and Pierce saw a large man, of massive though not unwieldy proportions, moving through the crowd.

As if glorying in his might, this great character disdained to insinuate his portly circumference whenever an opening might present itself, and so to wind his weary way, but flung his body fearlessly among the opposing masses of his fellow-creatures, and bore down all before him, while the attorney for the prisoner, who had hitherto been obliged to conduct the defence single-handed, watched his wondrous progress with anxious eye, and an expression of countenance which seemed to chide the unfeeling multitude for visiting the ample sides of his favourite counsellor too roughly.

"Oh, Counsellor! I'd have been lost, if you hadn't come," said the sensitive attorney; "indeed, I'm afraid they are too strong for us as it is!"

"What have they proved?—what have they proved?" asked the counsellor, in a hurried manner; and then a close conversation followed between the counsellor and his wily employer, which was not audible in the grand jury gallery. Pierce, who had often sentenced a fellow at a court-martial, upon evidence infinitely less cogent than that produced against the unhappy man in the dock, was now puzzling his brains to anticipate

what could be said in his behalf, when the aforesaid ponderous limb of the law rose.

> Talis prima Dares caput altum in prœlia tollit,
> Ostenditque humeros latos, alternaque jactat
> Brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras.

"My lord," said this legal Dares, pulling his wig violently with both hands, until he had got it quite awry, "I humbly submit to your lordship, that the prisoner at the bar should be acquitted. They have failed; indeed they have not even attempted to prove the length and breadth of the wound, which is quite material. The doctrine is laid down distinctly in 2d Hale, that the length and breadth of the wound must be shown in all cases where it is possible to do so. Now here, my lord, there has not been even a scintilla of evidence upon that point."—(Here the counsellor took another pull at his wig.)—"Indeed, for any thing which your lordship has heard this day, my client—my unfortunate client, may be perfectly innocent of the charge brought against him." ('The devil he might!' says Pierce to himself.) "For how does the indictment run? (give me the record.) Now I pray your lordship's attention to this for a moment. 'On the 3d of May, &c, and so forth, with a certain oak stick. and so forth, which he the said Timothy Spillaan then and there held, did assault one Patrick Hurliby, and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, and so forth.' Some evidence has been given, I understand (for I was engaged in the other court when this case was called on), that the prisoner at the bar struck the deceased Patrick Hurlihy; but that is not enough; they should have gone further, and showed that the wound was of the dimensions described in the indictment, for *non constat* that it is the same transaction. Such evidence, even in a civil action, would not sustain the declaration; but my unfor-

tunate client's case is much stronger, standing here as he does in a criminal court. He is not, it is true, in affluent circumstances; but, good God, my lord! is there to be always one law for the rich and another for the poor in this ill-fated country? Are the lives of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth to be squandered away in this clumsy manner? Are the bloated, the base aristocrats who"—(Here the eloquent gentleman was called to order by the bench).—"I beg your lordship's pardon; perhaps my feelings led me to say what was irrelevant. I shall not trespass further on the time of the court; but I call upon your lordship, upon the principles of common sense"—('This is too bad,' thought Pierce)—"and the authority of Hale, and all the authorities, to acquit the wretched man at the bar."—(Here the great counsellor raised his shoulders to his ears, and moved his body as if he was in the act of sawing a piece of timber in a sawpit, a grace of action peculiar to himself, and with which he was in the habit of enforcing his oratory. The antique vivacious gentleman who had stated the case for the prosecution, and who exhibited symptoms of the most ludicrous impatience while his opponent was arguing this point of law in his client's favour, was now again on his legs, and darting his tiny person between the judge and the junior counsel for the crown, who was about to reply, said (with elaborate calmness, *pianissimo, tempo, adagio*):—

"Surely your lordship knows that, even where it is necessary to state the length and depth of the wound, it need not be proved."

Judge. "As laid."

Counsel. "I knew so, I said so, I was going to say so." (These words the learned gentleman uttered with a rapid *staccato*, which was so in singular contrast to his *legato* exordium, and brought down peals of laughter from the bar. This evidently discomposed the counsellor not a little, who first looked round him

indignantly, and then proceeded):—"need not be proved as laid—as laid: but in this case, I contend it need not be proved at all." (Here both the counsellor's hands were brought into violent collision.) "Your lordship will recollect that this is the case of a contused wound—of a contused wound;" (here the hands of the counsellor were again in action to enforce the emphatic words.) "And I believe your lordship will find, that where it is alleged (which it is, in substance, in this case, for the instrument is stated to be an oak stick, value sixpence—value sixpence), that the wound was a contused one merely, it is not necessary to prove the length and breadth of it. Your lordship may recollect a case which occurred in this county, in the spring assizes of the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine—one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine." (The learned gentlemen mentioned the year, first, slowly and solemnly, and then repeated it *prestissimo*, striking, as before, one hand vehemently against the other.)

Judge. "I was not called to the bar at that time."

Counsel. "Well, no matter; the very authority which my learned friend has quoted (give me Russell) will bear me out in my proposition. I have doubled down the page, my lord." (Here the learned counsel handed a book up to the bench.) Pierce could not make head or tail of all this; "what matter," said he to himself, "how long or how broad the wound was if it caused the man's death? but I suppose I shall know more, by-and-by, when the judge comes to give his opinion." The judge, however, who was considered to be a very learned lawyer, soon plunged our hero into a chaos of legal metaphysics. It was in vain that Pierce, with every disposition to be enlightened, tried to follow his lordship's subtle ratiocination. At length, tired out at once with the length of the trial, and his unavailing efforts to comprehend the discussion on the point of law, he left the court-house perfectly mystified (*hibernice*) fairly bothered.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh! 'tis the curse of love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

THE cornet had not sojourned more than three months at Cahir, during which period he had many opportunities of participating both in the festivities and disturbances with which the fine, but riotous county of Tipperary, is so strangely chequered, when, one morning, soon after the return of the trumpet-major from the post-office, Adjutant Muzzy appeared in the cornet's room, and handed him a memorandum from the colonel, which set forth that he, "Cornet Butler, was to proceed forthwith to Cork, there to relieve Lieutenant Shirker, who had obtained leave of absence to go to England, on private business of the utmost importance."

This intelligence was by no means unwelcome to Pierce; two years had now nearly elapsed since he had left home, and he felt naturally anxious to renew his acquaintance with old friends and old scenes. This arrangement would also enable him to eat his Christmas pudding at Ballybutler; and, not the least prominent in his thoughts, would relieve him from that racking doubt respecting the feelings of Susan Lovett, which "ever and anon," imbittered his repose.

Cheerfully, therefore, did the cornet witness the transference of his property into chests and portmanteau, in which operation the zealous Carbine and his wife most diligently officiated. Pat expressed his surprise that "what brought the masther's things there,

'wouldn't bring 'em away agin:" but accounted for the fact by his own belief, that "clothes always grows big by thravellin'," never recollecting that Pierce had been obliged to buy an entirely new undress uniform, in the place of his second-hand purchase from the paymaster, which, after a year's wear, he found did not at all fit him; the inutility of this suit, however, made no difference to Pat, who had a trick of packing up every thing that came in his way; indeed, to such an extent did he carry this propensity, that the cornet, during his march to Cahir, found himself, not unfrequently, in possession of the combs and night-caps belonging to the proprietors of the inns where he had been billetted. The second-hand suit, therefore, was not forgotten, and Pat having squeezed into the last trunk about twice as much as it was originally intended to carry, looked up at his master with a highly satisfied air, and asked, "whether there was any thing else to go?" Pierce laughed at the idea of such a possibility, and sent him to inquire after the best mode of conveyance for himself and baggage to Cork.

Pat, departing, said, "he would find all that out in less than no time from Mr. Houlahan, the furniture man, forenent the barrack-gate," and soon returned with the information that the Dublin mail did not pass through Cahir to the south, until three o'clock in the morning, but that "there was an *ilegant* jaunting car, Mr. Houlahan said, which started at two o'clock every afternoon."

On the faith of Mr. Houlahan's representation, Pierce selected the latter conveyance, and soon after the time specified, was on his way to Cork. The "*ilegant* jaunting car," "caravan," "car," or "jingle," by each and all of which names the machine was known, was a two-wheeled uncovered vehicle, carrying six passengers, *dos-à-dos*, whose legs were protected from the weather, mud, and other casualties, by large leather aprons; the centre part of the machine was

occupied by the luggage, and the whole was drawn by two horses, and driven by a humorous, great-coated charioteer, who acted in the threefold capacity of coachman, guard, and companion to the passengers.

Skirting the base of the magnificent Gallic mountains, which, fencing the glen of Aherlow on one side, form, on the other, the right boundary of the road from Cork to Mitchelstown, they entered the latter place, where a change of horses awaited them. Here the cornet seized the few minutes' freedom which the delay afforded him, to catch a hasty view of the princely castle just completed by the Earl of Kingston; and having seen enough to give him a decided conviction of the taste and magnificence of the noble projector, he returned to resume his seat on the "caravan."

Being "centre by threes," between a fat Clonmel quaker, and a not much dissimilar sized Fermoy brewer, the cornet did not feel his situation very comfortable, and was not sorry when, having passed the dreary mountain country which intervenes between Mitchelstown and Kilworth, the car descended towards the smiling Funchan river, and the diversified beauties of the picturesque Moore Park; here the driver directed his attention to the beautiful ruins of Cloughleagh Castle, which, boldly situated on the verge of the river, form such an invaluable addition to the adjacent demesne, and directing his attention to the shattered walls, and mutilated battlements, added,

"'Tis the gray stone 'tis built with Sir, that—'tis called after Clough-a-leagh, sure, and a *purty* name it is, though it looks all *yallow* now, entirely, with the moss. Do you see the *riz*,* there, in the field?" he continued; "there it was where the bloody soldiers of that murdering thief of the world, Cromwell, planted their great guns, and began battering away at the castle as fast as shot could fly; but you see they may

* Rise.

just as well have been firing at the air, for the never a one of them could hit it, and so they were obligated you see, to *bumbard* it, which is what they used to call starving out a place, in the old times. Well, for certain, 'twas to the greatest perfection of distress that the poor Irish—the creatures of the world—(well, if my heart, now, doesn't bleed for them)—'twas to the very greatest perfection of distress they were pushed by them bloody-minded Cromwellians keeping watch that nothing should come near them. And 'twas rats, and such like *varmint*, they were eating in inside of the castle, and sure glad to get that same; 'till at last,' says Cromwell, says he, 'there's no use stopping any long here; 'tis to no good at all,' says he, 'to be thinking to take that damned Castle of Cloughleagh."

Here the quaker, with a demure look, interrupted the driver in his history of the siege of Cloughleagh, by the question, "Art thou sure *that* was what Cromwell said?"

"The very words, surely," replied the driver, nothing disconcerted; "Oh, I'd take my Bible oath to the very words. 'Indeed, 'tis to no good at all,' says he, 'to be thinking to take that damned Castle of Cloughleah.' Sure I *hard** my father, God rest his soul, any way, honest man, tell all about it as often as I have fingers and toes on me, and sure he ought to know. Oh! 'twas the very words, indeed, 'that damned Castle of Cloughleagh.' Why, that Cromwell thought nothing at all about rapping out a thundering oath, let alone saying a little bit of a damn that has no harm in life in it. 'Well,' says Cromwell, to his soldiers, 'boys,' says he, 'by daddeens, we'll be off tomorrow morning with the first light, bag and baggage,' says he. Well, in the evening there came a piper among the soldiers, who were great dancers to be sure, and he played up elegantly, and the soldiers were

* Heard.

footing it bravely, when out comes Cromwell himself, and up he goes to the piper—'Here,' says he; 'here's my hand and word for you, that I'll make a man of you, and all the rest of your family, if you just step up to the castle, by way of being a friend to them inside, and find out for me how many days longer they can stand the racket.' The piper was a bold fellow, and away with him; up he went, dancing and playing, to the castle gate, and singing merrily, as if he was giving them the notice of Cromwell's being off with himself. '*Connestu, connestu, connestue, remele?*'*—them were his very words. Well, the poor Irish within thinking, from his speaking in their own way, and knowing him in the country of old, made sure of his being a friend to them. So a poet they had inside, one M'Auliffe, by name, though they did not open the door, sung out, matching it to the tune—

Thaum she go thubes though
Gan pookly nehil gum,
Ne brain ishkegum—nehil raw na minegum—
Nehil leum se thigigum.

"Stop, friend," said the quaker; "can you give us the meaning of this in English?"

"Oh, not properly at all. 'Tis beautiful poetry—sweet as honey every word is, and they all match so cleverly; but it means—only you haven't let me finish it—it means, you see, that they were in a sad state within, having nothing to eat, and that they were without water, and had neither bread nor meal. Oh, I can't English it rightly. If you could but understand the Irish, it would make your heart bleed for them. Well, away went the piper, singing gayly as any skylark, back to Cromwell, and he told him of the state they were in at the castle; so Cromwell stopped for another day, and the castle was, you see, obligated to

*How are you—How are you—How are you inside?

be given up to him; and 'twas he, to be sure, that didn't spare the hanging and the shooting of the poor half-starved Irish that he took in it. 'Twas all the means of that rascally piper, the downfall of Cloughleagh. *Cundune na Clough a leha*, is the name of the blackguard piper's tune," which, without further preface, the driver began, in a mixture of singing and whistling.

Ascending now, the distant mountains of Kerry bounded the horizon, which was again interrupted by nearer eminences, until arriving at a precipitous descent, the sparkling walls and cheerful edifices of Fermoy came in view; and, crossing the rapid Blackwater, over a handsome bridge, they stopped a second time to secure fresh horses; but no time was allowed the company for either eating or idling, for soon the "caravan man" cracked his whip, and quickly all legs were snugly tucked behind the leather aprons; and, dashing through a crowd of beggars, they soon left Fermoy far behind. Kilshanick, Lisnegar, and the sweet clematis-covered cottages of Rathcormuck, flew by without a pause to dwell upon their beauties; nor did the caravan stop at Watergrass-hill longer than to enable the gossoon to comply with the driver's injunction, that the horses should only get "the laist dthrop in life of wather;" but here, as at Fermoy, a crowd of beggars assailed them, and the driver's signal for departure was heard with universal satisfaction. Descending now for some miles from the high ground upon which Watergrass-hill was situated, they approached, by a somewhat serpentine course, the romantic glen of Riverstown, and all that exquisite scenery, which, accompanying the windings of the Glenmore river, is so pleasingly contrasted with the comparative dreariness of the country which immediately precedes it. Precipitately approaching the river by Glenmore church, they continued to follow its course until, where uniting with the wide expanse

formed by the confluence of the sea and the Cork river, the humble mountain stream became lost in the vastness of its more favoured rival, which, swollen with the double offering of its tributary tides, rolled on in placid dignity, under the richly overhanging foliage of Lota; from hence, in full view of the opposite peninsula of Blackrock and its antique castle, which the dying beams of an autumn sunset now faintly gilded, they drove along the extended line of flat ground, which, running at the base of innumerable country seats, and sloping lawns, and rocky banks, and deep, impregnable foliage, led, girt by her noble river, to the "second city in Ireland."

Pierce welcomed the well-known spires; and gazing beyond their summits, as if, miraculously, his exerted sight could reach those walls in which the cause "alike both of his hopes and fears" was centred, he strained his eyeballs at the distant mist, and, after vain efforts to penetrate its density, relapsed into doubt, and pain, and misery.

The caravan at length reached the drawbridge, and there crossing the north channel of the river, rattled over the rough pavement of that street which the good Catholics have honoured with the name of their patron Saint, and deposited its load at the office. Pierce was not long in reporting himself at the barracks, and having made a few hurried arrangements about quarters, hired a jingle to convey him to Ballybutler. As he journeyed thither, an *en passant* visit to the Glebe suggested itself; this, he thought, would at once relieve his mind from suspense, and as he had not received the order to march for Cork in sufficient time to admit of his notifying his approach at home, he had the less hesitation in making his first visit to that house wherein all his affections were most engaged. Alighting, therefore, at a stile which led by a back approach to the rector's house, he dismissed his conveyance, and with a beating heart, stole rapidly along the

path; the sun had just gone down, the pensive colouring of an October day was rapidly giving place to the more sombre tints of incipient night, and the startled flutterings of those birds who were frightened from their early slumbers, by the cornet's approach, gave a nervous animation to the otherwise stilly scene. "On such a night as this," said Pierce, "Susan, Eleanor, and I returned from a walk to the village, and Eleanor asked me something about the moon, and I answered, I know not what, and Susan smiled, and then we walked on; and here, in this very walk, Susan caught a glow-worm, and laying it on her lovely little hand, showed it me, sparkling in the dark, and I thought she——"

"Loved me," he would have said; but the chilling dread that it was not so, the uncertainty—viewing the case in the most favourable position—of the state of her feelings, completely overcame him; and, violently endeavouring to repress his increasing agitation, he pressed both hands upon his breast, and leaned against a tree for support; then recovering his presence of mind, he firmly resolved to know the worst; and darting forward, ran like lightning towards the house. In a moment the bell was pulled, the knocker was struck, and Pierce, breathless with the excitement of mind and body, was ushered into the hall by one of the old servants. The man, with whom Pierce had been always a great favourite, was about to utter a loud exclamation of joy at this unexpected visit, when Pierce suddenly checked the oration with his hand, and conjured him not to announce him until he had a little recovered himself; then sitting down on one of the hall chairs, he endeavoured to compose his scattered senses, and finally suffered himself to be shown into the drawing-room. Eleanor was preparing to tune her harp, and Susan was sitting, quietly working, in her usual position, near Mrs. Lovett, when the cornet entered. All rose, and greeted him with kindness, at

the same time expressing surprise at his unexpected appearance. In Susan's manner there was something laboured that gave him strange misgivings; and he saw her with much astonishment leave the room soon after his entrance.

The cornet now underwent a strict cross-examination from Mrs. Butler and her eldest daughter, who, with that ardent thirst for knowledge which has ever characterized the female sex, even in the most incipient stages of illumination, plied him with questions upon the most minute points of his occupations and amusements since he had left home. Pierce met these inquiries in a manner most unsatisfactory to the catechists; for, exclusive of a natural indisposition to gratify that sort of curiosity generally denominated "idle," which he had always possessed, his communicativeness was now still farther impeded by frequent and involuntary wanderings of his eyes and thoughts towards the door, so much so, that Mrs. Lovett, despairing to get from him any connected narrative of the private life of a young dragoon officer, gave up the point, and told Eleanor to go on with her music. Susan at length returned, and the cornet felt relieved; and when Eleanor had concluded her performance, was collected enough to ask Susan for a song.

An alarming indecision of purpose now evinced itself in that countenance which formerly had never failed to express the gentlest compliance with any such request from Pierce as the present, and he found himself, for the first time, obliged to repeat a wish, the gratification of which, he used to think, afforded her equal pleasure as himself.

Mrs. Lovett now gave Susan a significant signal, which seemed to have a magical effect upon her intentions and movements; for without any further solicitation from Pierce, the fair hesitator laid down her work, and, with apparent alacrity, but real unwillingness, moved to the piano, followed by the cornet. The

distant situation of the instrument gave Pierce an opportunity of speaking to Susan, unheard by the rest of the company, and he was resolved to avail himself of the circumstance for ascertaining the state of her feelings: while, therefore, she was engaged in seeking her songs among a number of music books, which lay upon a canterbury behind the music stool, he affected an intention of assisting in the search; and intercepting her arm as it passed from one end of the canterbury to the other, he made an effort to seize her hand, Susan's arm was indignantly drawn back, and the gentlest of gentle countenances assumed an expression which he did not believe it capable off. But the meaning of that expression could not be mistaken: the blood ran back to poor Pierce's heart; he would have given worlds to have been enabled to rush from the house, and hide his sufferings in the darkest shades of night; but he had not the power of moving from the spot: a petrifying chill pervaded his whole frame, and he sat rooted to the chair, in all the agony of wounded feelings.

Susan, although really annoyed at the confident overture of Pierce, and anxious, in sincerity, at once to show him that he had entirely miscalculated the nature of her feelings towards him, was yet too benevolently organized not to view with much compassion and regret the unhappiness which deceptive appearances, and a too sanguine imagination had entailed upon Pierce; and having hurried over a short waltz, in place of the intended song, which she found herself too much embarrassed to accomplish, she hastily left the piano, and returned to her work. Pierce also rose; and feeling his situation becoming every moment more painful, gave notice of taking his departure for Ballybutler.

Mrs. Lovett expressed her regret, "that the rector," who, it appears, was absent at a visitation dinner in Cork, "should not have had an opportunity of seeing Pierce; but hoped, as he was now quartered so near

them, that they would often have the pleasure of his company."

Pierce made his acknowledgments to Mrs. Lovett, bade her and Eleanor good night, and in a perfect tremour approached Susan; she, as if fearful that he would depart without his accustomed cordiality, stretched forward her hand with a degree of intent that struck Pierce as being strangely inconsistent with her demeanour at the piano; he was not, however, disposed to quarrel with the qualification, and his eyes beamed with delight as he accepted this apparent testimony of kindly feeling: still further was his surprise and pleasure increased as Susan, with much adroitness, took this opportunity to place in his hand, unnoticed by her mother and sister, a small *pacquet*, which he with equal dexterity conveyed to his pocket; then, breathing more freely than he had done since his arrival, he cheerfully once more bade all good night, and bent his steps towards Ballybutler.

But alas! short-lived was the cornet's joy; for Susan's outstretched hand had borne no test of happiness for him, no testimony of that hidden affection which, in his wild enthusiasm, as he received her gift, he fondly imagined she might, from some unknown motive, have been anxious to conceal from her mother and sister, and, that having publicly evinced her objection to his attentions, she had taken this delicate mode of expressing her real sentiments, and of relieving his suspense. No: Susan's hand was extended to wound, and not to heal; the *pacquet* contained—not an avowal of her affection, not a testimony of those feelings which her prudence had disguised—but the little "love-ring," the early offering of Pierce's devotion—the first timid evidence of that flame which burned, and was suppressed.

* * * * *

Pierce dropped the ring with horror, as the moonlight fell upon its gems: and, mortified pride rapidly

succeeding disappointed affection, crushed the innocent trinket beneath his feet, and buried its fragments in the earth; then baring his burning forehead to the cool night air, he hurried from the spot like one pursued, and leaping over the stile into the Ballybutler avenue, soon gained the house. He felt that any transition of place and persons would be a relief to his agitated feelings; and, although he was aware of his unfitness to appear before his own family in such a state of mind, he yet preferred risking the interview to trusting himself to the effect which his own irritated, mortified, and self-accusing feelings might produce, if left to be augmented by thought and solitude; luckily, however, for Mrs. Butler, who would have been extremely alarmed, both at the unexpected arrival of her son, and also at his agitated appearance, she had retired to rest before Pierce reached the house; and O'Leary, after his often repeated salutation of "welcome, your honour is welcome, Sir," told him that there was nobody at all in the dthrawing room, but the "big masther and your uncle Jem, Sir, and the missis's brother's daughter from Castletownroche, God bless her."

Pierce had no great fancy to encounter the missis's brother's sister," as O'Leary called his cousin, Geraldine Massey, who always exhibited a greater portion of cousinly affection for him than he had any ambition to receive; she was, moreover, rather patronized by his father and mother, and the cornet had often conceived strong suspicions that they wished "to make a match of it," for Geraldine was of "gentle blood;" and as Pierce could trace his descent on the father's side from the noble Ormonds, so could Geraldine and his mother produce a long genealogical character from "the white knight," and the renowned Fitzgeralds. Pierce, however, as has been said, had no wish to form a more intimate union with his ennobled cousin, and never heard the intimation of her annual visit to Bally-

butler with much satisfaction; he made no reply, therefore, to O'Leary's intelligence, but silently followed him to the drawing-room. "Uncle Jem," was an elder brother of Mr. Butler, a country gentleman and thorough sportsman, and an attentive landlord, possessing activity of body and mind unproportioned to his years, and a buoyancy of spirits which rendered him, at the age of seventy, not an unacceptable companion to the youngest stripling. A disappointment in his youth had made him rather illiberal with regard to the qualifications of the female sex, and he never missed an opportunity of justifying his celibacy by exposing their mental weakness and instability. The veteran made nothing of riding from his seat near Doneraile to Cork, a distance of full five-and-twenty Irish miles; and, after still further extending his journey, by dining at Ballybutler, would, if necessity required it, return to Grange Park the same night.

He was also singularly indifferent as to the entertainment which he met with on these occasions; he would sleep soundly on the hardest bed, sofa, or other resting-place which the house afforded; he would devour, with equal cheerfulness, the toughest ram mutton and the highest doe venison; and, in default of more nutritious aliment, would eagerly roll into his plate the contents of the potato dish, and dispose of its simple sustenance with all the satisfaction of the most delighted epicure. Indeed the latter dish was rather a favourite; and although, for appearance sake, and to avoid discovery, he did not often indulge in that description of dinner at his own table, yet, if his walk through the farms happened to be delayed beyond the usual dinner hour, he was not unfrequently to be seen partaking of his tenant's hospitality over a bowl of smoking "murphys."

It was after one of these long rides that Pierce found "Uncle Jem" at Ballybutler, and he shook the old gentleman's hand with sincere joy. After receiving

the cordial "welcome" of his father, and the more warm salutation of his fair cousin—"Look how the boy has grown, James," said old Butler, gazing on his hopeful heir with delight. "This compayning will really make a man of him at last: but," taking up the glass, as Pierce shrunk from so close a scrutiny, and moved to the other side of the room, "you look pale, my boy!—has any thing been the matter?—you're not come home on sick leave, I hope!"

Pierce assured his father he was quite well, and explained the cause of his unexpected appearance.

"Well, we won't frighten your mother by showing her your ghastly face to-night," said the governor, "which, perhaps, is caused by fatigue, and, may be, to-morrow will bring some of your old colour back again; but have you heard of the doings at the Glebe since you left us?—By Jove, you are just come in time for the wedding."

"The Glebe, Sir!—wedding!"

"Wedding! ay;—why, you look as if I had said funeral. Don't you know that Susan Lovett is going to be married immediately, and that your friends at the Glebe are as busy as bees making wedding clothes, and what not?

Pierce grew paler than ever; but, with a power over his feelings, which he possessed to an extent that his general equability of manner scarcely rendered perceptible, he suppressed an almost bursting expression of internal agony, and summoned presence of mind sufficient to inquire into particulars. Geraldine gladly undertook to be his informant, and from her the suffering cornet heard, with mortification and pain, that a few months since, an English ensign of an infantry regiment then quartered in Cork, had brought letters of introduction to several families in the neighbourhood, and, among others, to Mr. Lovett; that Mr. Methold, for so the Englishman was named, being supposed of good family and connexions, and moreover an elder

son, and heir to a considerable landed property in Northumberland, was particularly patronised by Mrs. Lovett, who wisely thought that such qualifications would render the ensign a desirable husband for either of her daughters. Methold, therefore, soon became the *enfant de la maison* at the Glebe, was a constant partaker of the rector's Sunday dinner, and of his lady's evening tea; devoting those hours which were not occupied by his regimental duties, in either accompanying the young ladies in their accustomed walk along the Lee, or an occasional and more extended excursion among the picturesque scenery of Blarney; that, in short, Methold, having a tall, handsome person, with mild, gentlemanly manners, soon won the heart of the placid Susan, and the affection proving reciprocal, they were to be married, provided—"

"Provided what?" eagerly demanded Pierce.

"Why, Pierce, you appear rather seriously interested about the Lovetts," significantly replied Geraldine, who had been watching the workings of his countenance during her recital, and had seen the evidence of that internal struggle which was now tearing his heart.

"Provided Methold's father consents, and—"

"Makes a good settlement on his son," added old Butler.

"And a fat jointure on the lady," said Jem laughing. "Yes, yes, nephew cornet," continued the uncle, "old Lovett is no such fool either, although she is making the wedding clothes, and giving the ensign his tea: and, mark my words, brother, but your neighbour, the rector's wife, with all her cleverness, will be puzzled about those silks and satins yet, for, as I say to the tenants, when they want a lowering of rent, 'there are two words to that bargain.'"

Pierce heard the prophetic observations of his uncle, with that exquisite sensation of hope which comes so blissful when least expected; and giving immediate

confidence to the imaginary probability which had been suggested, of such difficulties occurring in the pecuniary arrangements as might prevent the marriage, he eagerly seized the momentary consolation which it afforded, and felt his mind restored to comparative tranquillity.

But the night was growing late: and "Uncle Jem," having insisted upon the cornet joining him in the destruction of some devilled gizzard and mutton bits, after which he could not well escape the natural follower of hot whiskey punch, all parties repaired to their respective chambers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATCH-MAKER.

Ast ego, quæ divum incedo regina!

VIRGIL.

Falstaff. Go to, you are a woman, go!
Hostess. Who, I? I defy thee; I was never called so in mine own house before.

SHAKSPEARE.

"UNCLE JEM" was not unwarranted in the observations which he made respecting Mrs. Lovett and the intended marriage of her daughter, for this lady had proceeded upon a speculation extremely hazardous; but before the reader can fully enter into the spirit of that system of "manœuvering," for which the rector's wife was so deservedly notorious, it is necessary that he be afforded some insight into her history and character.

Mrs. Lovett was the spoiled child of a silly mother;

whose idolatrous affection for this her only offspring was rewarded by a rebellious violation of every duty towards herself, and a confirmed predominance of self-will in the character of her child.

Passionate by nature, obstinate by indulgence, this young hyena soon acquired a complete sovereignty over her weak-minded mother, who, having lost her husband at an early period, found herself in due season under the complete dominion of "miss in her teens."

It could not be expected that this independent young lady would delay long in selecting for herself a husband; and, accordingly, she played amiable before the simple-minded rector, then only a curate, and private chaplain to the Bishop of Limerick. Having a neat small figure, small blue eyes, and a *naïveté* of manner which to a stranger disguised her wilfulness—possessing also a smattering of music, and such fragments of other accomplishments as she had thought proper to learn—young Lovett, though often warned by his more penetrating companions, thought he had at last found that goddess for his parsonage which he had so long wished for; and though Miss Garrett had but little fortune, and was of low extraction, he spurned his friends' advice, and offered her his hand.

They were married at Limerick, the lady's birthplace; but the society of this town did not long suit the now elevated taste of Mrs. Lovett, who insisted upon her husband removing to Cork. Through his patron's interest, Lovett's curacy was exchanged to the Cork diocess, and the living of Carigrohan soon after falling vacant, he received the preferment, and his present glebe.

Lovett, "good easy man," soon discovered that his friends were right, and that he had "caught a Tartar." Madam would have every thing her own way; the servants were ordered here, the horses there, and the master everywhere; new acquaintances were made,

old ones were *cut;* walls were pulled down, ground was broke up; and one day, when poor Lovett wanted his own riding mare, for the purpose of attending a vestry meeting at the parish church, the coachman informed him, with a look of much compassion, that the missis had sent her to Ballincollig for cabbage plants."

Thus was the unfortunate rector dependent upon his regal wife, for even the means of performing his official duties; and he submitted, for a reason which has influenced many, similarly circumstanced—"a quiet life." Years rolled on—the daughters were born—and the same determined spirit that induced Mrs. Lovett to resist every effort of her own mother, to form her mind and perfect her education, now led her to exercise the most tyrannical sway over her two interesting daughters.

Having employed that time which had elapsed from the period of her marriage to the time when her children were first capable of receiving instruction, in endeavouring, by excessive industry, to make amends for her neglected education, Mrs. Lovett was at length enabled to be herself the girls' instructress in the spelling-book; and, with her husband's assistance, to correct the first errors of pronunciation and grammar. Then, daily receiving as she gave instruction—treasuring up also, in a naturally good memory, the criticisms of reviews, the observations of men of science, and every minute detail that her unblushing curiosity could extract from men of learning and intelligence, who chanced to be her guests—she soon obtruded herself on society as the possessor of high literary attainment. Confident in proportion to her ignorance, no subject was beyond her grasp; the more profound indeed, the more was it an object for the exercise of her argumentative powers: and when, out of consideration to her sex, and in courtesy to his hostess, a well-bred visiter conceded his position, she crowed with the

exultation of a half-bred game-cock, and sneered her satisfaction with disgusting self-complacency.

But scientific and literary fame formed but two objects of Mrs. Lovett's ambition; she would also be a vocalist—not one of your sing-song, every-day performers, who have just ear enough to learn the last new ballad, and execution sufficient to flounder over the accompaniment; but a *prima donna*, a first class amateur singer of Italian (not one word of which, by the way, did she understand)—a reader of long intervals, at sight, and a ditto executor of the most complex chromatic passages; all this, too, in a voice which, of all known noises, bore most resemblance to that of the peacock; for, although tolerable in her youth—at least, tolerated by Mr. Lovett in his days of courtship—it had, from long use, and frequent excitement of the jugular glands in bursts of passion, become so exceedingly hoarse, husky, and disunited, that the insensibility of a saw-sharpener was required by him who hazarded his ears with her penetrating discord.

The good lady's singing was, however, the most innocent of her weaknesses—that is to say, if one could bear it; for if the listener had only nerve enough to keep his hands from his ears, and preserved such a distance from the instrument as would enable him to watch the suitableness of word to action, he could not fail to be amused—perhaps, to laugh outright.

The latter was, however, a serious crime, and whoever ventured so far to forget himself as to exhibit the smallest wrinkle of a laugh while Mrs. Lovett was singing (comic Italian alone excepted), must bid adieu to all hope of another invitation to the Glebe.

But the trait in Mrs. Lovett's character more immediately connected with this part of our history, remains yet to be told. She considered herself a "match-maker" of the first order. True, her experience had not afforded her any extraordinary advantages over her neighbour matrons, in this peculiar

branch of matronly duty; for, except her own well-planned and executed marriage with Mr. Lovett, she had never made any application of the art; but the learned lady had a certain straight-forward theory on the subject (if straight-forward it could be called, which justified any means of attaining the object), which, in her own eyes, rendered her superior to the majority of contemporaries. Mrs. Lovett's motto was "*finis coronat opus*," not that it is pretended the good lady understood Latin (although she often quoted the language), but that her idea with regard to "match-making" was, "the end justifies the means;" and to the utmost stretch of this theory, she was now fully acting.

Methold was an elder son, and supposed heir to a handsome fortune—consequently a desirable son-in-law for Mrs. Lovett. Methold was asked to the house, and asked again; he fancied Susan, proposed for her, and was accepted. "But," said Mrs. Lovett to the loving Ensign, "you must write to your father about the settlements."

Methold was "sure his father would do every thing that was right." Meantime, Mrs. Lovett laid in the materials for wedding clothes, and, in conjunction with her daughter Eleanor, and the destined bride, commenced manufacturing them at the Glebe; for anticipating objections from Methold's father, she conceived that a display of being in earnest on her part, conveying, as it did, a negative assertion that Methold's honour was implicated, would tend to remove whatever reluctance the father might feel to oppose the marriage, or refuse making a sufficient settlement upon her daughter.

Thus was the case circumstanced at the period of the cornet's visit. All parties were in suspense—all anxious; and Methold, at Mrs. Lovett's suggestion, had just obtained one month's leave of absence from his regiment, for the purpose, as his intended mother-in-law said, "of facilitating the business, by personal communication."

The possibility of failing in her deep-laid scheme, and the consequent disappointment which such an event would occasion to her daughter and young Methold, did not in the least disturb the repose of Mrs. Lovett; for she had laid it down as an axiom, that "nobody could die for love," and felt no compunction in allowing the fullest scope to her daughter's feelings, and suffering the warmest interchanges, and reciprocal expressions of affection, between her and Methold—even though such encouragement should terminate in the breaking off of the marriage, and the destruction of their sanguine hopes. "I have no notion," she would say, "of all that girlish romance about love and constancy, plighted faith, and such-like absurdities, which only distract a woman's attention from the main point, and create in her mind a dangerous carelessness about future prospects; the establishment is the thing to look to—the settlement, the jointure. 'Love in a cottage,' indeed! Don't talk to me of such nonsense. When I married Mr. Lovett, I took good care that he came down with a jointure of one thousand six hundred per annum: and no man shall ever marry one of my daughters without settling on her one thousand a-year, at the very least. They may tell me that all this should be ascertained beforehand, and that it is wrong to suffer my daughters' affections to become engaged without first ascertaining what settlement would be made: but no: I say the true plan is, give every encouragement to both; throw them in each other's way as much as possible—confirm the attachment of the young man—work him to that state in which he considers his life not worth having without the girl: and, then, when you have completely fixed, unchangeably bent upon his object, then, at that critical moment (for every thing depends upon a true judgment of the time), turn him out of your house, bag and baggage, and tell him not to show his face there again, until he can bring a proper settlement.

"Perhaps the father may object; perhaps, having a large family, his circumstances will not admit of his giving so large a jointure to the wife of his son. No matter; once fix the young man, I say; excite his hopes to the utmost; then make him perfectly miserable; and if he does not work the rest for you himself, why I know nothing of the matter.

"And as to the girl suffering, if the speculation fails, don't talk to me of such nonsense. That can never occur, if she is properly brought up—not a bit of it; time, and another lover, will soon settle that matter. Besides, girls should never be allowed to feel or think, in cases of the kind; all should depend upon the mother: and, thank God! I have brought up my daughters in such a manner that they never could depend upon me for consistency, or feel any confidence as to my intentions."

The latter assertion was strictly true. Mrs. Lovett having, no doubt, in view the ultimate establishment of her daughters, as widows with large jointures, had, from the earliest period of their susceptibility to disappointment, endeavoured to diminish that feeling by constant excitement of it. If a sugar-plum, for instance, was offered to one of the infants, it was not for the purpose of gratifying its palate, but that the baby should expect, and be disappointed; if a rosy-cheeked doll was fancied, the wish was, indeed, at first complied with; but just after the child had lavished her endearments upon the wooden idol, and, full of sanguine expectation, was anticipating its improved appearance in gown and sash, the deceitful present was withdrawn, and all hope of its reappearance destroyed; and, in after-life, when dolls and sugar-plums had lost their interest, an expected ball or play, a promised drive to the races, a half-given ornament, or, sometimes one absolutely presented, were all made subservient to causing disappointment; so that, in fact, even at the ages of eighteen and twenty, the gratifications gene-

rally experienced by these sweet, submissive, though tormented girls, were those which they never expected and had least intimation of.

But these acts of torment were comparatively trifling —mere notices of preparation for the more serious trials which awaited them, when their increased attractions drew suitors and admirers around them.

Eleanor was the first sufferer from blighted hope, and the deceptive system of her cold-blooded mother. This lovely girl, about a year before the occurrence of those events recorded in the last chapter, had formed an attachment to a Captain Herbert, of the artillery, then stationed at Ballincolly; he had been first introduced to Mrs. Lovett, merely as a dancing partner for her eldest daughter, at one of the Cork balls. His family, connexions, and circumstances, were all alike unknown to her; but soon evincing himself a devoted admirer of her daughter—being, moreover, unexceptionable in manner and appearance, and consequently a respectable addition to her suite at any party—Captain H. was patronised at the Glebe, and his visits encouraged. The unsuspecting Eleanor, naturally gay, open, and confiding, returned his sincere professions of affection with all the enthusiasm of a woman's first love: and notwithstanding all her early education, notwithstanding all the discouragement to hope and expectation which it had been her mother's efforts to instil into the minds of her children, and in spite of her repeated experience of that mother' want of feeling and consistency, she gave way to the ardour of youthful passion, and fondly anticipated a union with her beloved Herbert.

Balls and parties followed each other in quick succession at the Glebe. Herbert was always present; if Eleanor walked, Herbert was suffered to attend her; if she rode, he was by her side; in short, wherever Eleanor was seen, there also was Herbert: and so completely did the assiduous lover monopolize the ob-

ject of his affections in public, that rarely was she seen to dance with any other; and it was confidently asserted, and as confidently believed, that they were to be married.

No formal proposition had, however, yet been made to Mrs. Lovett, for Herbert was poor, and dreaded the effect which might follow a disclosure of his circumstances. Day after day did he resolve to open the subject, and know the worst; but the same dread of disappointment checked his utterance. Again he resolved, again was unable to execute; and the timid, ill-fated Herbert, and his adored Eleanor, went on happy in the present, anticipating the future, and dreaming of bliss which they were never destined to enjoy.

At length, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of a friend in the regiment, Herbert was induced to walk up one morning, manfully, to the Glebe, to declare his hopes, and expose his circumstaaces.

It was, as may be supposed, on Mrs. Lovett's fiat, that his fate depended; the poor rector, good soul, not presuming to interfere in such matters: and, accordingly, to the lady manager he was announced, and addressed himself.

She, after hearing poor Herbert's disclosure—which, indeed, consisted of little else than a simple statement of the mutual attachment of Eleanor and himself, and a brief summary of his pay and allowances—sharply replied—

"The simple question is this, Captain Herbert—can you settle one thousand a-year jointure upon my daughter, or not?"

Herbert stared with astonishment at such a question—"he had never possessed above half that annual income."

"Then what do you talk such nonsense for?" she replied; and, turning her back upon the petrified captain, flounced out of the room.

Herbert remained, for some moments, motionless, in the position where Mrs. Lovett had left him; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he appeared to think of some argument which he had omitted to make use of, and hurrying back to his barrack-room, wrote a long letter to Mrs. Lovett.

There, after detailing his long attachment, disappointed hopes, unfortunate circumstances, &c. &c., he stated that "exchanging into a regiment in India would give him considerable pecuniary advantages; and that if Mrs. Lovett would not permit the marriage to take place at the present time, he trusted she would not object to an engagement being entered into until such time when his finances would be so far improved as to enable him to make a suitable provision for her daughter."

Mrs. Lovett was closeted with her lord when this letter was put into her hands; and, after slightly glancing at its contents, which she had not patience to read through with attention, she threw it into the rector's hand, and said, "There, can you see one thousand a year jointure in that letter, or not?"

The obedient rector, after reading the letter through most methodically, confessed that he was unable to make out any such settlement.

"Then write to Herbert immediately," said the lady, "and tell him to put Eleanor out of his head; was there ever heard such nonsense!"

The poor rector, conscious as he was of all the encouragement which Herbert had received, and of the highly unjustifiable and unfeeling conduct of his wife, was now obliged to implicate himself in the business, by forbidding Herbert to appear again at the Glebe, or have any farther communication with his daughter. This letter was dictated, as were most of his other letters, by Mrs. Lovett, and thus she contrived to make her innocent husband strike the severest and

final blow. Herbert left Ireland the next day, and was never after heard of.

The unhappy Eleanor was not only ordered to accompany her mother to a large party the very day when her long-cherished hopes were blasted, but cautioned by this unnatural parent to appear in her usual high spirits, upon pain of severe displeasure.

Such was Mrs. Lovett, and such her system of ingeniously tormenting. The observations of "Uncle Jem" were therefore well founded; and it cannot be a matter of surprise that the naturally sanguine temperament of Pierce led him to anticipate, that the intended marriage of Susan and Methold might probably have the same termination as that which has been already described.

At least there was a possibility: and the warm imagination of the cornet extending the chances in his favour, as he turned on his pillow in restless irritation, a fictitious dream of happiness stole over his mind, and the consoling vision lulled him to repose.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE APOLLO SOCIETY.

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
* * * *
He struts and frets his hour upon the stage.
SHAKSPEARE.

Glorious Apollo! strike, strike the lyre.
WEBB.

AMONG other societies at Cork, with which the cornet became acquainted during his residence at the barracks, was one, whose name alone was sufficient to render it immortal. This may appear like a pleasant gentleman apprising the company that he is going to tell them an excellent story, and then concluding with what a popular writer (borrowing from our neighbours, the French,) would call a *platitude*;* but when the reader is informed of what materials this society was composed, and the truly benevolent purposes for which it was instituted, he will probably think, nay, I have no doubt he will say, that its merits have not been overrated. Would that, in the language of Horace,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit;

but every association (not excepting O'Connell's) will have its decline and fall.

This society, then, was the *posse comitatis* of all the dramatic talent of the Irish Southern Athens; it was

* *Vide* "Sayings and Doings," Third Series.

formed for the purpose of increasing the funds of the several charitable institutions in the city, by the performance of plays, and was called the Apollo Society. Some of our classical readers will perhaps smile at the name, recollecting that Apollo was the deity who, according to the notion of the ancients, inflicted plagues: and certain it is, that many of the performances of the said society, before it lingered out of life, were rather heavy inflictions on the patience of the Cork public; but it should not be forgotten, that Apollo was also the god of all the fine arts—of music, poetry, and eloquence; and though we have not heard that he ever took the chair at any of their meetings, yet we think that he would have had no reason to have been ashamed of his Coreagian sons, at least in the early period of their history.

The Apollos enacted tragedy, comedy, and tragic-comedy, opera, melo-drame, and pantomime, to say nothing of farce and buffoonery, in which they were singularly effective. Where could the amateur of the drama see a better "Nipperkin" than Toleken? a more nonsensical "Noodle" than Varian? a more uncompromising "Shylock" than Besnard? or a more perfect personification of the jovial "Father Luke" than Dan Corbett? In the love department, however, it must be confessed that the credit of the society was not equally maintained; and when we consider the country which gave it birth, and the poet's hitherto undisputed assertion, that

> Love is the soul of a nate Irishman,

this deficiency is not easily accounted for. Dennis certainly showed some genius in the pathetic, and but for his eternal grimalkin phiz, would perhaps have completely satisfied the ladies of Cork—and that was no small matter. But poor Blotie's was the worst attempt of all; he first came out as king of the blacks in

Oroonoko, and gave great promise as the representative of sable royalty; but afterward, either mistaking his powers, or vain of the versatility of his talents, or, perhaps, anxious to redeem the character of the society, he took upon himself the lover's part. One fatal evening he appeared as "Frank Rochdale" in "John Bull." It is scarcely necessary to apprise the reader that this is a gentlemanlike, sentimental character, and requires no ordinary powers of feeling and passion. Blotie dressed the part well enough. He had no gloves to be sure; but what of that? he mounted a most respectable *chapeau bras* (we don't say where he borrowed it), which he swayed to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, as he addressed the lovely object of his affections. Towards the conclusion of the play, the lover, as the reader may remember, is supposed to have lost his Dulcinea, and, uncertain what had become of her, to rush upon the stage, exclaiming in a paroxysm of grief and despair, "Where is my Caroline?" Poor Blotie, it must be confessed, burst upon the audience with abruptness and rapidity enough from one of the side scenes; but when he came to the all-important inquiry of "Where is my Caroline?" he delivered it with the air of a sober, discreet gentleman, who was calling for his hat or umbrella; indeed, as, in the hurry of the moment, he had forgotten that most valuable appendage in the hands of an embarrassed lover, the aforesaid *chapeau bras*, many might have supposed that his cool, careless interrogatory, had reference to the said chapeau, and not to the lovely Caroline: those, however, who were near enough to hear distinctly what he said (the ladies of Cork in particular) laughed outright; but the impassioned lover having regained his chapeau and his Caroline, pursued his course with untroubled pulse to the end, and made his bow to the audience, to all appearance perfectly satisfied with his own performance.

Of all the members of the society, there was no one who more deeply felt and sincerely deplored the deficiencies in the love-making department than did Ludlow. This son of Apollo was manager, treasurer, wardrobe-keeper, and occasional prompter, to the society; and, filling so many and such responsible situations, thought, naturally enough, that the fair ladies of the Southern Athens would visit him with their high displeasure for neglecting so important a branch of his duties, and for suffering every idle pretender to passion to usurp that place which should have been allotted to more poetic souls.

The manager, therefore, looked around him, with all the intense anxiety of a man high in office, whose character depended upon the judgment of his selection, for some son of Apollo, whose figure, feelings, and dramatic power, might ensure to the fair spectators a lover fit to

> Mount the Trojan walls,
> And sigh his soul towards the Grecian tents.

This was no trifling object to accomplish, and the manager thought long and deeply on the subject before he arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. Not one of the candidates portraying the tender passion but was in some particular defective. Finny was too fat —Magara was too thin—Conway wanted voice—Dennis wanted face—Deane, sen. had no action—Deane, jun. no legs; in short, the more he considered the more he was perplexed: and as often as the curtain fell upon a sentimental scene, the anxious manager trembled for his reputation.

At length, after the most mature and painful deliberation, he came to the conclusion, that among the numerous and talented members of the Apollo Society, there was no individual so calculated, both by nature and education, to supply the deficiency as himself.

This he stated formally to a general meeting of the performers, held in the green-room, for the express purpose of considering the subject; and an opinion coming from one so well qualified to pronounce upon the merits of the individual in question, was, as may be expected, unanimously agreed in.

Indeed, if the case had been left to the decision of a jury of young Cork spinsters, they could not have come to any other conclusion than that at which the impartial manager and the general meeting had arrived; for it was notorious to every one who pretended to the knowledge of Cork scandal and society, that Ludlow had acted the lover in real life more than once, and that he had acquitted himself, not only to the admiration of the specially favoured lady (for that would be nothing), but also to the perfect satisfaction of all the Cork female world who had witnessed his performance. Now, those who consider that woman is

> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

must admit that this was no mean praise. Besides, he had already obtained universal applause in a character which to the chivalrous spirit of the knight-errant adds the soothing accents of the lover—a character, indeed, which may be considered as one of the most gigantic conceptions of the modern school of tragedy, and in every way calculated to display the highest powers of the actor—Bombastes Furioso!

Ludlow had played the part of Bombastes to the unbounded applause of crowded houses; in this character he made his *debut*, and the *savans* of the great Irish southern Athens will not easily forget the noble, dauntless manner in which he gave that fine passage—

> Who dares this pair of boots displace,
> Must meet Bombastes face to face.

and then prostrating himself at the feet of his mistress,

sunk the matchless heroism of the soldier in the persuasive eloquence of the lover.

Ludlow also played (or, as an ill-natured critic would probably say, puffed) on the German flute, which, as our readers must be aware, is always an infallible proof of the true swain.

> The soft complaining flute,
> In dying notes discovers
> The woes of hapless lovers.

The manager's next performance was Buskin, in Hook's celebrated farce of "Killing no Murder," which character requiring more fun than pathos, did not make any great demand upon the actor's sensibility. Cavalier, however, as Buskin's treatment of his betrothed may be, the successful performance of the manager in that character, gave him encouragement sufficient to make his next appearance in the part of Delaval.

Delaval, our readers may perhaps forget, is the *nouvel marié* in the farce of "Matrimony," who, having married for love, at an early age, found, soon after the honeymoon was over, that the fair Clara and he had some jarring qualities in their dispositions, which, after occasioning many childish quarrels between them, ends at last, in a serious rupture; they bring their complaints before the minister at Berlin, who, seeming to comply with their wishes for a separation, sends them each without the knowledge of the other, to an old castle in the country. Here they unexpectedly meet, and after mutual abuse and recrimination, become reconciled. The scene in which the reconciliation takes place, is considered the most effective in the piece, and the manager had prepared himself for a perfect delineation of the opposing passions of love and hatred. In the display of the latter feeling he was indifferently successful; but when the grand climax of affection arrived, when the increasing tenderness of the two parties leads them passionately to pronounce each other's

name—"Clara!"—"Frederick!"—"My dear Clara!" and the enamoured Delaval ought to have clasped, with vivid impulse, his lady to his arms, according to all authorities, ancient and modern,

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est,

the frigid manager coolly contemplated the lady's charms, at a respectful distance; and after methodically uttering the prescribed sentence, "My dear Clara," stood bolt upright, looking occasionally, and somewhat impatiently, towards that side of the scenes from which he expected to be relieved by the entrance of a third person.

Never were the young ladies of the southern Athens more grievously disappointed. Sympathy was on the stretch, expectation was on tiptoe, the words of love and the kiss of forgiveness were looked for with all the intense anxiety of real life, but the manager, treasurer, and wardrobe-keeper were still.

He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,

but quietly awaited the entrance which enabled him to exit.

Many were the reasons assigned by the young ladies of Cork for the manager's most unexpected conduct on this interesting occasion. Some said that Ludlow, was too much a matter-of-fact man to act a passion, and so serious a one, which he did not feel; others that in making the attempt, his sensibilities were paralyzed by the gaze of a very numerous and very criticising audience; others, again, blamed the lady who acted the part of Clara, and said that it was almost impossible for any man to have been even moderately excited by her performance, though he had taxed his imagination to the uttermost. However this may be, the manager's performance was certainly a complete

failure—a perfect *fiacco* (as the Italians say); and so strongly did he himself feel the inadequacy of his exertions on this occasion, that he never afterward, we believe, ventured on the lover's part.

As our cornet had always a turn for theatricals, he never failed to be present at the performance of the Sons of Apollo, nay, he rarely ever missed a rehearsal; until at length, from being a mere spectator, a pupil in the dramatic art, he flattered himself that he had amassed sufficient knowledge to set up for a critic. Accordingly, he soon began to deal about his opinions on the stage with all the decision of a man who had deeply considered the subject. Nothing daunted him, tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, were in turn the objects of his intrepid criticism; and when he put one leg over the other, and placed his hand upon the organ of *causality* (as a pupil of Messrs. Gall and Co. would say,) preparatory to the propounding of his sentiments, the reader might fancy it was

A second Aristotle come to judgment.

It is well known that the easiest and shortest road to preferment, for a man who has no ability of his own to build his fortunes upon, is to toad some great man; and it may with equal truth be added, that if you wish to pass off in the world for a deep thinker, and accomplished literary character, by far the readiest mode of attaining the object of your ambition, is to hover about a man of great original powers of mind, strengthened by reading and reflection, to treasure up his opinions in the very words (if possible) in which he has expressed them, and then give them forth upon the first opportunity, with all the arrogant self-sufficiency of a man who had worked out his own conclusions, and was determined to uphold them: if the individual from whom you took your opinions be present, so much the better, your statement will probably anticipate all he has,

or cares to say in society upon the subject, and you will be considered by all who hear you, as the original thinker; while he in whose borrowed plumes you are decked will pass by unnoticed. Those who are not so impressed, will probably be awed by the decision of your manner, and not venture to enter the list with such a formidable competitor; and if, in defiance of your bravado, some rash youth, just emancipated from college, should venture to attack your position, and perplex you with argument, you will always have the power of retiring upon your valuable, but inobtrusive walking cyclopædia, who will, of course, be prepared and disposed to sustain his own opinions, when referred to, although he would not be at the pain of entering as a volunteer into the discussion.

And, after all, (say what you will) if your ambition be to produce an effect upon society, there is nothing like decision. A good deal can be said on both sides of most questions; and, though probably upon points of the most importance, there may not be great difficulty in arriving at a sound conclusion, yet the ordinary subjects of conversation are not of this description, and even if they were, who would listen to the proser while he was weighing the *pros* and *cons*, preparatory to his announcement of a qualified, dispassionate opinion? No, be decided, gentle reader—be decided; assert with confidence, no matter what the subject, and take the chance, in a mixed society, of no person knowing more of the matter than yourself.

The object to be gained is well worth some risk; if you are right, your decision does you no harm: and if you are wrong, the chances are that there will be no one present able to correct you, and even if there were, courtesy would forbid the act; a drawing-room is not the place for discussion, at least no man of the world would be at the trouble of entering into an argument with you there; so that in either case you produce the effect, you give the *coup de théâtre*, which is every

thing, particularly with that sex, which the bard of Mantua (in a bilious fit, no doubt) calls

Varium et mutabile semper.

We will not pretend to decide whether our cornet had found out this secret, and acted systematically upon it in society, or whether he actually deceived himself into the idea that he was a powerful dramatic critic—certain it is, that the intrepidity which he displayed in discussion, obtained for him the most marked distinction among the Sons of Apollo. "Surely," they said, "the man who can talk so well must make an admirable actor, if he would take the trouble;" and forthwith a petition came from the society that our cornet should select some part to make his *début* in, on the next night of performance. For a long time he resisted their entreaties, on the principle, Uncle James would have said of a woman, who, we are told by the immortal bard of Avon—

Scorns sometimes what best contents her.

The fear of failure no doubt alarmed our hero, who had declaimed so long and so vehemently upon every thing connected with the drama, and had animadverted so severely, and so profusely upon the faults of others. At length, however, as if wearied out by the delightful importunities of his dear admiring friends, he consented to appear before a Cork audience, in the part of Apollo, in Midas.

Every one knows that Midas is a very favourite opera of the English school, and some of our best singers have thought no mean praise to have acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the public, in the part which our cornet had selected for his *début*. But it was, perhaps, for this very reason that Pierce had made choice of it; for however he might have doubted of his other powers, he had abundant confidence in

his vocal talents. Many of our readers will probably conclude from this, that he had expended much time and money to acquire a knowledge of music, practical and theoretical, and had given days and night (like the Misses of the present day), to going up and down the scale, running divisions, cadenzas, was a regular attendant at the opera, and all musical meetings, &c.; but they are mistaken: on the contrary, he had never laid out a solitary guinea in pursuit of the science—never went to but one opera, which bored him to death. Besides, he had the most sovereign contempt for all masters of song; and as to the *sol fa*, he thought it was a stupid humbug to extract money from the pocket of honest John Bull, for the benefit of the many needy adventurers who crowd our shores from Italy. "No," Pierce would often say, "it is a gross perversion of taste to flourish the life and soul out of a song," (for that was the Italian school, according to his definition;) "Nature has given me a strong, commanding voice, which

Needs not the *foreign* aid of ornament,

and, please the fates, I'll make use of it." And so he did—for to do him justice, the full force of his lungs was called into action whenever he favoured the mess, or any other society, with a song; indeed an apartment of moderate dimensions was ill suited to his powerful organ, and to the tremendous vigour of his style. The *sotto voce* seemed utterly proscribed from his school,—he scorned the gentler sounds, as a miserable, unmanly misapplication of the great powers which nature had given him; he would, in the spirit of his profession, take people's hearts by storm, or not at all—and every body who heard him would suppose that *forte più forte fortissimo* composed the entire of his singing vocabulary. True to his system, he had been practising his lungs every morning before break-

fast, by hallooing across the barrack-yard, for an hour, the songs which he was to sing in Midas, to the no small annoyance of the officers of his regiment, who begged that he would desist from his uproarious rehearsals. But Pierce was not to be turned aside from his purpose, by what he considered the bad taste of his brothers in arms; until at length, after repeated remonstrances, which produced no effect, they were obliged to establish an opposing force, of drums, trom-boons, and trumpets, under our hero's window, which soon brought him to his senses, and stopped his vocal gymnastics. The important evening now arrived which was to introduce Pierce to a Cork audience; and the theatre was crowded to excess, in every part, to witness his performance. It is scarcely necessary to remind those of our readers who have seen Midas, that Apollo is supposed, in the commencement of the piece, to be banished from heaven, by Jupiter, the king of the gods. In general, in the representation, his progress through the air from the higher regions to the earth, is not seen by the audience; but on this occasion, Ludlow, grand director, manager, &c. anxious that nothing should be left undone on his part to ensure the success of our hero's first appearance, had ordered some ingenious machinery to be constructed, which was to waft him through the clouds. By one of those accidents which seem unavoidable in amateur theatrical establishments, poor Pierce was swung too rudely, alas! forward, and the rope by which he was suspended giving way, he found his first resting-place in the centre of the only double-bass in the orchestra, to the terror of the audience, and the utter dismay of the performer on that vast instrument, who was at that moment engaged heart and soul in a passage of difficult execution, and who little dreamed of so sudden an introduction to the patron saint of the society. The sympathy of the spectators, particularly the ladies, was excessive; every body thought our hero must have

been killed, and after the first scream of horror, a short silence, still more appalling, succeeded, none daring to ask the fearful question whether he was dead or alive. At length a discordant twang, caused by the abortive efforts of poor Apollo to disengage himself from the coffin to which the defective machinery had consigned him, showed that life was not yet extinct.

The orchestra was now in great commotion, and even the lord of the double bass, seemed to forget the utter demolition of the instrument in the general anxiety which was exhibited to ascertain the fate of our unfortunate hero. Every one was prodigal in their offers of service: some called loudly for a surgeon, others for cold water; the ladies contributed with delightful emulation their tears and their *sal volatile;* in short, such a moment of intense interest was not remembered in the city of Cork since the French landed in Bantry Bay. A professional gentleman, who happened to be present, descended into the orchestra, and after examining poor Pierce's body politic, reported that his left shoulder was dislocated, and his collar-bone broken. This announcement was felt as a relief by most of the audience, who anticipated the worst; and as the "Bath Guide" has it, "were counting the moments how long he may last." Our hero had now recovered the use of his speech, and thanked those about him in his best manner for their kindness; indeed, he even proposed ascending the stage, and continuing the performance in the state in which he was, rather than disappoint the generous, sympathizing public; and it was not until the professional gentleman above mentioned repeatedly warned him of the fatal consequences which would in all probability result from such a Quixotic act of politeness, that he consented to retire. A sedan-chair being in waiting at the stage door, Pierce was assisted into it by some of the persons present, and placed on the

lap of the professional gentleman above mentioned, who kindly undertook the charge of him to the barracks. But unfortunately the night was dark, the mud very thick, the pavement was abominable, the road to the barrack was up hill, and the chairmen (though two of the stoutest in Cork) were drunk—very drunk! The consequence may be anticipated; the movement was uneven and uneasy, the halting frequent; and in entering the barrack-yard, crash went the chair against the gate, and pop went our hero's right shoulder out of the window. Thus, as Paddy says, "single misfortunes never come alone." Pierce's left shoulder was already dislocated, and now his right was disabled. To damn the chairmen, burst open the door, and rush to his apartment, was the work of a moment with our hero. Thither the aforesaid professional gentleman followed him; and after extracting half a pane of glass from his right shoulder, and binding up his left and his collar bone, departed, leaving him on downy couch succumbent, in a state more to be imagined than described.

CHAPTER XV.

A SUNDAY DINNER.

Alike to him the saint or sinner
The true Amphitrion gives the dinner.
May Fair.

THE cornet's shoulder and collar-bone had not been many days effective, when a demand upon their exertions was made in the form of an order from headquarters, summoning the Cork detachment to join immediately at Cahir. A private communication from

Breakpeace, which reached him the same day, further stated that the regiment was to march in a few days for Dublin, and there to embark for Liverpool, on the arrival of the Scotch Grays, which were coming to relieve them.

Pierce had long looked forward to this expedition, and although leaving behind him many near and dear friends and relations, the fancied charms of a country and people to him unknown, drove, for the time, all other considerations from his mind.

We will pass over the detail of the cornet's return to head-quarters, his consequent monotonous progress through the same towns which formed the halting places on his march to Cahir, and bring him again to the reader's notice in the capital.

Soon after the cornet's arrival in Dublin, he waited on his father's correspondent, being in want of the needful, in his counting-house, situated at the corner of a dark alley off Strand-street. Pierce found old Sumtott with

> Spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
> His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
> For his shrunk shank.

Before him lay a heap of letters, all in the same strain, and beautiful specimens of epistolary composition, as *per* example. "Beef this day fully supported last Monday's prices. Pigs looking up; butter looking down; tan leather steady; sugar a shade lower than was last advised; indigo dull. All for your government, your affectionate friends, Sumtott and Co." The old boy was very civil, asked the cornet after his father, whom he said he had known for more than forty years, and after violent efforts to make out a likeness between Pierce and the governor, while the cornet stood before him, as his features were examined in detail, the old boy invited him to dinner.

"Let me see," said Sumtott; "this is Saturday—you shall come to us to-morrow, and, if you like, I can take down your bag in my carriage to-day; but mind, send it to the 'Old Hat and Feather revived,' by three o'clock. We are only four miles from town on the Blackrock road; don't be later than five, and the sooner you come the better."

Pierce accepted this invitation with many thanks, and notwithstanding the vandalism of the hour, on his return home despatched the bag to the "Hat and Feather," according to order.

On Sunday morning the cornet attended church-parade as usual, and the afternoon proving fine, started about half-past two to fulfil his engagement in the country; but he had not proceeded far from the lamps, when sulky, dark clouds covered the horizon, and, before long, the rain descended in torrents. Pierce had not calculated upon this change in the weather; he was without great coat or umbrella, and would willingly have turned back; but as he had sent down his bag, he did not like to disappoint the old gentleman, who would probably wait dinner for him; he therefore continued his course, *malgré* mud and dirt. The cornet thought that he had received very clear directions as to the road; but on arriving at a sharp turning to the right, where he expected to come in sight of the house, Pierce found himself completely "at fault." No house was there to be seen; he looked, in hopes that some passing traveller might direct him, but not a soul was visible; the elements seemed to conspire against him; so, having nothing else for it, he flounced on, hoping that, by perseverance, he might make the discovery himself. He crossed a small bridge, which conducted him to a wide and apparently boundless common, while the unmerciful rain fell thick and fast upon him: nothing daunted, he proceeded forward, until at length losing all traces of habitations, he thought it better to countermarch

upon that unlucky turn to the left, where his misfortunes began; just as he got there, he met a stray jingle driver,

> Painfully wandering over the rugged road,
> With a hole in his hat, and another in his breeches.

"Hallo, Pat," cried the cornet. The driver, imagining that he was likely to get a fare, instantly pulled up, and, descending from the box, was going to open the jingle door, before the cornet could ask the question, "Where does Mr. Sumtott live, my man?"

"What's that, Sir?" replied Pat.

"Where does Mr. Sumtott live?" roared the cornet.

"Mr. Sumkak! how do I know? Mr. Sumkak! how the devil do I know where Mr. Sumkak lives? To the devil I pitch you and Mr. Sumkak—bringing me down here in the gulthur from my bax, and it pouring rain, for nothen at all."

The angry jingle driver slapped the door, and, as he drove off, vented his disappointment in sundry imprecations, among which Pierce could hear the words —"Misther Sumkak—the devil—purty jontlemon—bringing me down in the gulthur," &c.

The cornet being now in despair, had almost made up his mind to return to the barracks, when he espied a servant in livery coming towards him from a gate, which up to that moment he had entirely overlooked. Pierce resolved, as a last effort, to accost this man, though without much hope of success, and asked, "Pray does Mr. Sumtott live any where near this?"

"Why, then, you may say that," replied the liveried lackey; "and sure, I'm Con Lyne, the butler, and I'll show your honour the way, captain.

The cornet gladly availed himself of Con's proffered services, and followed him to the house of his father's correspondent.

On his arrival there he was shown up, at his own

request, to the room where he was to sleep. "I'll tell my masther that your cum," said Con.

"Do, my boy," said Pierce, "and ask for a bag which he brought down from town yesterday for me."

Con disappeared, and after keeping the cornet some time shivering in his wet clothes, returned.

"I thought," said Con, that no bag had cummed down, but I have been since axing the coachman, and he says the same."

"That's very extraordinary," said Pierce, "but I suppose there is some mistake." At this moment old Sumtott entered.

"Oh, my dear young friend, how good it is of you to come down to us on such a day; to say truth, I scarcely expected you."

"Why, did you not get my bag?"

"No, it never came; however, we can provide you, I dare say, with whatever you want."

Saying this, old Sumtott led the way into a small dressing-room, and opened a press, in which his wardrobe lay, "There," said he, take what you please."

Now the possessor of this wardrobe was, at a moderate computation, six feet high, swelling out into enormous circumference in the middle regions, which were scarcely supported by long and slender skeletons of calfless legs—whereas the cornet was a dapper little fellow of five feet eight, whose figure would not have disgraced an Almack's quadrille; but *n'importe;* Cornet Butler must change his dress, as he was wet to the skin; so, after much difficulty in selection, he descended to the drawing-room in an old single-breasted snuff-coloured coat, with steel buttons, a long black velvet waistcoat with deep pockets, chevroned in front, which descended half way to his knees, so loose, that the air entering at the bottom, as Pierce crossed the hall, filled it out to the full dimensions of its master's body corporate; while his nether garments, of clouded gray kerseymere, embraced the middle of

his calf with the buttons which were intended for the knee, thus destroying the symmetry of limbs, on which the cornet rather prided himself. His person caricatured in this manner, Pierce presented himself with a flourish of manner before Mrs. Sumtott, who, although naturally a grave personage, could scarcely suppress a smile at this exhibition of her lord's wardrobe, which formed a laughable contrast to the cornet's elaborate air.

After the first greetings were over, Mrs. Sumtott became eloquent with surprises and regrets. "Indeed, Mr. Sum had never said one word about Mr. Butler coming; and, if he had they could scarcely hope to see him on such a wet day—and this she regretted the more, as she had no bed to offer, for the furniture had been taken down the week before from the only spare bedroom they had; but she had sent to engage a bed at the inn in the neighbouring village. She was so sorry," &c. &c. Our cornet was sorry enough too; but there was no help for it: so he begged Mrs. Sumtott not to say a word about the matter; and, after discussing the weather, agriculture, and several other important topics, the welcome face of his friend Con appeared at the door to announce dinner. The cornet then gave his arm to the lady of the mansion, and proceeded to the dining-room. There, during the progressive destruction of soup and fish, old Sumtott was reproached more than once by his fair rib, for not having apprised her of the visit of Mr. Butler; and the politeness of the said Mr. Butler was again called upon to deprecate any further discussion of the subject; but it would perhaps have been better for the cornet had he not interposed with this politeness, for old Sumtott and his spouse, deprived of this subject of conversation, seemed incapable of starting or following any other, and the remainder of the time at dinner was employed by our hero in endeavouring to masticate some very tough mutton in solemn silence. After

the cloth was removed, a noise was heard in the hall which presently approached the door of the dining-room; and before our hero could well settle in his mind what it could be all about, four children charged into the room in fine style, headed by a young gentleman, to whom Pierce was afterward introduced as "Master Tom." This "Master Tom" was what Con Lyne called a "tatterin' tarin' boy," who never rested for a moment. He was always engaged in some mischief; and, being under no control, was suffered to exercise his monkey tricks with impunity. Unfortunately for the cornet, he took up a position close to him, and soon made violent love to his chain and seals, which were thrown rather ostentatiously over the black velvet waistcoat before described, probably with a view to give a modern air to old Sumtott's habiliments; though perhaps, after all, Tom was not so much to blame as our hero, who made the first advance in his anxiety, like a true pupil of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, to discover the boy's organs. This was a new hobby of Pierce's, which he had mounted at his last quarters, and which we take blame to ourselves for not having mentioned before. A brother officer, who had just returned from London, detailed to the mess the substance of some lectures on phrenology, which he had attended there, and the cornet, to save much unavailing time and thinking, at once adopted the whole system.

"Do you know," said Pierce, to Mrs. Sumtott, "that the organ of destructiveness is very largely developed in your son Tom's head?"

"Oh, I see you are a phrenologist, Mr. Butler. Pray, tell us the characters of the children;—but I don't like that organ of destructiveness—I suppose he will turn out a cruel little wretch."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Sumtott, there never yet existed any great character who had not that organ large. On referring to Dr. Coombe's book, you will find that de-

structiveness does not mean cruelty, but power, energy —that sort of thing, you know; and then I find the organ of conscientiousness large; therefore you may be quite at ease on the subject."

"Ay, there you are right, Mr. Butler; there never was a more conscientious child than Tom, he inherits it from his father. You never could get Tom to say he wasn't hungry when he really was, although there might be nothing better than bread and milk before him. Now look at John's head, Mr. Butler—what do you think of him?"

"Oh! John, Mrs. Sumtott! John! why really John appears to have a very equable organization."

"What, is there nothing, Mr. Butler—nothing, nothing particular?"

"Yes, yes; by the way, I find the organ of concatenation very large."

"Of what! concatenation! pray, what does that mean?"

"Oh! concatenation, madam, is the power of condensing individual ideas into a combined mass of conglomerated matter, or that of preserving the equilibrium in high situations. Phrenologists are not exactly agreed of which of these powers the organ is indicative."

"Indeed, how very strange! But, certainly, my John climbs up the apple-trees without his head ever going round; however, as to condensation, that I cannot answer for."

"No, nor can any one but a phrenologist, at this early age; and this shows the necessity of having all children's organs examined, with a view to their education. It is astonishing, Madam, what time, labour, and expense, is wasted in adopting and blindly following the same system for all; for instance, I was nailed to the counter instead of being sent to the military college, as any smatterer in phrenology, had he been consulted, would have told my father; and with this view,

the study of so important a science should form the paramount duty of every head of a family."

This Pierce delivered, *ore retundo*, as if with the premeditated design of producing an effect upon the nerves of Mrs. Sumtott. The cornet then proceeded to examine the heads of the young ladies.

"Ah! do tell me all about little Emily, Mr. Butler."

"She has quite a beautiful head, so well proportioned, no obtrusive organ."

"What, nothing particular! I am sure Emily has something behind."

"Very true. Philoprogenitiveness is ra—ather full; and a neighbouring organ, which it is unnecessary to dwell on, is not deficient."

"Oh, do tell me what that organ is, Mr. Butler! I am so anxious about dear Emily."

"That organ, that organ is—is—that organ."

Old Sumtott, who had been absent about some domestic arrangements since the commencement of the phrenological investigation, now entered the room, and catching at the words of the last speaker, said, "Organ, organ, we are bored to death with organs, Mr. Butler; not a day of my life but I am saluted with half-a-dozen of them grinding under my counting-house in town. I wish to God there was an act of parliament to prevent the fellows grinding."

"Pardon me, Mr. Sumtott, we were speaking of phrenology."

"Prenology, trash! stark-staring nonsense! People's brains are turned with phrenology;—our hearts are now proved to be in our heads;—really, any nonsense will go down with puffing and advertizing."

"I presume, Sir, you have read the works of Gall and Spurzheim?"

"I have read no such stuff, Sir; and what's more, I have no intention of reading them."

"Then, Sir, you have probably perused the 'Outlines,'—Mr. Coombe's work?"

"No, Sir," roared Sumtott, "I know nothing of either organs or outlines!"

"Then, Sir," replied Pierce, with a sneer of confident superiority, "you are, no doubt, eminently competent to pass sentence upon the science."

"Young man, young man, I am competent to detect humbug, in whatever shape it may be put forth; it is not necessary to read books for that purpose—common sense and a knowledge of the world are alone sufficient."

Pierce now made an exertion to change the subject; and whether his good nature at that moment told him he had gone too far, or whether his organs of eating and drinking slyly suggested to him that he might lose sundry good dinners if he incensed the old gentleman, we know not; certain it is, that though he felt confident in his ability to defeat any arguments that might be adduced against his favourite science, yet as he was great, so was he merciful; and, turning to Mrs. Sumtott, abruptly asked, "Whether she liked music?"

"Passionately," was the lady's reply.

Pierce was on the point of telling her that her organ of tune was strongly developed, when he wisely checked himself, and asked whether she sung "Cherry Ripe."

Mrs. Sumtott replied, "that 'Cherry Ripe' was a great favourite; but she liked 'Buy a Broom' much better."

The unmusical cornet was dreading a discussion on the comparative merits of these two airs, neither of which he knew from 'God save the King,' when, fortunately, Mrs. Sumtott rose and left the dining-room. A long silence succeeded the departure of the fair lady; all old Sumtott's powers of oratory appeared to have been exhausted in his last violent philippic against phrenology; after sundry feeble efforts to support conversation, and as many far distant circulations of the bottle, the old boy nodded himself into a doze, and

left Pierce to the undisturbed enjoyment of his own thoughts. But the cornet was a person of varied resource; he was never less alone than when alone; and, in the absence of the children, upon whose heads he would willingly have continued his phrenological observations, he gradually disposed of the remainder of the bottle of claret, and devoured all the fruit on the table.

Having thus relieved the dishes and decanter, and seeing little prospect of deriving any further advantage from the cellar of old Sumtott, who continued in a sound sleep, the cornet thought it best to seek amusement in the drawing-room; so, directing Con Lyne's attention to his sleeping master, he adjourned to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER X.

A CONTRETEMS.

Non amo *te*.

MARTIAL.

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
To let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.

"WILL you take tea or coffee, Mr. Butler?" said Mrs. Sumtott to our hero, as he entered the room.

"A little coffee, if you please," replied the cornet; then stepping up to a heavy-framed picture, representing a young man in the costume of half a century past, exclaimed, "What a prig of a fellow this is, Mrs.

Sumtott. Who can it be? He looks like a Chelsea pensioner of the time of Queen Ann."

"The prig, as you call him, Mr. Butler, is my dear Sum," said the lady, with some little bitterness, "taken by O'Houlahan, one of the best painters in Dublin, at the time we were married.

"O who, did you say?"

"O'Houlahan."

"I never heard of that artist?"

"Oh, yes, I assure you, O'Houlahan studied at Rome, under Michael Angelo."

"Michael Angelo Taylor, I suppose you mean."

"Tailor! I assure you, Sir, he was no tailor; he was an artist, and one of the very first water.'

"Indeed! then he can't be my man, for he would be more competent to give lessons in eating, than lessons in painting. Well, now that I look at it again, it certainly is a very fine picture, and wonderfully like," added the cornet, wishing to restore the fair lady's good humour, which was always disturbed by any reflection on the age or appearance of her husband.

The fact was, Mrs. Sumtott was full thirty years younger than her lord, to whom she was adjoined in rather a commercial than a romantic manner; but although she had married him for an establishment, yet was she anxious to make the world believe, that other and far more tender motives had prompted her thus to dispose of her charms.

The cornet was now about to exercise his critical talent upon another picture, when the door was suddenly opened, and Con Lyne advancing a few steps into the room, cried out, at the full extent of his voice, "Whispur, ma'am."

"What do you want, Con?" said Mrs. Sumtott.

"I din no if I'll out the quality candles in the dining-room, ma'am, for my master is shnoring asleep."

"Asleep!—certainly; and tell your master his tea is waiting for him."

Con vanished, and in a few minutes old Sumtott, obedient to his lady's summons, entered the room.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Sum, I have often scolded you for going to sleep after dinner; I knew how it would be when your friends came down to see us."

"My dear Mrs. Sum, I assure you that I was not asleep; I was only resting my eyes."

"How can you say so, my dear? Here is Mr. Butler has had his coffee half an hour ago."

The cornet here interposed, and begged that no more should be said on the subject.

The old gentleman swallowed his cold tea in silent resignation, and in due course Con Lyne removed the tea things.

"Won't you give us some music?" inquired old Sum, when he found his eyelids again closing.

"Oh, certainly, my dear, if Mr. Butler would play an accompaniment. You are a flute-player, I presume," added the lady, addressing herself to the cornet, "and Mr. Sum's is a very sweet old instrument; will you try it? it lays in the corner yonder."

"With much pleasure," said the cornet, who had received just six lessons from the master of the band, and was therefore considered, in his regiment, an accomplished musician. The lady accordingly proceeded to the piano-forte, while Pierce tried the flute; and without going through the unmeaning ceremony of tuning, dashed at the first of the Freischutz quadrilles. The quadrille was in five sharps, a key which was a *terra incognita* to our hero; but, *n'importe;* it was too late to recede, and, thought he, I am only playing an accompaniment. Now the cornet was a violent performer; the first puff, a large spider was shot out from the instrument, which had lain neglected in an unfrequented store-room of Mrs. Sumtott's for nearly a year. In the course of the performance, Pierce managed to omit, as if by particular desire, three out of the five sharps; he uniformly accompanied D sharp with

D natural, and thus formed a most excruciating discord; and as to A and G sharp, they were altogether forgotten; in short, he played the whole quadrille in the key of D, called, *par excellence*, "the Lord Mayor's Key."

This was bad enough; however, Mrs. Sumtott made no observation: but at length the discords became so violent, that her ears and politeness were no longer proof against them, and turning round to the cornet, she said, "I think we had better tune, Mr. Butler."

The cornet acquiesced, and now, for the first time, discovered that the last joint of the flute had fallen upon the sofa, near which he stood. This untoward event, indeed, had occurred shortly after the cornet commenced his tempestuous operations on the instrument, as if in compassion to the unfortunate spider, who had been so rudely expelled from a tenement, the undisputed possession of which he had so long enjoyed.

The cornet now thought it necessary to say something in support of his credit as a musician.

"Well, I fancied it sounded odd; but the flute is so very dry, that I am not surprised at the joint falling off."

The cornet might have added, "and so cracked," also, for there were fissures in it from top to bottom.

However, the cornet now thought that he could not be too accurate in tuning—so, after replacing the fallen joint, he made another effort at harmony; but, in his most energetic effort to blow out A in *altissimo* (for he was not satisfied with tuning upon tenor A alone), the ill-fated joint again fell, with a piercing noise,

Affrighting echo with its hideous sound.

Sumtott, who up to to this moment had been snoring a bass *à la musette*, 'gan ope the fringed curtain of his eyes, and, looking round him, seemed to ask, 'what's the matter?' Pierce apologized to the old gentleman for the rude shock which he had given his nerves, and asked Mrs. S. what was the composer's name.

"Rossini," was the answer.

"Rose Seany—Rose Seany—delightful composer!" and, anxious to turn the attention from the instrument to the music—"Yes, you know he wrote "Buy a Broom," and that other pretty little bravura—what do you call it? 'Don't mention her.' What a sweet thing, is it not, Mr. Butler?"

"Beautiful, charming," echoed the cornet, his face oozing with sentiment, and his whole frame panting and perspiring after his late violent efforts. In utter despair of making the flute

Discourse eloquent music,

our hero was now upon the point of asking for his dear "Cherry ripe, when certain telegraphic communications from old Sum to his lady, told him that it was time to depart. Pierce took the hint, and, making his bow, was going to take a chamber candle to retire, when Mrs. Sumtott reminded him that she had no bed to offer, but that she would send some one to show him the way to the hotel, where he would be very comfortably accommodated.

"No bed, my dear," said old Sum, who now for the first time heard that the son of his old friend was to be sent from beneath his roof at that time of the night.

"It's very unfortunate indeed, my love," said Mrs. S. "but you know you never told me that Mr. Butler was coming."

"Sure you can put him in the small room at the end of the gallery next to the nursery!"

"Sure, my dear, Norry and the cook sleep there."

"Well, there's the room over the drawing-room," rejoined old S.

"The bed has been taken down," responded Mrs. S. with some peevishness; "but la! Mr. Sum., there are rooms enough for that matter, if we had any idea that Mr. Butler was coming."

The old boy was now beginning a series of apologies and regrets, to the great and manifest discomposure of his rib, who thought that the subject had been pretty well exhausted, when the cornet begged they would not distress themselves; a soldier should not mind such trifles, and he had no doubt he should be very well accommodated at the inn. The bell was now rung, and Con Lyne appeared, who was ordered to show our hero the way to Bosten Town, where he was to sleep.

"And mind, Con," said his master, "let Mr. Butler have what linen he wants out of my dressing-room."

"Perhaps you will accommodate me with a razor," said the cornet, apologizing to the lady in his best manner, for talking of such things in her presence.

"Oh, certainly—any thing you require; but stop—really I fear I have not one to offer you; I believe, my dear, you sent them all to be ground yesterday."

This was too much for the cornet's risible faculties, who now laughed outright at these accumulated misfortunes. The lady joined in the laugh, but old S. thought it was no laughing matter, and began once more to apologize and regret; while Mrs. S., wishing to put an end to the scene, exclaimed in a loud voice.

"Well, it can't be helped now; it can't he helped now—Mr. S. will send the barber to you to-morrow morning, Mr. Butler; good night—good night;" and our hero, reciprocating the lady's kind wishes, took his departure.

END OF VOL. I.

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